

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

6. 20¢

**The startling loves
of Liz Taylor**

**The story Alan Ladd
never told**

**Hollywood's
most tragic people**
by Louella Parsons

**Why Shelley
didn't marry Farley!**
by Hedda Hopper

**What's wrong with
the Stewart Grangers?**
by Sheilah Graham

the powell



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Count on **Camay** to take your skin
"Out of the Shadows"
 and into the light of New Loveliness!



This beautiful bride, Mrs. William D. Harden, declares: "After I changed to regular care and Camay, my skin became clearer so quickly I was astonished!"

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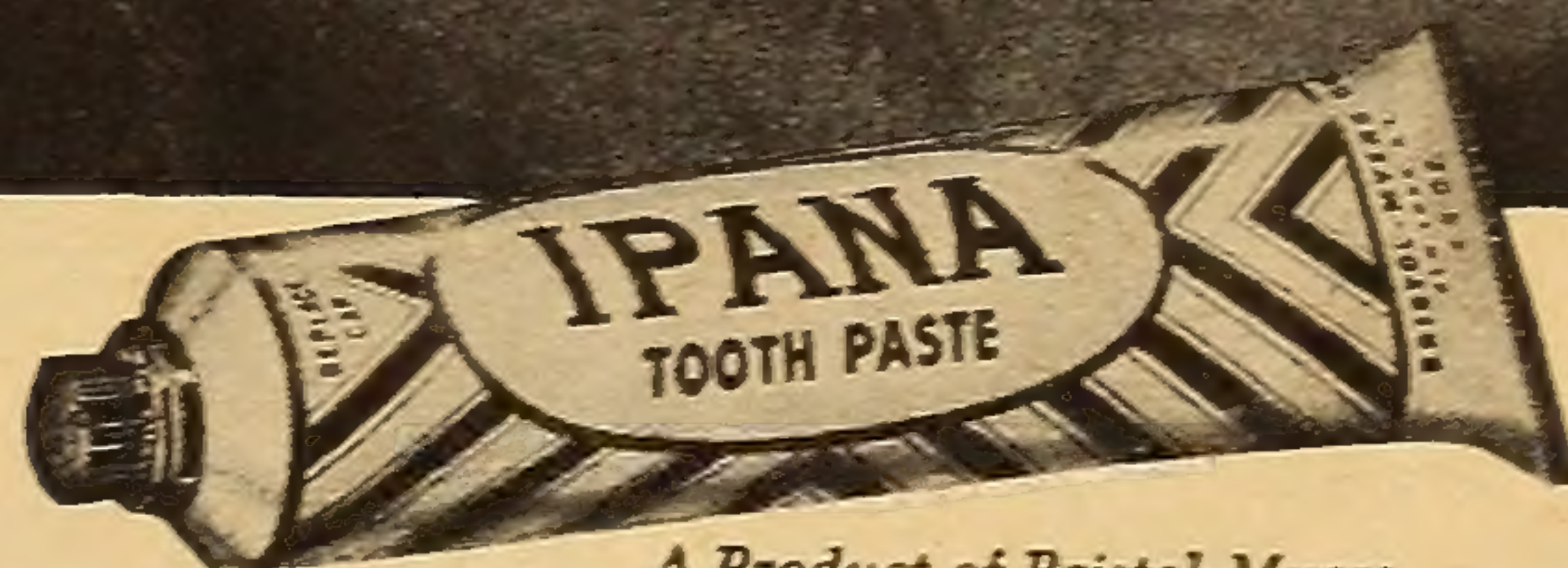
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Now! Avoid "Tell-Tale Mouth"

(BREATH NOT AS SWEET, TEETH NOT AS CLEAN AS THEY CAN BE)



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Ipana
Tooth Paste

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NOW YOUR OWN TASTE TELLS YOU YOUR WHOLE MOUTH IS CLEANER, SWEETER, SPARKLING. NO "TELL-TALE MOUTH" FOR YOU!

Only COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT

STOPS BAD BREATH*

*SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN
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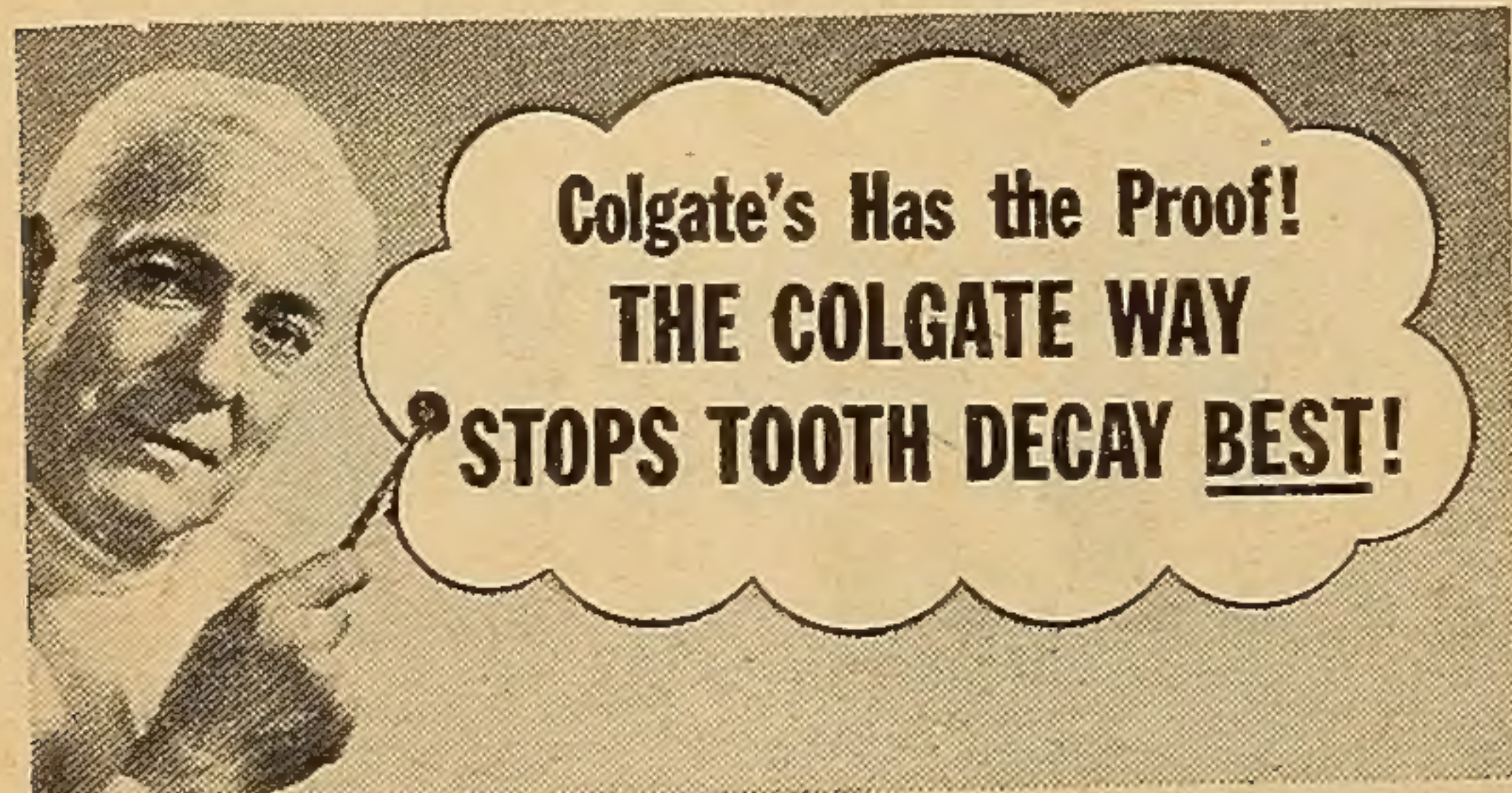
Colgate's Has the Proof!
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH
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For "all day" protection, brush your teeth
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claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's
has such complete *proof* it stops bad breath.*



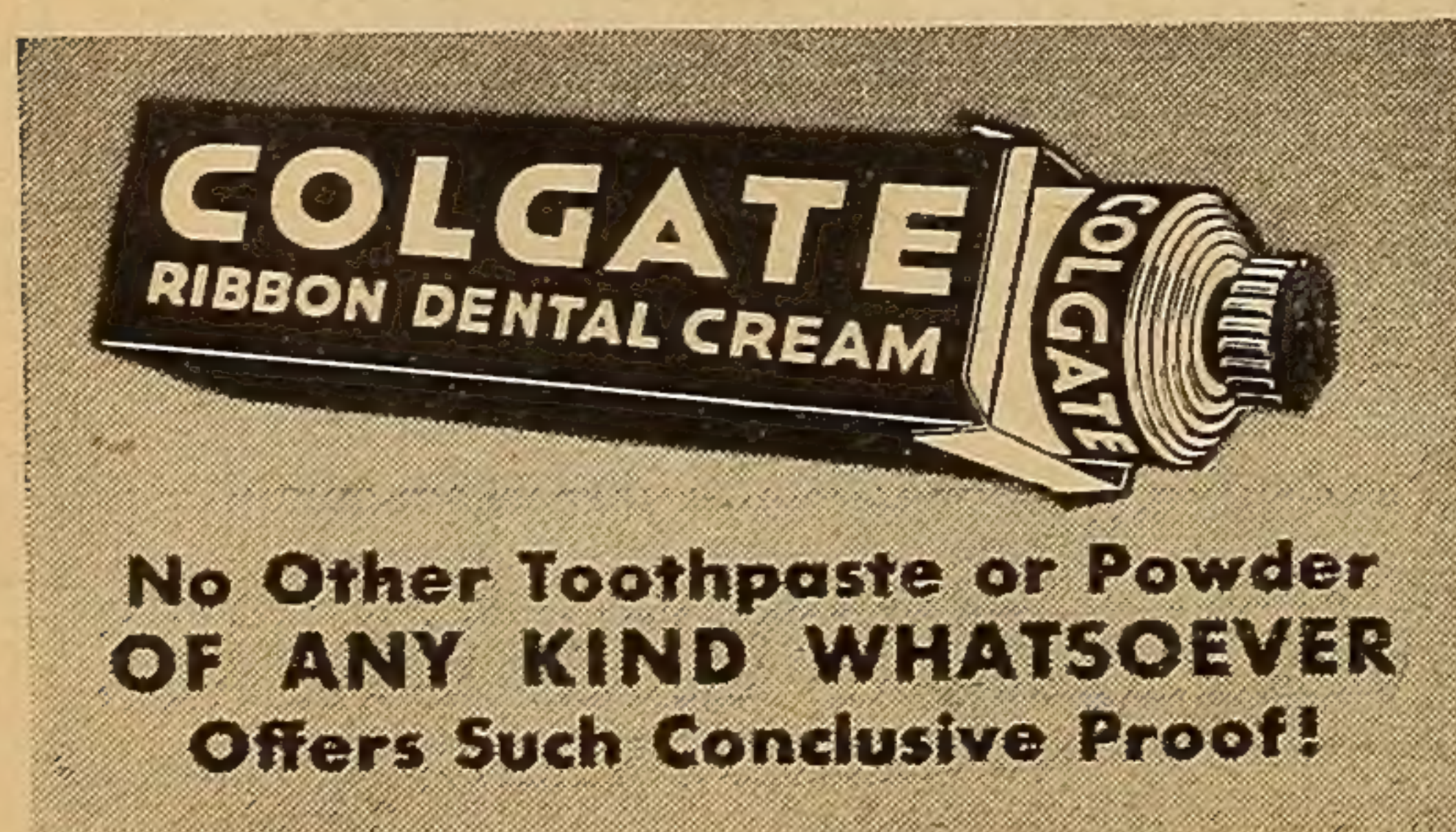
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way is the most thoroughly proved and
accepted home method of oral hygiene
known today!



No Other Toothpaste or Powder
OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER
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FEBRUARY, 1952

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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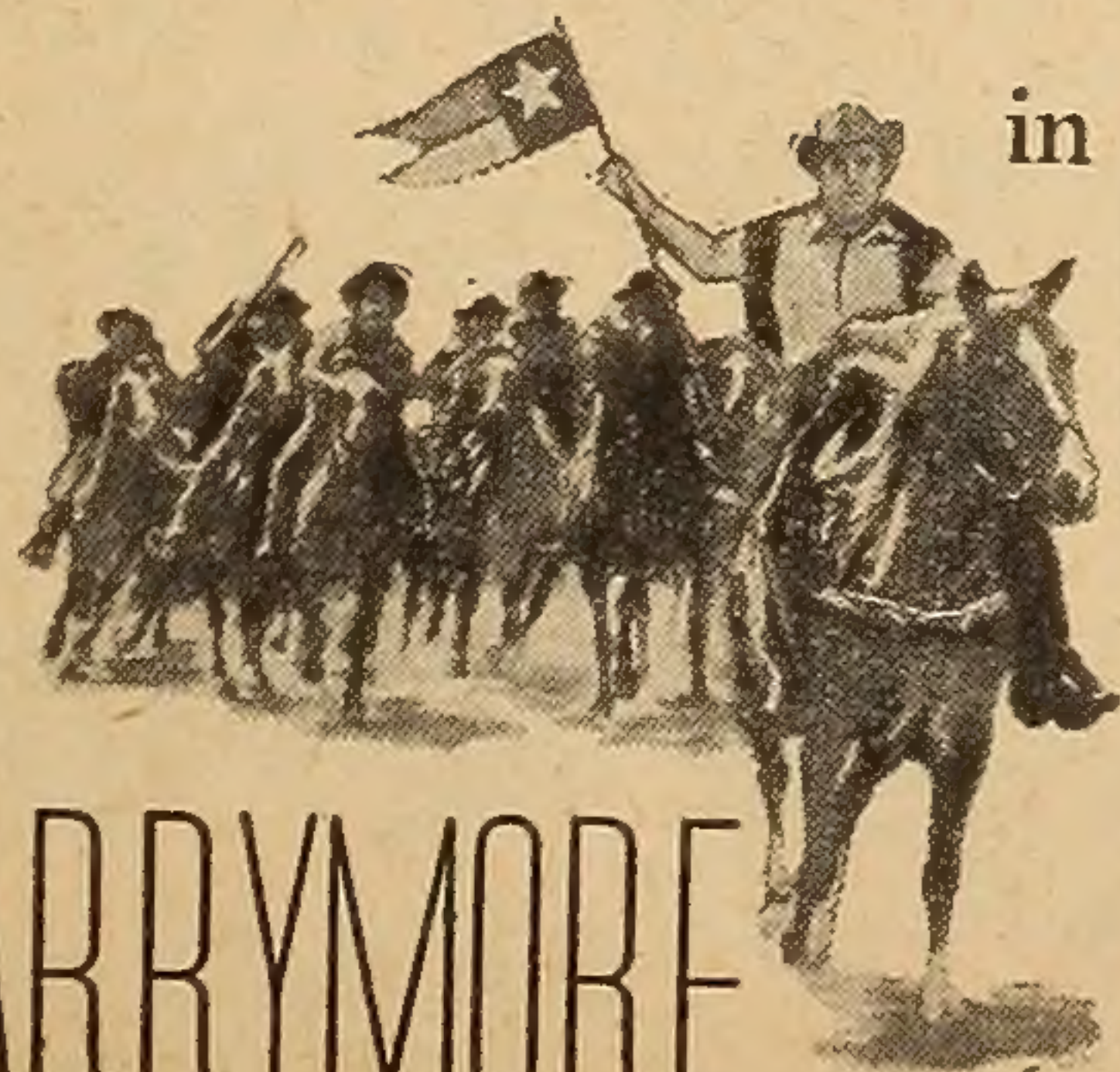


The battle for Texas
and the battle of the sexes!

M-G-M presents

CLARK GABLE ★ AVA GARDNER

BRODERICK CRAWFORD



in

LONE STAR



with

LIONEL BARRYMORE

BEULAH BONDI

Screen Play by

BORDEN CHASE

Directed by

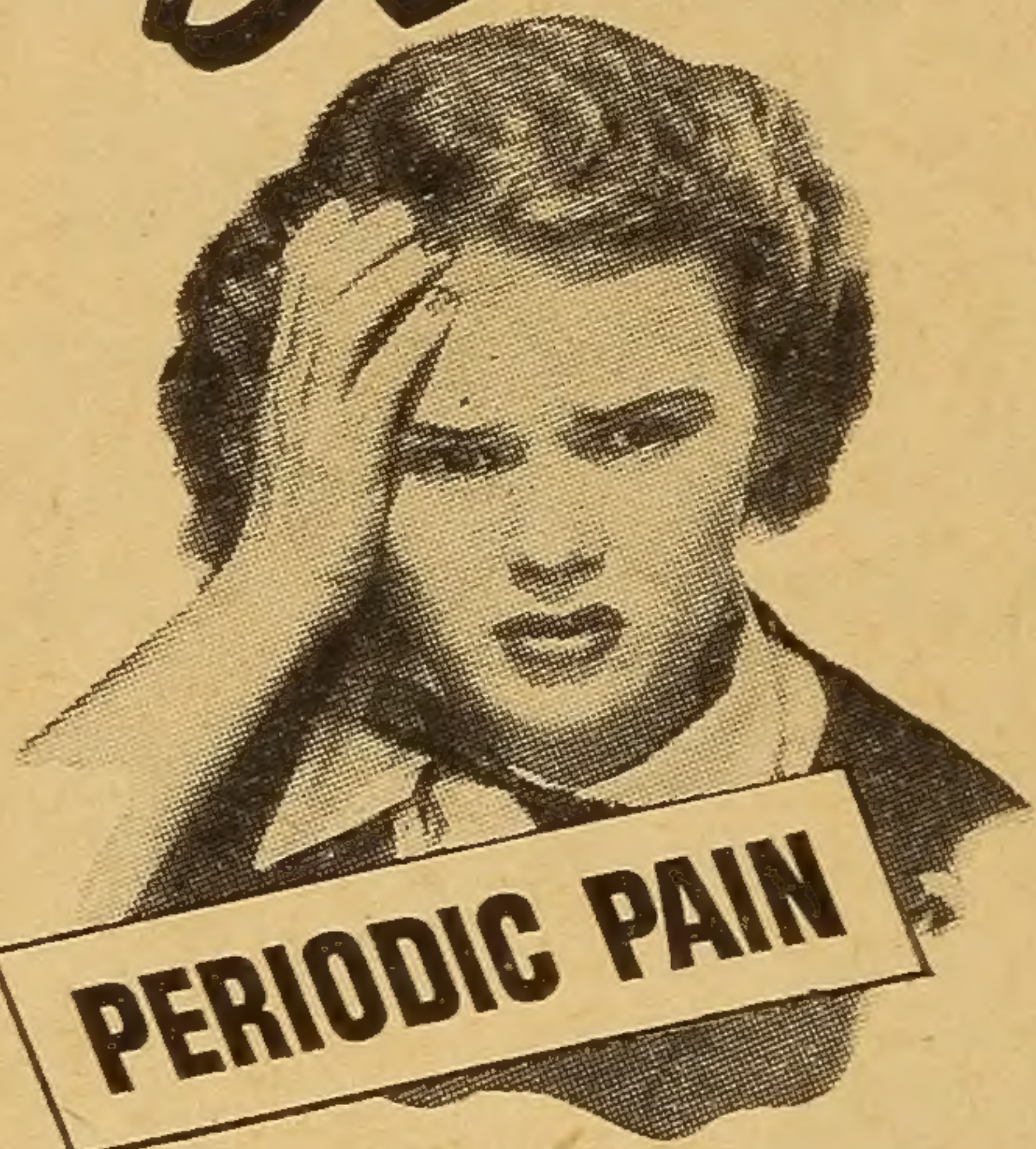
VINCENT SHERMAN

Produced by

Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN

An M-G-M
Picture

Bonnie's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Bonnie! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. F-22, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

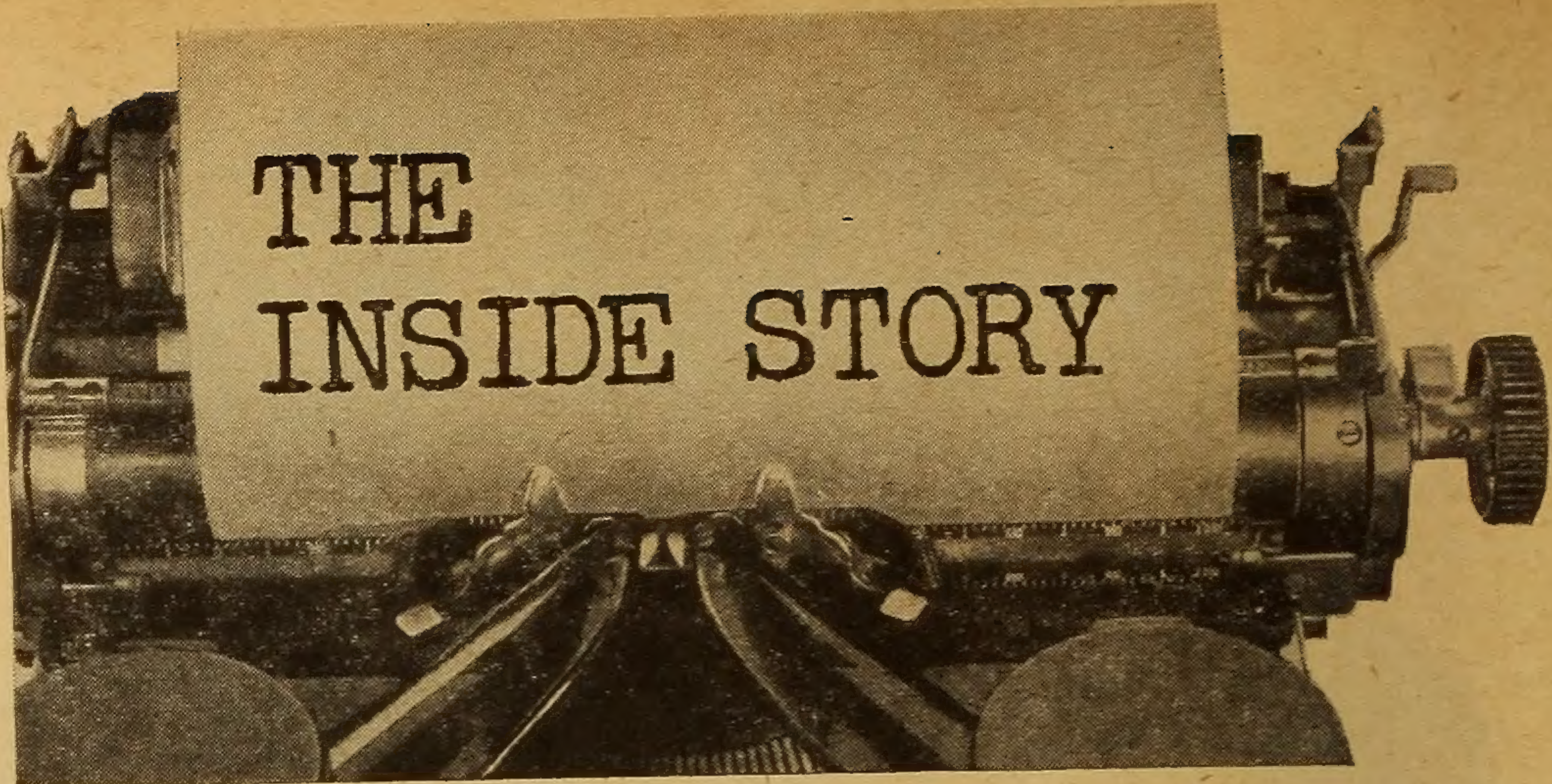
Bonnie's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



THE INSIDE STORY



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to **THE INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Does Joan Crawford have a family, I mean any sisters or brothers? If so, why don't we ever hear of them?

—T. T., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Joan has a mother and brother who live in Los Angeles under the family name of Le Seuer. They see Joan frequently, but don't like to take part in her professional life and therefore don't want any publicity.

Q. I understand that Gary Cooper and Pat Neal plan to marry sometime this year. When do you think the wedding will take place?

—B. N., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. The wedding will probably never take place. By the time you read this, Gary and Rocky Cooper should be reconciled. Coop was quite taken with Pat but he is 22 years older than she and didn't feel a happy marriage was in the cards for them.

Q. Is it true that Audie Murphy's best friend had Audie's salary attached because the actor wouldn't pay his debts?

—F. T., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. Murphy always pays his bills. Until he signed a contract with Universal a few months ago at \$1,000 a week, his finances were in a very muddled state. However, they are all straightened out and his salary is not under attachment.

Q. When the Jack Benny troupe hits the road, how come Rochester stays in hotels which ordinarily permit no Negro guests?

—G. F., MARION, S. C.

A. Jack Benny will not stay in any hotel which does not welcome all the members of his cast regardless of race, color, or creed.

Q. Now that she's proved such a big success in vaudeville, isn't Judy Garland a cinch to return to Metro and Hollywood?

—B. S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. No. She may return to Hollywood eventually, but it is highly doubtful if she will return to Metro.

Q. Isn't Jane Powell pregnant again? Isn't that why she collapsed while making a personal appearance in Cleveland?

—A. W., SHAKER HEIGHTS, OHIO

A. She collapsed because of nervous exhaustion, after doing five shows a day for 14 consecutive days.

Q. Our local newspaper carries a daily humor column by Bob Hope. Does Hope write this himself?

—V. F., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Bob has a staff of six gag-writers. Each takes a weekly turn at the column.

Q. How was Rex Harrison treated when he returned to Hollywood a few months ago after making all those blasts about the film capital?

—F. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. He was treated coldly in many circles, which is understandable since Harrison was so outspoken in his criticism.

Q. A little while ago I read that Dan Dailey was going to marry Jane Nigh. Is this true?

—V. C., TORONTO, CAN.

A. He may marry Jane eventually, but as of this writing, Dailey hasn't proposed. He has said that he will not get married for at least two more years.

Q. Do most big stars have script approval? If they don't want to act in a certain story, must they?

—B. B., TULSA, OKLA.

A. They don't have script approval, for the most part. They don't have to act in a story they don't like, but their studio may put them on suspension.

Q. Janie Powell and Elizabeth Taylor were both married in the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, which is Catholic. Aren't both of these girls Protestants or were they converted?

—T. E., PAWTUCKET, R. I.

A. They are still Protestant.

Q. How come Kirk Douglas' real name has been given as Isadore Danielovitch, Izzy Dempster, and Irving Daniels? Which is the correct one?

—Y. C., AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

A. The first.

Q. Is it true that Gene Kelly wants to stop dancing and become a director instead?

—A. G., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. Kelly is already a director. He plans to continue dancing as long as his legs and stamina hold out. Probably another 20 years.

The kind of a

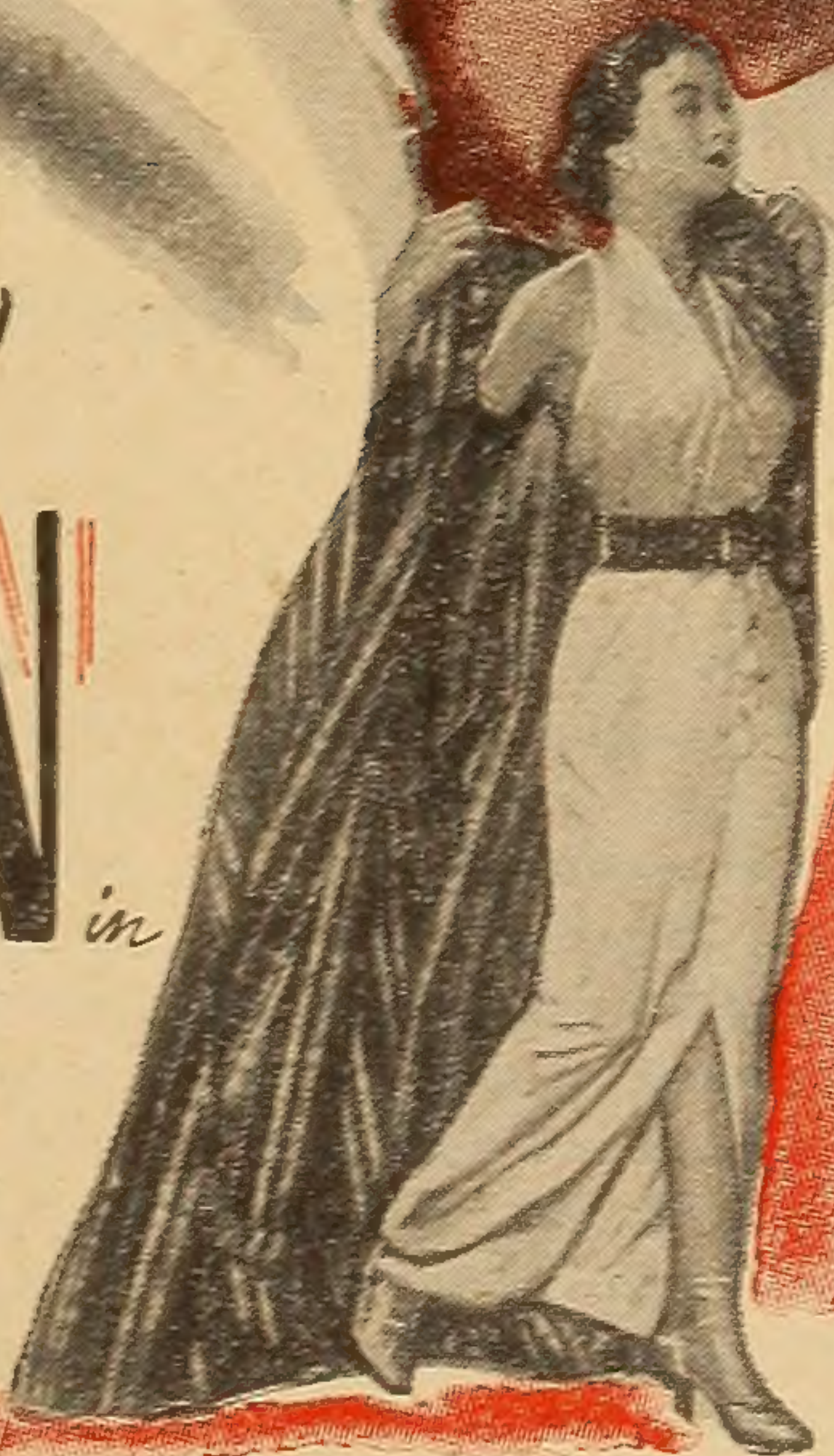
motion
picture
that walks
right into
your
heart!



She was young and oh so wise — but when she kissed she closed her eyes...until she met the guy who opened them...wide...and wonderful!

Jeanne

CRAIN



"The Model and the Marriage Broker"



THE MARRIAGE BROKER! She brings people together and gives love a shove in the right direction!

SCOTT BRADY · THELMA RITTER

with Zero MOSTEL · Michael O'SHEA · Helen FORD · Frank FONTAINE · Dennie MOORE · John ALEXANDER · Jay C. FLIPPEN

Produced by

Directed by

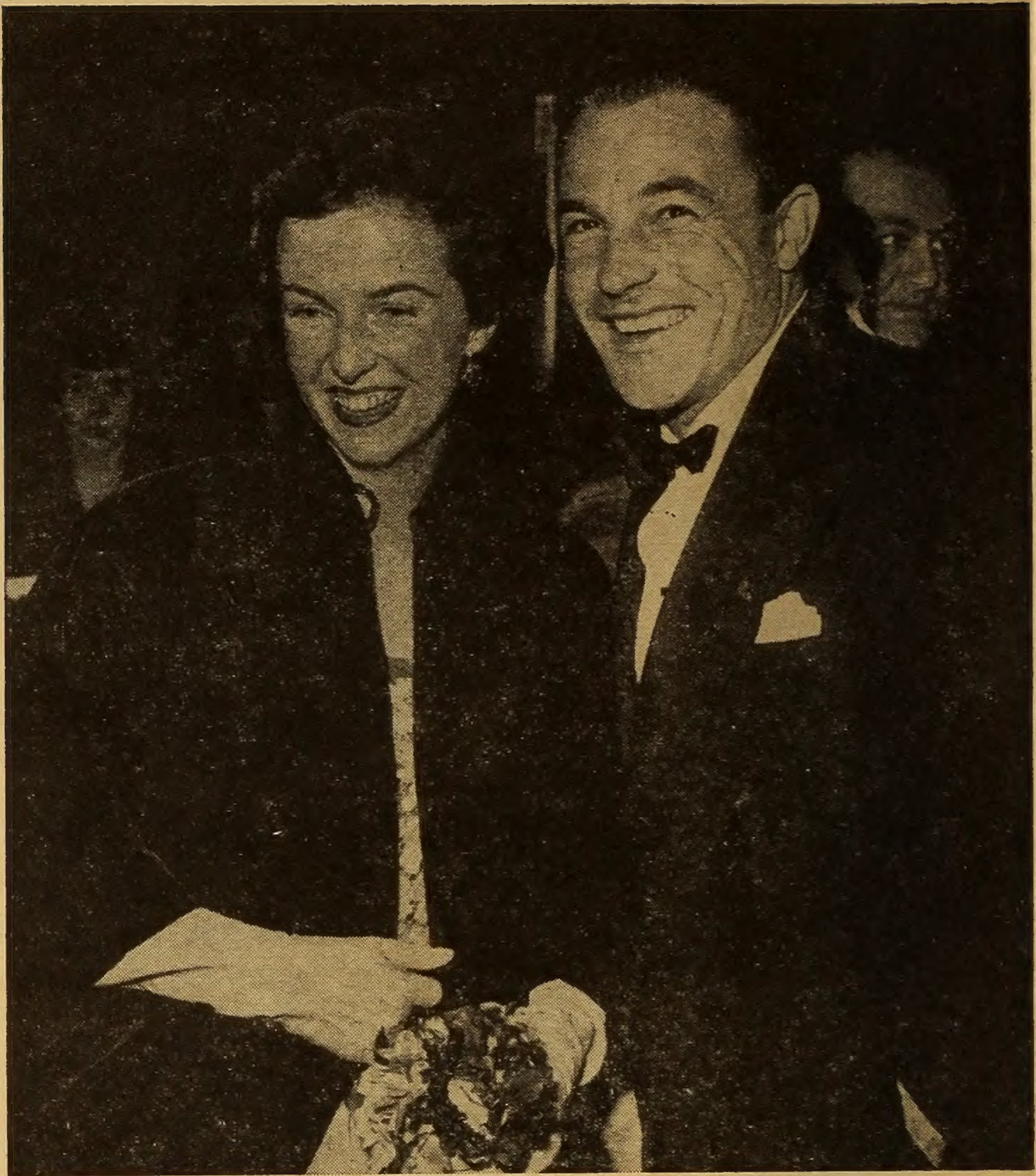
Written by

CHARLES BRACKETT · GEORGE CUKOR · CHARLES BRACKETT, WALTER REISCH and RICHARD BREEN

20th
CENTURY-FOX



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Gene Kelly and his wife, Betsy Blair, arrive at the premiere of Gene's latest movie, *An American In Paris*. This MGM super-musical may win the "best picture" Academy Award for 1951. Gene's already planning a new ballet-conscious film.

LANA, THAT ONE-MAN WOMAN, IS AFLAME ABOUT FERNANDO LAMAS . . . AVA GARDNER WANTS TO BE A MOTHER RIGHT

I HAVE a strong, strong, strong hunch that Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding will be married in January.

When Elizabeth came back from London I wouldn't have given you a plugged nickel for her romance with the good-looking English actor who just seems to "kill" the ladies—including Marlene Dietrich.

After her arrival in New York, when Liz thought her romance with Wilding had hit the skids, she beckoned to Nicky Hilton to come back despite Nick's supposed engagement to Betsy Von Furstenberg.

Liz and Nicky met in her hotel suite, visited with her uncle, Howard Taylor, in Connecticut and a reconciliation MIGHT have been effected if word hadn't come that after many years of marriage Wilding's wife, Kay Young, was divorcing him behind closed doors in London. That ended the reconciliation with Nicky where Liz was concerned.

If there was a chance of her getting Wilding, she didn't want anybody else. That's how

hard our gal had tumbled for him in London.

Right on the heels of his divorce, Wilding arrived in New York. Oddly—or perhaps it isn't too odd—his first visit was to his old flame, Marlene Dietrich. It was also his last visit. Could it be that Mike, the perfect gentleman, had bade farewell to his former love before devoting himself to the new love?

Anyway, at this writing, Liz and the devastating Britisher are terrifically in love and something tells me it will be a wedding.

Their ages? Liz is 19. Mike is 39.

LANA TURNER is a one-man woman . . . one man at a time, I mean. When she is in love, it's no one else but Mr. Man of the Moment for Lana.

It's Fernando Lamas who has captured all her time and attention these days and nights. Daytimes, he makes love to Lana in front of the cameras in *The Merry Widow*. Evenings, he makes love to Lana—period.

Fernando is the nearest thing to a torrid

lover in her life since Turhan Bey. He (Lamas) is a South American who kizzes zee hand, bows from zee waist and acts as though he had never lived before he met Lana.

Whether he LIVED or not, Lamas was most definitely married to a South American beauty who followed him to this country and then took a quick trip home when she found out the way the wind was blowing.

Apparently, she did not want to hold on to Fernando very much (they had separated several times) and she is not in the least in love with her husband. But before bidding adieu to Hollywood AND Fernando, she arranged for the alimony that would bring her and their little daughter back to this country.

Lana has some alimony problems of her own. She has not been able to file for divorce from Bob Topping because they cannot reach an agreement on money matters.

Whether Lamas gets more than a "separate maintenance" parting from his wife remains to be seen. Divorce is rare in South America



Leslie Caron, the Gallic dancing sensation who co-starred with Gene, slipped in to *American In Paris* premiere unnoticed, was mobbed by fans when she came out. With her was her American husband, George Hormel, the meat packing heir.



Betty Hutton was the most vivacious star in the audience at the *American* premiere. Reason was dance director, Charles O'Curran. "He's the greatest in the world!" Betty says.



Lana Turner's premiere date was Fernando Lamas, her co-star in MGM's *The Merry Widow*. He's her constant companion on and off the set but is shy about calling it love. So's Lana.

AWAY . . . WILL LIZ TAYLOR BE MRS. MICHAEL WILDING COME THE DAWN OF 1952? . . . SHELLEY AND FARL ARE FINI.

because of strict religious beliefs.

A LEGEND to last long after the Angel Gabriel blows his trumpet is the story of Clifton Webb's devotion to his mother, Maybelle. Mrs. Webb has been in very bad health and she was in St. John's Hospital for weeks.

While she was away, Clifton redecorated Maybelle's room in the palest yellow and it is so beautiful that it could be used to illustrate a page at least in one of the better home magazines.

Clifton invited some of us . . . about 80 . . . for a "preview" of the room with dinner following prepared as only the fastidious Mr. Webb does things. The food, I must say, was the best (and richest!) I've eaten since I started to be conscious of my figure.

It was a wonderful party with Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart (close pals of Clifton's); Linda and Ty Power . . . Linda chatters incessantly about that new baby . . .

and many other well known players and friends of Clifton's attending.

O VERHEARD in the fitting room of Don Loper's swank salon:

Fitter to Ava Gardner Sinatra: "Madame, you have the most gorgeous figure I have ever seen."

Ava Gardner Sinatra to fitter: "It won't be for long! We want a baby *right away!*"

Ava tells an amusing story about their honeymoon in Havana. Some Cuban friends took over a cafe and a small band playing there to welcome her and Frank to Havana.

The rhumba-happy musicians had been asked to play "Here Comes The Bride" when Ava and Frankie entered. They DID—as it's never been played before! Not knowing "Here Comes The Bride" beyond the opening stanza, they swung into "Happy Birthday To You" and wound up on "Stars and Stripes Forever."

What's that old copybook maxim about "familiarity breeds contempt"?

Maybe that's pretty strong to say in writing about Shelley Winters and Farley Granger but Shell and Farl are as cold as a dead mackerel. They saw all the shows in New York together, they went to Europe together and came back together. And then the deep freeze set in.

SHELLEY, who is always copy for the news-boys, came out with a story that she had found the "real love" of her life—a Vittorio Gassman, Italian actor, whom she described as the Laurence Olivier of Italy, "only better looking and a better actor"!

He responded by inviting Shell to come to Italy and play in his picture.

However, this great "new love" is not keeping Shelley from alternating nightly dates with handsome Vince Edwards (he looks like Burt Lancaster's double) and Sidney Chaplin, actor son of Charlie Chaplin.

No one knows how much Shelley cares about any of these gents but she certainly



When you don't know the party guests, should you —

- ☐ Plunge in boldly ☐ Pause at the doorway

Before you cross a crowded room—of strangers—better get your bearings. Instead of anteloping in (only to flounder midway, flustered), pause at the door long enough to spy your hostess. Then beeline (but s-l-o-w-l-y) in her direction; she'll take over from there. Even if it's "that" time, don't dismay. You'll be comfortable, confident with Kotex. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; *holds its shape* for hours.



Which lipstick makes teeth look whiter?

- ☐ Blue-red ☐ Orange-red ☐ Brown-red

Your uppers-and-lowers lack that alabaster look? Along with faithful brushwork, pucker-paint helps. To make teeth seem whiter, blue-red's the lipstick hue for you. And on sanitary protection days, learn what a difference it makes, poise-wise, to choose a "just-for-you" absorbency of Kotex. (3 different sizes, for different days.)

Are you in the know?



Know a quick pick-up for a wilted veil?

- ☐ A little light refreshment ☐ Waxed paper

If you haven't time for ironing—try this: Slide the tired veil quickly back and forth on a lighted lamp bulb. Slick, last-minute way to crisp that glamour-wisp! Of course, to outwit calendar emergencies, you're smart to buy Kotex—in advance. That special *safety center* gives extra protection, and those *flat pressed ends* prevent "outlines"!



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Want to get "certain" facts straight?

- ☐ Ask Sis ☐ See a librarian ☐ Read "V.P.Y."



Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the new, *free* booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations (by Walt Disney Productions). Hints on diet, exercise, grooming... do's and don't's a girl should *know*. Send for your copy today. **FREE!** Address Room 42, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.



Michael Wilding accompanied Liz Taylor and her pet poodle when they flew to Hollywood from New York. Liz may be married soon after you read this. (See story on page 28.)

gives us columnists something to write about—that none of us can deny.

THE story sent out by one Private First Class Charles Slotik that our GI's are tired of such tried and true favorites as Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth, Hedy Lamarr, Esther Williams and others, serves to remind us that we are all of us growing older, darling.

PFC's cutting comment was, "The fellows don't admire the same girls their uncles did in the last war. They're too old for us."

I just can't believe the merciless, frank Private Slotik is speaking for all the boys. I know the terrific numbers of requests for photos of Lana, Betty, Rita, Hedy, Esther that flood their studios. And they are mainly from service men.

I was thinking, "Who among the young favorites do they want if the leading glamor girls belong to the last war and to the daddys and uncles"?—as Slotik said.

Ann Blyth is enormously popular. Then, there's Debbie Reynolds, that tingling little teenager; Debra Paget, with her spiritual appeal; the hey hey Mitzi Gaynor girl; Doris Day, who looks like Miss America, herself; Janet Leigh, in spite of those low-cut gowns—yes, I guess these are the gals the younger boys like for Pin-Ups.

But don't forget—there are still a lot of daddys and uncles alive in the world today, kids!

JIMMY Stewart, sitting with his Gloria and Gary Cooper and Pat Neal at Cobina Wright's buffet dinner, suddenly grabbed for his napkin and held it to the corner of his mouth. Blood was trickling down his chin.

"Bit my tongue," Jimmy said in explanation through clenched teeth.

"Hold some cold water in your mouth," said Gary. "It will stop the bleeding."

It usually does—but not in Jimmy's case. His tongue kept bleeding and bleeding and soon he and Gloria flew out the door in search of a doctor. In my books, this goes down in

♪♪♪ See it and sing!! ♪♪♪

Doris
Day

Danny
Thomas



With all its joys and
all its melody and all
its heart, comes
Warner Bros.
story of songdom's
glorious Gus Kahn — and
the girl who put the love
in his love songs!

From Chicago's North Side
where he started, to the
Southland's lovers lanes — and
from the boulevards of Hollywood
to the brightlights of Broadway —
his songs and his name are loved
as few others are.

He's the wonderful fellow who didn't
know how to say 'I love you'
to his own girl — but wrote it in
song for all of America's sweethearts!

'I'LL SEE YOU
IN MY DREAMS'
✓ 'IT HAD TO
BE YOU'
✓ 'I WISH I
HAD A GIRL'
✓ 'I NEVER
KNEW'
✓

'LOVE ME
OR LEAVE ME'
✓ 'PRETTY
BABY'
✓ 'NOBODY'S
SWEETHEART'
✓

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

"I'll See You In My Dreams"

'TOOT TOOT
TOOTSIE'
✓ 'AIN'T WE
GOT FUN'
✓ 'YES SIR, THAT'S
MY BABY'
✓ 'THE ONE I LOVE
BELONGS TO
SOMEBODY ELSE'
✓

'MAKIN'
WHOOPEE'
✓ 'CAROLINA IN
THE MORNING'
✓

ALSO STARRING
FRANK LOVEJOY ★ **PATRICE WYMORE**

WITH **JAMES GLEASON** WRITTEN BY **MELVILLE SHAVELSON** AND **JACK ROSE**
PRODUCED BY **LOUIS F. EDELMAN** Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz.

DIRECTED BY **MICHAEL CURTIZ**



Musical
Direction
by Ray Heindorf



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Popular Joan Evans keeps the columnists guessing. Now they're wondering about Chris Randall who took her to *Detective Story* premiere.



Debbie Reynolds, MGM's star of *Singin' In The Rain*, happily shares an umbrella with good looking Craig Hill, her premiere escort.



Mr. and Mrs. John Wayne were among the 200 honored guests at a dinner given for the stars who participated in "Movietime, U.S.A."

the records as the most freakish accident ever to happen at a social affair.

Cobina's party was in honor of Helena Rubinstein, the famed cosmetician, and Madame Rubinstein paid the beautiful femme guests a highly personal compliment by saying they all looked like they used her beauty preparations!

Joan Fontaine (is she putting on a little weight?) seemed to be having an extra good time. I don't know who the gent was who kept pursuing her, but he apparently couldn't let Joan out of his sight—or his arms—because he waltzed her cheek-to-cheek right up to the buffet table while everyone else was standing in line.

Betty Hutton, in a white dress with a sassy bustle, was showing off her new beau, Charles O'Curran, and telling everyone within earshot that he was the "best dance director in the world". (This must be love. After Betty went to Honolulu on a vacation, O'Curran flew over just for the privilege of spending Saturday and Sunday in her company.)

PERSONAL Opinions: I like short hair but—I'm not sure I like it on Janet Leigh (yes, she's succumbed and is sporting a very short coiffure) . . . Coming up fast in the sweepstakes of Best Dressed Women—Ava Gardner. She delighted the hearts of stylists by wearing hats, gloves and veils with her daytime clothes in New York. . . *American In Paris* is running strong in the pre-Academy balloting for the "best picture" sweepstakes . . . Debbie Reynolds is still the cutest thing in town. She told the MGM press boys she'd like some "romance" publicity. Only trouble is—she ain't got no romance! . . . I can't take Betty Hutton's maaad passion for dance director, Charlie O'Curran, too seriously. When ever ISN'T la Hutton maaadly in love with someone? . . . What a wonderful father Alan Ladd is. He never bothers with his own publicity, but he cut out the clippings and proudly showed everybody the picture of his Carol

Lee Ladd as one of the pretty Princesses selected in the UCLA homecoming festivities. "Next year, when she's a senior, she'll be QUEEN," predicts the proud stepfather . . . Esther Williams always seems so preoccupied and not interested in a conversation unless it is about her career, her business enterprises or her family . . . The bitterest man I know is Clark Gable. Even his best friends don't mention the name "Sylvia" in the King's presence.

APPARENTLY, Marie Wilson doesn't think pink is unlucky. She wore a pink hat, dress, shoes and bag when she married Allan Nixon eight years ago.

When she married TV actor-producer, Bob Fallon, a few weeks ago, Marie was again an "all pink" bride, big pink lace hat, pink lace gown and she carried pink roses.

Everybody likes Marie—including her ex-husband, and wishes her well in her new marriage. Supposed to be the "dumb blonde" of the Irma series on radio, screen and TV—she's really about as dumb as a fox. She knows that her faux pas are her stock in trade and have made her what she is today—faux pas PLUS, of course.

Not many people know that Marie is a very well-fixed lady financially. She gets top money in three entertainment mediums and she invests it cagily. Personally, she does not go in for expensive clothes and furs and jewels and she doesn't throw lavish parties.

When the time comes for Marie to bow out of the spotlight—as it comes to even the most beautiful of movie stars—she'll be "beholden" to no one.

THOSE two zany madmen, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, work together with the affection of brothers—but several people have commented to me on the fact that after working hours they seem to go their separate ways. "Don't they like each other?" they'll ask, disappointedly.

Of course they do! They are devoted. But here is the way that Jerry explains the system they have successfully worked out for their private lives.

"Dean and his wife have their circle of friends—and so do Patty and I. We frequently enter a cafe or a nightclub and spot the Martins in a booth across the room with their pals. But here is the gimmick:

"Dean and I have talked it out and we both realize that nothing under the sun must come between us as partners. We both have wonderful wives. But, you know how gals are—one gets a longer mink than the other, or an extra diamond in an earring and—heaven love 'em, well—you know how they are. And what can happen.

"So, while we are all very friendly—we don't attempt to turn the team of Martin and Lewis into a constant foursome. It's better that way." Smart boys.

THE Letter Box:

Pat R is fed up with Janet Leigh's endless interviews on Tony Curtis, "I Love Him," "We Belong Together," etc. "Even the most stupid of us assume they, naturally, love one another or they would not have married. But golly, do they have to keep shouting it from all the treetops?"

"T" Gentles, of Jamaica, is indignant about the interview Linda Darnell gave out panning the climate and living conditions of Jamaica. "Miss Darnell talks out of both sides of her mouth. When she arrived here to make *Saturday Island* she told reporters she loved the place."

To Dolores: It's usually well established singers who are invited to be the voice behind the silent lip-movements of non-singing screen stars.

Hey, Steve Cochran, there are lots of mentions of you in this month's mail. Tony Dexter, however, is still top man.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Brightest thing under the stars . . .

the play of light upon the silky softness of your hair . . . the gleam, the natural shine, the silken shimmer that's yours when you shampoo your hair with gentle Drene.

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silkens your hair . . . as it cleanses!

Get Drene today!

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Hours of Continuous Action —
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Zonitors are greaseless, stainless snow-white vaginal suppositories which offer women a far daintier, more convenient method for feminine hygiene. And every woman today fully realizes the necessity of feminine cleanliness for married happiness, her health, after her periods and to guard against an odor more offensive than bad breath or body odor.

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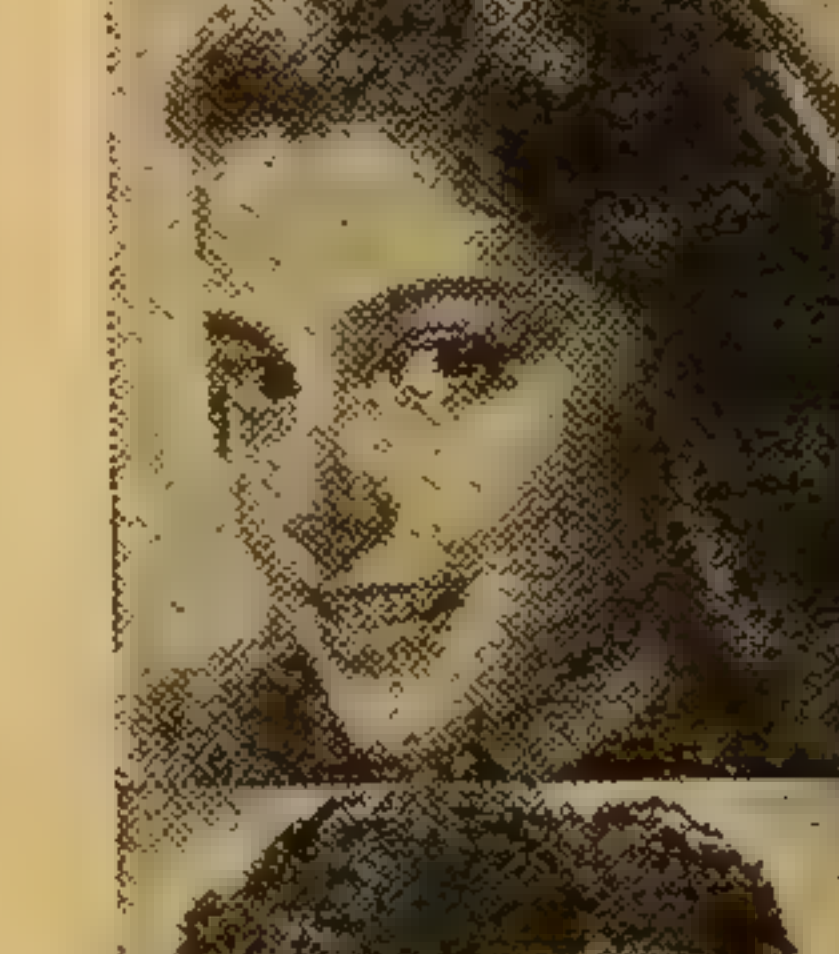
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A new gossip column
by Mike Connolly
famous columnist for the
Hollywood Reporter

hollywood report

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT: Oscar time is rolling around once again, and Hollywood is talking about the following as top contenders for Academy Awards—Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh and Kim Hunter for their wonderful acting in *A Streetcar Named Desire*; Monty Clift, Shelley Winters and Liz Taylor for *A Place In The Sun*; Jane Wyman, *The Blue Veil*; Fredric March, *Death Of A Salesman*; Arthur Kennedy, *Bright Victory*; Ethel Barrymore and Maurice Evans, *Kind Lady*; Peter Ustinov and Leo Genn, *Quo Vadis*; Dorothy McGuire, *I Want You*; Irene Dunne, *The Mudlark*; Mel Ferrer, *The Brave Bulls*; Gregory Peck, *David And Bathsheba*; Ava Gardner, *Show Boat*; Thelma Ritter, *The Mating Season*; Eleanor Parker and Lee Grant, *Detective Story*; James Cagney and Gig Young, *Come Fill The Cup* and Alexander Knox, *Saturday's Hero*. Who's your favorite?

Baby-sitting a serious subject? Yup—and 20th plans making a picture about it with Dick Widmark and Marilyn Monroe. Plot revolves around a baby-sitter who protects her infant charge against a demented relative. . . . John Agar attended Alcoholics Anonymous meetings during his prison stretch at the Wayside Honor Farm. Now that he's out, he and Loretta are planning on raising a family—and John's golf score is in the low-70's. . . . John was a model prisoner and so was Dick Contino, serving time at McNeil Island penitentiary on the draft evasion charge. Dick played the accordion every Sunday at Mass, and then for Protestant services. It's my hunch that these basically decent lads will find themselves. . . . Hal LeSeuer, Joan Crawford's brother, joined AA too. . . . So did Larry Tierney. And his brother, Scott Brady, supervised his removal from Neurological Hospital to Scott's own home. Larry footed the bills when Scott was trying to get a foothold in Hollywood; now it's Scott's turn. Warners picked up its option on Steve Cochran, fastest climber on the studio's fan mail list, for another year. He's in the \$2,000-a-week bracket now. And quite a boy with the gals. Sudden thought: Why doesn't somebody do a picture of his romantic private life?

* * *

GILDING THE LILY: Bob Stack came back from England with nothing but raves for the British belles. Even went so far as to say they're chic! . . . Charles Le Maire, 20th's dress designer, tells me, "I saw an eight-year-old Claudette Colbert picture in a screening room the other night. Her gowns weren't dated. She and the designer had agreed on clothes that were able to withstand the test of twice four years" . . . They've been calling Jean Simmons' husband Gams Granger. Stewart gads around the MGM lot; veddy British, in shorts.

Jean Peters' favorite birthday gift from an admirer was an enormous emerald ring smothered in baguettes. . . . Denise Darcel went to Hedda Hopper's party for stylist Ceil Chapman with gold-dust sprinkled in her topknot. Richard Greene sidled up to her and whispered, "Kin I go prospecting in your hair?" . . . Anybody besides us notice the muscular build of Denise, who's now known around town as Goddess of the Bodice? Makes her look like a lady wrestler! . . . Gal we know (Continued on page 14)

"I nearly froze in sunny California!"

"Skiing is my hobby, but wind and frost on the slopes can bite your skin raw, even while folks, a few miles away, bask in California sunshine. So Jergens Lotion is always in my suitcase. Here's what happened on my last trip:



"Before skating, I protected my hands and face with Jergens Lotion. You can *prove* Jergens contains quickly-absorbed ingredients, instead of oils that merely coat skin...



JANE RUSSELL

starring in

"DOUBLE DYNAMITE"

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GUARANTEE: Only Odo-Ro-No guarantees full 24-hour protection or double your money back. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.



hollywood report continued

flooned into a dress shop, asked for a checkered vest, and handed the salesgirl a photo of Tony Curtis wearing the one she wanted.

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH: The big battle, of course, was Franchot Tone's with news-hen Florabel Muir in *Ciro's* . . . But the King Brothers claim that the publicity accruing to Barbara Payton spells an added \$1,000,000 in their bank accounts for *Drums In The Deep South*, in which they gave Barbara a starring role and for which they paid her \$1,650 a week to make personal appearances with it . . . No starlet since Betty Grable has had the publicity build-up Mitzi Gaynor's getting at 20th . . . Everybody threw their hands up in despair on hopes for a Diana Lynn-John Lindsay reconciliation when John put their home up for sale and scrambled East.

As you know, Claudette Colbert became ill and had to bow out, after several weeks of shooting, as Bob Mitchum's co-star in Howard Hughes's *The Korean Story*. Joan Crawford and Jane Greer were among those mentioned to succeed Claudette but Ann Blyth won the assignment. However, Ann fought for—and won!—approval rights on all ad stills. Ann refuses ever to pose for the kind of SEXploitation photos used to advertise Shelley Winters' charms in *Behave Yourself!* and Jane Russell's in *His Kind Of Woman*.

FOUR-LEGGED FRIENDS: Hard to imagine Alan Ladd crying, isn't it? Well, I saw him turn on the tears, and in spades! Sue had called me over to their Bel Air place one morning last month. "Do you like boxers?" she asked. "Do I?" I yipped. "I only happen to own King of Marlay, who's the most beautiful male boxer in Hollywood—and from Vic Mature's champion stock!" "Fine," said Sue. "He'll be a good mate for Scarlet O'Hara."

Sue explained that she and Alan had been spending less and less time at the ranch and therefore had to dispose of several of their dogs, including Scarlett—but only to characters like myself who have big yards for the dogs to play in. I rolled around the Ladd lawn with Scarlett, a beautiful fawn, and when Alan decided we were getting along he picked her up in his arms and carried her out to my car. "All I want is one of the pups," he said. "It's a deal, Alan," I promised.

He kissed her goodbye, smack on the lips—and cried like a baby when we drove off!

As for Scarlett, she and King are expecting a visit from Sir Stork.

FINANCIAL PAGE: Robert Walker left everything he had to his two sons, but "everything" isn't much. His estate was originally estimated at \$200,000; actually, it will amount to a mere \$25,000 or so after taxes and bills are paid. His house, on which there was a heavy mortgage, was small—only a living room with dining alcove, two bedrooms, maid's room, kitchen and two baths—so there wasn't much furniture. Out of it all, Jennifer Jones, now officially the boys' guardian, picked only Bob's books, records, silver, television set, piano, rocking chair and grandfather's clock. She has put it all in storage for the boys . . . In his last picture, *My Son, John*, with great-lady-of-the-theater Helen Hayes, Bob gave his finest performance as a young Commie who swears on a stack of Bibles that he's not a Red—the catch being that he doesn't believe in the Bible!

(Continued on page 16)

DISTANT DRUMS

It's the call to adventure!
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Florida's Everglades where
cameras never penetrated
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Captain Quincy Wyatt and
his Swamp-Fighters! The heroic
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hollywood report continued

Dottie Lamour (you'll love her, not to mention Betty Hutton, Jimmy Stewart, Cornel Wilde, Gloria Grahame and Charlton Heston in C. B. DeMille's *Greatest Show On Earth*) accepted her first nightclub engagement in many years, singing at the Last Frontier in Las Vegas for two weeks for \$10,000 a week . . . C. B., by the way, took Wilde aside after he finished flexing his bulging muscles for *Greatest Show* and told our boy it's his best acting job since *A Song To Remember*—but to be careful about picking his future parts so that he won't take a nosedive from his present popularity peak . . . The Huttontot, bubbling over about her great part in this picture, said, "Lindsay and Candy had never seen me perform my flying act in it. So I brought my two angel-faces over to the set, and when I was through flying through the air I rushed over to them. 'Well! Did you like mother?' I asked breathlessly. 'Yes,' said Lindsay, 'but where are the CLOWNS?'"

QUICK QUOTES: Monty Clift, as seen through the eyes of George Stevens, who directed him in *A Place In The Sun*: "Monty had

a tremendous burden to carry in this picture. His conscientiousness caused him to be regarded as strange in some quarters due to the fact that he preferred to stay home and rehearse for the next day's work rather than go to the various Hollywood glitter spots" . . . I got a bang out of the way the British papers headlined Shelley and Farley Granger during their London visit: "Hollywood's Perpetual Fianceses" . . . Ida Lupino, whose Filmakers Productions gave you Sally Forrest and Keefe Brasselle, among others: "After offering our audiences pictures like *Not Wanted*, *Outrage* and *On The Loose*, respectively, we are seriously thinking of changing the character of our fan mail by producing 'The Bobbsey Twins!'" . . . John Wayne, June Allyson's co-winner of MODERN SCREEN's annual award, gave out with a typically modest Waynism when told he topped the male poll: "Why?"

WHO'S MAD AT WHO: I was prowling for news on a certain lot one afternoon when I heard loud screams coming from the dressing room of one of Hollywood's "great ladies." Her maid, who was waiting outside while the star held a private conference with the studio boss about how another, younger girl in the cast was stealing scenes from her, went running back,

accompanied by a studio cop and a fireman. The boss, who doesn't like to see women cry, beat it back to his office, and when the star came out of her tantrum she paid the maid, the cop and the fireman \$10 apiece to say nothing about the scene! . . . Ran into Mickey Rooney and Martha Vickers at Ciro's and asked them what was new (that's always a good opening!). "Just talking about the baby," said the Mick. But later we learned Martha was quizzing him about the \$2,000-a-month alimony he had been ordered to pay her. And, a week later, he got a co-starring spot with Bob Hope in *Military Policemen*. Mickey'll get \$75,000 for this job, so it looks like Martha will be okay.

FUNNIES: It's Red Skelton's story. Man dashed into a hardware store, pounded on the counter and demanded in a loud voice, "Gimme a mouse trap—I gotta catch a bus!" To which the clerk replied, "Sorry, sir, we don't have one that big!" . . .

We have it on reliable authority from practically unimpeachable sources that when Dagmar met Jane Russell at RKO the two gals didn't get close enough to shake hands! . . . 20th bought a story about a professor who finds a serum that makes a man look 15 years younger. Now the studio can't find a leading man who'll admit he could be that old . . . This marks the 322nd anniversary of the introduction of popcorn to America. That makes it 267 years older than the first movie . . . Ever notice how married names deglamorize the stars—like Greer Fogelson, Claudette Pressman and Viveca Siegel? . . . An Internal Revenue man told me (some of them have a sense of humor!) the Government's thinking of putting Esther Williams' picture on our currency, so we won't mind kissing it goodbye. That's what the man said . . . Dale Robertson, describing another actor: "It's easy to see why he's considered conceited—his 'I's' are so close together!"

TIME TABLES: Did you enjoy seeing the stars in person on the "Movietime U. S. A." tours? Hollywood is setting up more trips, cause they're good for business, not to mention the morale of our actors—television being the threat that it is! . . . John Wayne phoned me from Dallas, raving about his "Movietime" experiences. "We played to better than 750,000 people in 30 stops," he said, "and our reception was just unbelievable. I loved meeting the fans and hope we can all do it again as soon as possible" . . . Jeff Chandler told me he had a ball on his trip, too, although he lost his wedding ring in Waco . . . Keefe Brasselle's medico put him on a milk-shake-and-egg diet to help him regain all that poundage he shed "Movietiming" to Cleveland and other points Midwest.

DANCING DOLLS: I've got a bet on that the French Ballet's gift to Hollywood, piquant Leslie Caron, will soon be one of the town's brightest stars. Leslie, a true Parisienne, told me she dreams in French and Technicolor. Nice dreaming . . . Joan Crawford, after the same preem, said it's so-ooo good she's ready to put on her dancing shoes again . . . I'll stick my neck out right now and say that MGM will give its biggest femme star buildups this year to Leslie, Pier Angeli and Debbie Reynolds. Fred Astaire asked MGM for Vera-Ellen as his pirouette partner in *I Love Louisa*, his next picture. That'll be their third whirl around a studio soundstage together . . . Rhonda Fleming was supposed to attend the Royal Command Performance in London but didn't. She was scheduled to dance a number with Van Johnson. Her trip was cancelled because those in charge

easy money!

Your New Year's resolutions should still be brand spanking new at this reading and odds are, one thing you resolved was to be smarter about money matters. Well, here's a money matter you can be smart about without half trying. All you have to do is to read all the stories in this issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all haste, because we're giving away (for free) 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Hollywood Report by Mike Connolly
- ☐ "We Finally Made It" (Frank Sinatra-Ava Gardner)
- ☐ Modern Screen's Movie Reviews
- ☐ The Startling Loves of Liz Taylor
- ☐ Hollywood's Most Tragic People by Louella Parsons
- ☐ The Story Alan Ladd Never Told
- ☐ She Doesn't Like Her Type! (Doris Day)
- ☐ What's Wrong With the Grangers? (Stewart Granger-Jean Simmons)
- ☐ Love Those Neighbors (Jane Powell)
- ☐ Is Gable's Love Life Jinxed? (Clark Gable)
- ☐ House of MacRae (Gordon MacRae)
- ☐ Why Shelley Didn't Marry Farley by Hedda Hopper
- ☐ What Is Tony Curtis Really Like?
- ☐ The Girl Behind The Sunshine (June Allyson)
- ☐ Brando's No Phony! (Marlon Brando)
- ☐ No More Tears For Judy! (Judy Garland)
- ☐ "Nice Girls Don't Wear Lipstick" (Arlene Dahl)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is
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DISH BURT SAID HE'D DIE FOR
—AND ALMOST DID!



BURT AND THOSE UP-AND-AT-EM
BOMBS RIPPING INTO THOSE
ROUGH-AND-READY RIFFS!



LEGIONS OF THRILLS IN THE
HILARIOUS HAREM RAID THAT
SAVED THE DAY!

with JODY LAWRENCE

GILBERT ROLAND • KIERON MOORE • GEORGE TOBIAS • SCREEN PLAY BY
ROLAND KIBBEE and FRANK DAVIS • PRODUCED BY
HAROLD HECHT • A NORMA PRODUCTION • DIRECTED BY
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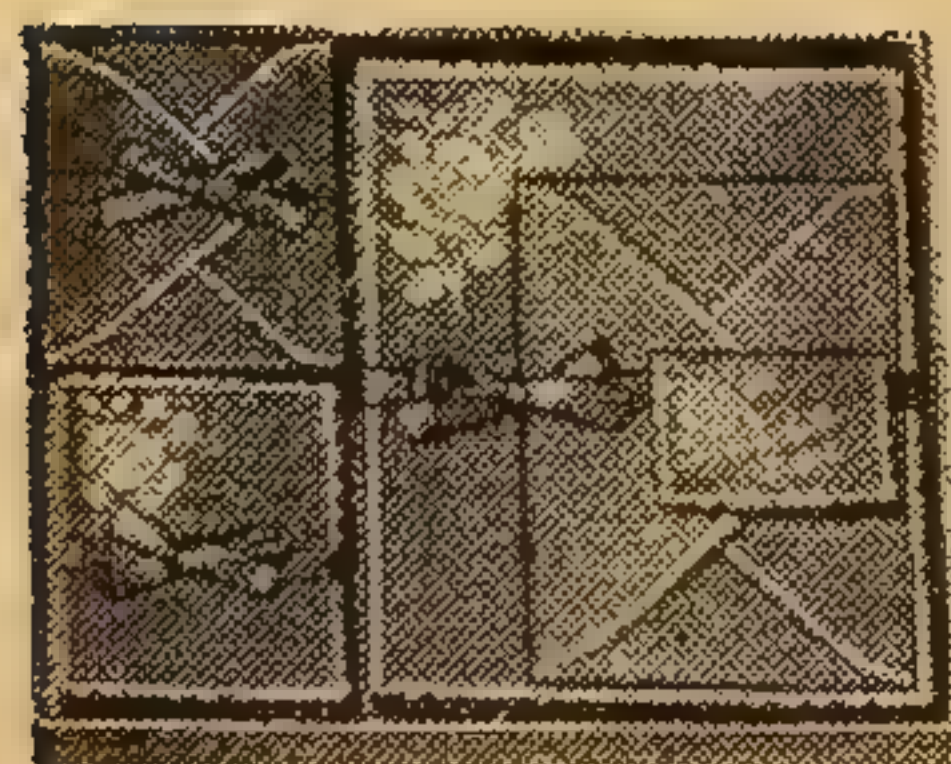
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hollywood report continued

of arrangements didn't give her enough time to learn the routine to perfection.

HE WENT THATAWAY: His pals have nicknamed Guy Madison "Wild"—because of the new career he has made for himself with Andy Devine on TV and radio as "Wild Bill Hickok" . . . Did you know Guy was born in Pumpkin Center, Calif.? Honest! . . . Gabby Hayes made a personal appearance in Atlanta. A woman fan rushed up to him and gave his whiskers a healthy yank. "Great Scott," she shouted, "they're real!" . . .

Somebody asked Roy Rogers how he likes co-starring with Bob Hope in *Son of Paleface*. Roy said, "Terrible. All I've ever had to do is look soulful at Trigger. Now they're giving me dialogue!" . . . Apparently the youngsters are tired of 20 cowboy shows a night on TV. How else explain the fact that Bill "Hoppy" Boyd, who started it all, has opened an agency that produces other kinds of video shows than sagebrushers? . . . Another laugh-line, from *Callaway Went Thataway*, starring Howard Keel: "All a cowboy needs in television is two expressions—hat on, hat off!" . . . Here's a Columbia-the-Gem-of-the-Autry coincidence: Gene Autry makes his Westerns for Columbia Pictures, his records for Columbia Records, and his radio and TV stints are for Columbia Broadcasting System.

ON THE FIRING LINE: I've got a motto for all of you. "If you really want to give something from the heart, make it a blood donation for the boys overseas" . . . Everyone's excited about going to Korea, Europe or, wherever USO-Camp Shows wants to send them to entertain the boys. Well, almost everyone. Some of the big stars are afraid they won't be appreciated, since they can't sing or dance, but this isn't true—not if I'm to believe what I've been told by guys and gals like Jack Benny, Danny Kaye, Bob Hope, Jennifer Jones, Benay Venuta, Errol Flynn and others on USO's Honor Roll. Rita Hayworth was all for going too, last we heard, and may have made it by the time you read this . . . And all this just as Rita was getting comfortable in her new \$600-a-month house and pool just above Sunset Strip. She has an option to buy it. . . . Army Auxiliary Corps took in \$8,000 at its Travis Air Base auction at Romanoff's, including Virginia Zeanuck's \$900 bid for an Irene gown. Arthur Loew, Jr., put up \$450 for a Howard Greer creation (nobody thought to ask which lucky gal would get to wear it!), and Keenan Wynn got so excited he started auctioning off his mustache, hair by hair. Dinah Shore sang "It's a Most Unusual Day," as indeed it was.

In *Phone Call From A Stranger*, Bette Davis and Gary Merrill are working on the same 20th set where they met while making *All About Eve*. Incidentally, Bette's two costume changes for this picture (a swimsuit and a faded nightgown) set the studio back all of \$4.89.

HOME FIRES BURNING: Dick Widmark, who once giggled when he pushed an old lady down the stairs and since then has slain hundreds of innocents for 20th, forbids television in his home. He's afraid of the impact of its horror pictures on his child! . . . Just before she married Frankie, Ava Gardner bought a kingsize, six-by-seven-foot bed for her Pacific Palisades palazzo. White floral design for the pure Irish linen bedspread is backgrounded by gray.

The flounce, also gray linen, is kick-pleated. And the mattress is 21 inches deep . . . Frankie's long-distance calls to Ava the month before they tied the knot set him back \$1,200.

Ty Power brought Linda and Romina home from the hospital to their new Beverly Hills house to find the plumbing switched. The shower poured cold and the youknowwhat ran hot! . . . Eleanor Parker tells me, "I want children, lots of them. I want enough to make Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farow look like slackers!" . . . And Tony Curtis leaned over the table in the U-I commissary and confided that he and Janet want a Christmas baby. Next Christmas, that is . . . Bob Hope got his nephew, Art Fagan, a job in Paramount's mail room . . . Jane Powell, who had to quit her personal appearance tour when she passed out in Cleveland because of overwork, certainly recovered in a hurry when she got back to Geary and the baby. I caught her and her spouse having a real whirl at the Mocambo just a few nights after she returned . . . Some of her girl friends have expressed the opinion that the stork would arrive before Jeanne Crain could start her next picture, *Gift Of The Magi*. You never know in this town!

ODD'S BODKINS: MGM had Liz Taylor "shelved" for over a year. The picture is *The Light Fantastic*, and Liz made it with Larry Parks before he admitted to the House Un-American Activities Committee that he had once been a Communist. The studio decided not to release the picture right away because of its fear that Larry's testimony would hurt its box-office chances. At press time, it was decided to show it in England before it's premiered in the U. S., to see what the public's reaction will be . . . Glenn Ford, who rushed over to MGM to take over Russell Nye's part in *Young Man In A Hurry* when Nye was found unsuitable for the role, was given Clark Gable's dressing room there. And Glenn hopes it'll prove lucky . . . Plus which Betsy Von Furstenberg, the new MGM starlet who started dating Nicky Hilton when Liz Taylor left him, used the ex-Mrs. Hilton's dressing room while Liz was making a picture in London . . . Further, Nicky is said to be building a \$45,000 tepee in his new home-plus-place-of-business, Midland, Texas . . . Hollywood was really set on its ear, by the way, when word got out that Sylvia Gable would ask \$1,000,000 in alimony—several hundred thousand dollars down and the balance at the rate of \$100,000 a year! Immediately this was reported, Clark brought in a new battery of lawyers to help him fight her suit . . . Clark's bitterness against Lady Sylvia is so great he's willing to change his entire way of life in order to win his points—including going off salary at MGM and living in another state.

Errol Flynn stole the show at the *A Streetcar Named Desire* preem here by signing autographs right and left simultaneously. The guy's ambidextrous! . . . A theater owner in Barstow, Calif., did very bad business with *Rhubarb*, apparently because his customers didn't know what the title meant. So he changed the title of this very funny picture to *The Millionaire Tomcat* and jammed 'em in . . . Some Los Angeles theaters are turning the pressure in their water fountains lower and lower. This stimulates the sale of cold drinks to such as you and me . . . I met Tony Dexter for the first time at a party in the Citroette Room. A shy, retiring guy. Which makes the acting job he did in *Valentino* even more impressive . . . Name of the night cop on the main gate at MGM is Kenneth Hollywood . . . THE END



"If you've ever refinished furniture, you know how hard it is on hands," says Val Lewis of New Orleans. "I earn my living by acting on TV. I can't appear before the camera with red, rough hands."



"A friend recommended Noxzema," she continues. "Now it's my regular hand care. That *medicated* formula really works. I use Noxzema faithfully every night. It helps keep my hands looking lovely."

Hands that work look lovelier in 24 hours* or your money back!

Are you a homemaker? Do you work in a shop or office? Here's the hand cream just for you!

● If you aren't getting much help from your present hand cream, maybe that's because it's made for lady-of-leisure hands. Hands that work need the two-way care Noxzema gives!

Helps heal—helps beautify! Noxzema is especially made to help sore, chapped, unattractive working hands look lovelier these two important ways:

1. Helps heal tiny cuts and cracks quickly, with its unique *medicated* formula.

2. Helps hands feel softer—look smoother and whiter—supplies a light film of oil-and-moisture to skin's surface!

And Noxzema is *greaseless*, too! Never leaves hands feeling sticky. Apply *faithfully* each night, also, before going out into the cold. And always rub in a little *medicated* Noxzema after having hands in water.

Noxzema works—or your money back!

*In clinical tests, Noxzema helped the red, rough hands of 9 out of 10 women look lovelier—often within 24 hours! It should do the same for you.

Try soothing *medicated* Noxzema on your hands tonight. If you don't see improvement—within 24 hours—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, and you'll get your money back. But like millions of other women, you will be delighted with results. Get *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema today and save money!

Surveys show 5,000,000 women all over America now use this greaseless, medicated hand care!



Registered Nurse. Jean Crow of Baltimore says: "Scrubbing my hands constantly could easily make them red, ugly. But using *medicated* Noxzema daily helps keep my hands looking soft and smooth!"



Homemaker. Mrs. J. I. Ransome of Dallas says: "Housework used to leave my hands looking rough, feeling dry and uncomfortable. Now Noxzema helps keep my hands looking lovely and feeling wonderful."

look lovelier offer!

40¢ Noxzema

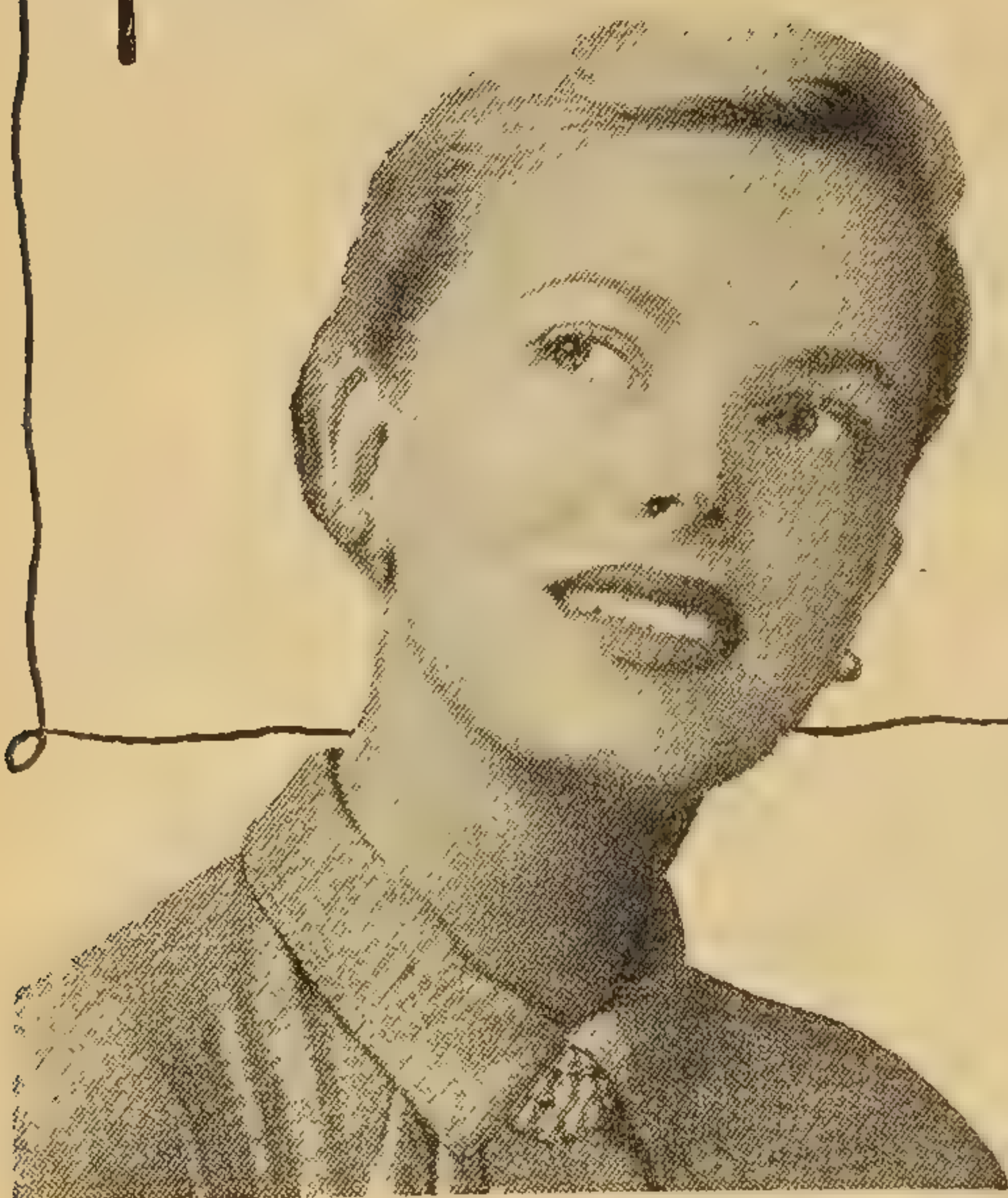
Limited time only!

now only **29¢** plus tax

After you find out what Noxzema can do for you—you'll want the big, thrifty 10 oz. jar, only 89¢ plus tax.

At drug, cosmetic counters.

Magic is
the Word
for Tampax!



A product so small, so dainty—and yet featuring so many improvements and advantages for the benefit of women... women faced with that old problem of sanitary protection on "those days" of the month... No wonder they call it "magic."

Let's take a look at this modern, doctor-invented wonder-product endorsed by many medical scientists and now used by millions of women. Here are the facts.... Tampax is worn internally, absorbs internally and is only a fraction of the bulk of the older types. Made of pure surgical cotton contained in slender individual applicators, making insertion easy and convenient.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

No belts, pins or external pads with Tampax. No odor; no chafing. You cannot even feel it while wearing it! No bulges under clothing. You need not remove the Tampax for your tub or shower bath. And naturally, with its small size, it is easily disposable.

Buy Tampax at drug or notion counters. 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

picture of the month



Inspired by a glimpse of a famous star, country-bred Mitzi Gaynor tells her mother of her desire to be an actress.



Handsome stranger Dale Robertson promises to come and see Mitzi perform when her acting dream comes true.



With Dennis Day as her manager, Mitzi travels far, becomes a tremendous success. But her heart belongs to Dale.



Although separated from him because of the Civil War, Mitzi is joyfully reunited with Dale in New York when the war ends.

MOVIE REVIEWS

■ This musical biography of Lotta Crabtree, the Golden Girl of the Civil War era (who won the hearts—and money—of gold miners from Rabbit Creek to San Francisco), is lots of fun, and so full of singing, dancing and good cheer that the silly plot doesn't spoil things too much. Mitzi Gaynor (a new star whose zippy screen personality will take her far) plays Lotta. Delighted when her father loses the family livelihood, a boardinghouse, Mitzi takes to the road as a touring actress, and although her straitlaced mother disapproves, she sings, dances, pulls her skirts higher and higher, and becomes a sensation! She also manages to fall in love with handsome stranger Dale Robertson. Then the plot begins to sag. Dale is revealed as a Confederate spy, but Mitzi, a Northerner, pledges her love for him anyway. Separated because of the war, she continues touring and becomes the most famous actress in the land. She and Dale are finally reunited in a scene that has her singing "Dixie" to a New York audience the day the North wins the war! But Mitzi's song and dance routines, while never as fresh and sparkling as she is herself, more than make up for the corny plot, and the Technicolor is great. Cast: Mitzi Gaynor, Dale Robertson, James Barton, Una Merkel, Dennis Day, Raymond Walburn, 20th Century-Fox.



SAILOR BEWARE

Jerry Lewis doesn't need a plot; just put a camera on him and he's the funniest character that ever blinked. But Paramount, being generous, wrote a story for him and Dean Martin. The story is, they're in the Navy now, and lucky for the Navy, it's only make-believe. Lewis can't even pass the blood test! All the medics can draw out of his arm is water. In addition to this, he's allergic to women. He just has to sniff one coming and he can't breathe. That wouldn't be bad, except that everytime he's on leave the women surround him. Somehow he becomes known as a lady-killer, and all his buddies bet their pay that Lewis will win a kiss from Corinne Calvet, a singer in Hawaii who's been driving all the boys batty because she's so aloof. But before Lewis gets to Corinne a million things happen. He finds himself trapped on the deck of a submarine about to submerge; he gets involved in an hilarious boxing match with a pro; he does a fantastic hula; he sings with Dean Martin, and he finds one woman (Marion Marshall) he isn't allergic to. If you like Martin and Lewis—and who can help it—you'll roll in the aisles.

Cast: Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Corinne Calvet, Marion Marshall—Hal Wallis, Para.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap,
not an oily cream
—Halo cannot leave
dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant
"soft-water" lather
—needs no
special rinse!



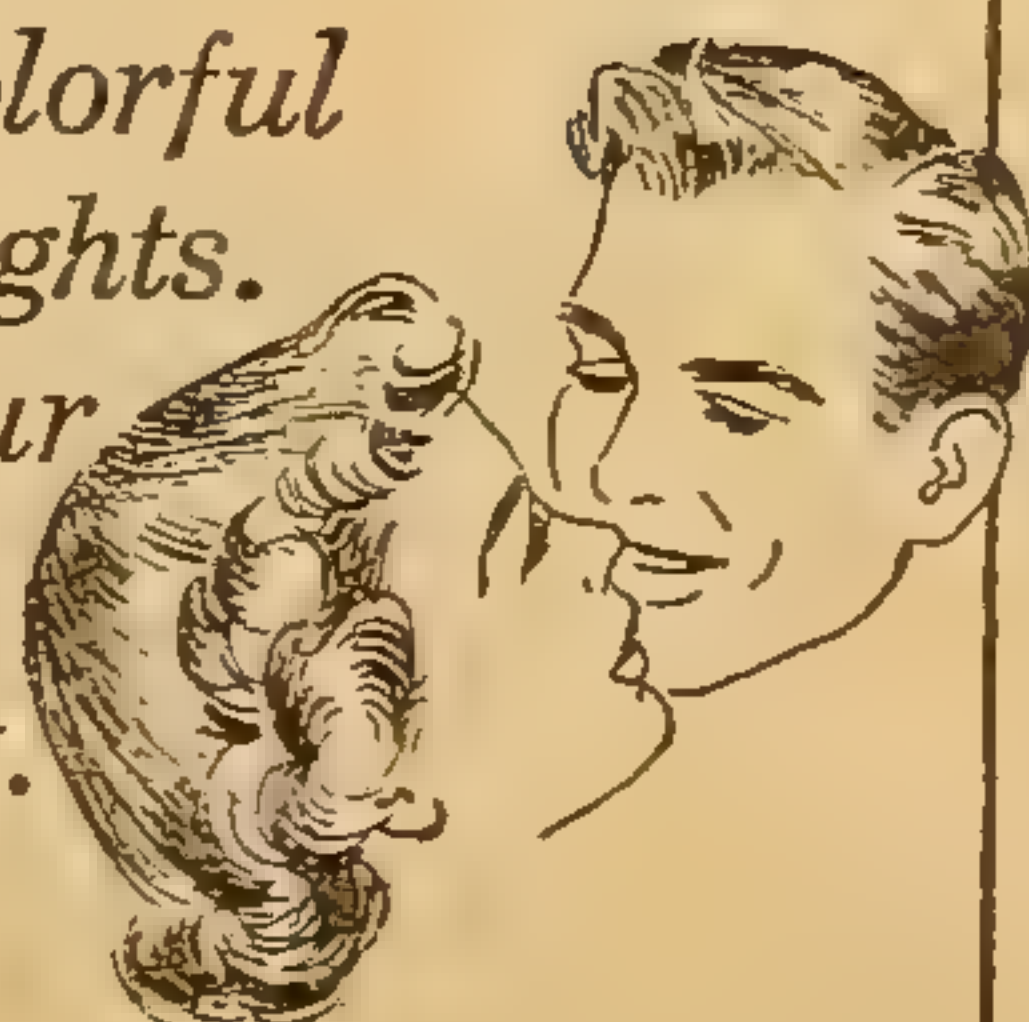
Wonderfully
mild and gentle
—does not dry
or irritate!



Removes
embarrassing
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!



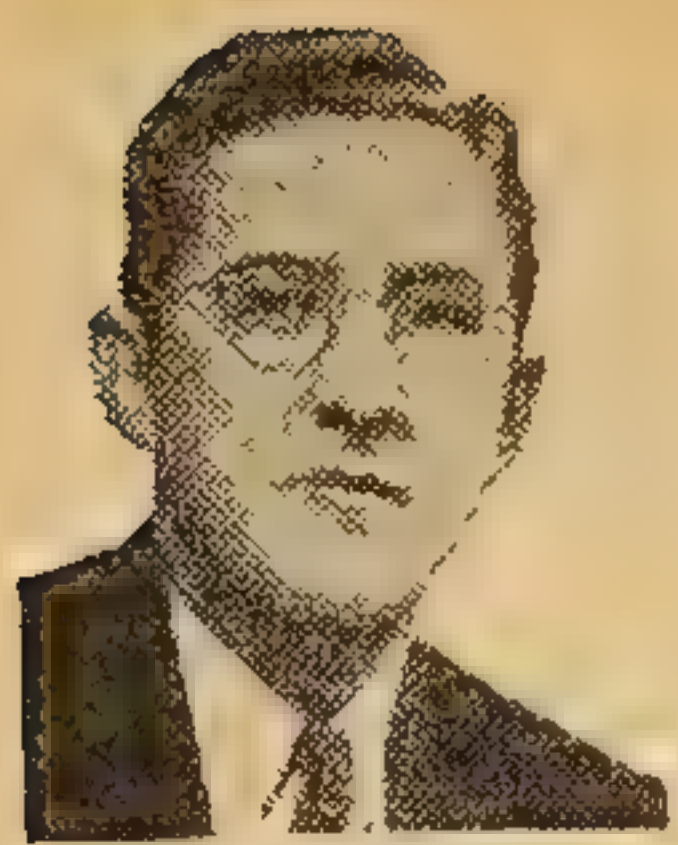
Leaves hair
soft, manageable—
shining with colorful
natural highlights.
Halo glorifies your
hair the very first
time you use it.



DISTANT DRUMS

This movie has some of the best Indian fighting that's been filmed in a long time. It's tense and exciting; the Seminoles' warpaint and costumes are vivid in Technicolor and most of the action takes place in the beautiful but treacherous Florida Everglades. The time is 1840. Captain Quincy Wyatt (Gary Cooper) is a deadly swamp fighter who plans a daring operation to end the seven-year-long war with the Seminoles. His idea is to destroy the fort in enemy territory which is being used as a gun smuggling station. He accomplishes this with a small group of hardy soldiers (which is even smaller when the smoke blows away).

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



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FREE TRIAL
everything you need
to make
EXTRA MONEY

Show America's Outstanding Values In All-Occasion Greeting Cards, Gifts, Stationery and Wrappings

Your own one day "no risk" test convinces you! No knocking on strange doors. No experience needed. Take orders from friends, neighbors. Big line includes Home Items, Books, Dolls. Low prices—big profits. Bonus. Surprise Offers.



Happy Birthday and the best of wishes

GORGEOUS 21 CARD

assortments with Birthday, Get Well, Humorous and other greetings.



Mrs. L. Fisher of Evansville, Ind. says:

"...a pleasure to show and sell your beautiful line...helped me support our family."

RUSH COUPON

for FREE Trial Outfit of new Feature All-Occasion boxes on approval, FREE sample portfolios, FREE Selling Guide, FREE Catalog and full details of money-making Party and Organization Plans. If outfit does not make money for you quickly, return it at our expense.

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You Take No Risk

He finds some prisoners in the fort and one of them, Mari Aldon (a new actress who looks like Virginia Mayo) has an electric effect on him. Mari, Cooper and his crew head for safety, but the Indians catch up with them and the fight begins. The Seminoles are stopped by a grass fire Cooper sets, but then Cooper and his men find themselves in the swamps. The only exit is 150 miles on the other side. Soon the swamps are resounding with drum messages from one tribe to another. There are thrilling skirmishes with the Indians, a wonderful view of a Seminole burial ground, an underwater battle to the death between Cooper and the Seminole chief, and a love story that never really gets in the way of the picture.

Cast: Gary Cooper, Mari Aldon, Richard Webb, Ray Teal, Arthur Hunnicutt—Warners.



HONG KONG

The best thing about this movie is Danny Chang, a little Chinese boy who steals the show with his smile. He also brings Ronald Reagan and Rhonda Fleming together. It's this way. Reagan has returned to China after World War II to pick up a few fast bucks. But he chooses a bad time to go back and runs right into the Communist Army. After an air attack, Reagan finds five-year-old Danny floating downstream in a small boat. He slings Danny over his shoulder and after a tramp across open fields he comes to a shelter where Rhonda (who has been working in a mission school) is playing hostess to a whole group of elderly Chinese. Reagan's set to dump Danny in Rhonda's arms and depart, but Rhonda tells him a chartered plane is going to pick them all up and take them to Hong Kong. Reagan sticks. On the plane trip he discovers that Danny has a valuable jewelled idol hidden in his clothing and that interests him no end. In Hong Kong, Reagan runs into trouble when he tries to sell the idol to a Chinese crook. Somehow, little Danny's charm grows on Reagan, and big Rhonda's charm is beginning to get him, and he's fighting off the feeling that he's a heel. A lot more intrigue follows. Danny is kidnapped, innocent people are stabbed, Reagan becomes remorseful—but in the end, everybody who's still alive has stopped kicking.

Cast: Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming, Danny Chang—Warners.

CALLAWAY WENT THATAWAY

Smoky Callaway (Howard Keel) is a cowboy idol of millions, and all because of television. A series of his ten-year-old films have brought him before the public and made him an American Institution, but Callaway has

long since disappeared from the screen. He's been off of alcohol and bad living. Dorothy McGuire and Fred MacMurray are advertising partners responsible for Smoky's new popularity and they can make a million on him—but they can't find him. So they do the next best thing—they find a real cowboy who looks just like him. His name is Stretch Barnes (Keel plays this role, too) and he's a simple, modest, sober fellow. The only reason he agrees to pass himself off as Smoky is because he thinks Smoky is dead and he feels he can do a big service to American kids. Naturally, the old Smoky turns up at the crucial moment reeking of liquor, making passes at every woman he sees and anxious to cash in on the profits. Idealistic Stretch, meanwhile, has unwittingly pulled a fast one. He's promised to convert his salary into a youth fund. Can the real Smoky stop him? Will Stretch continue on as Smoky (because if he doesn't, goodbye McGuire and MacMurray's reputations)? And will Stretch get the girl? (Naturally, he's fallen for McGuire who has an "understanding" with MacMurray.) Go see the movie. It's terrific.

Cast: Howard Keel, Dorothy McGuire, Fred MacMurray, Jesse White—MGM.



RED MOUNTAIN

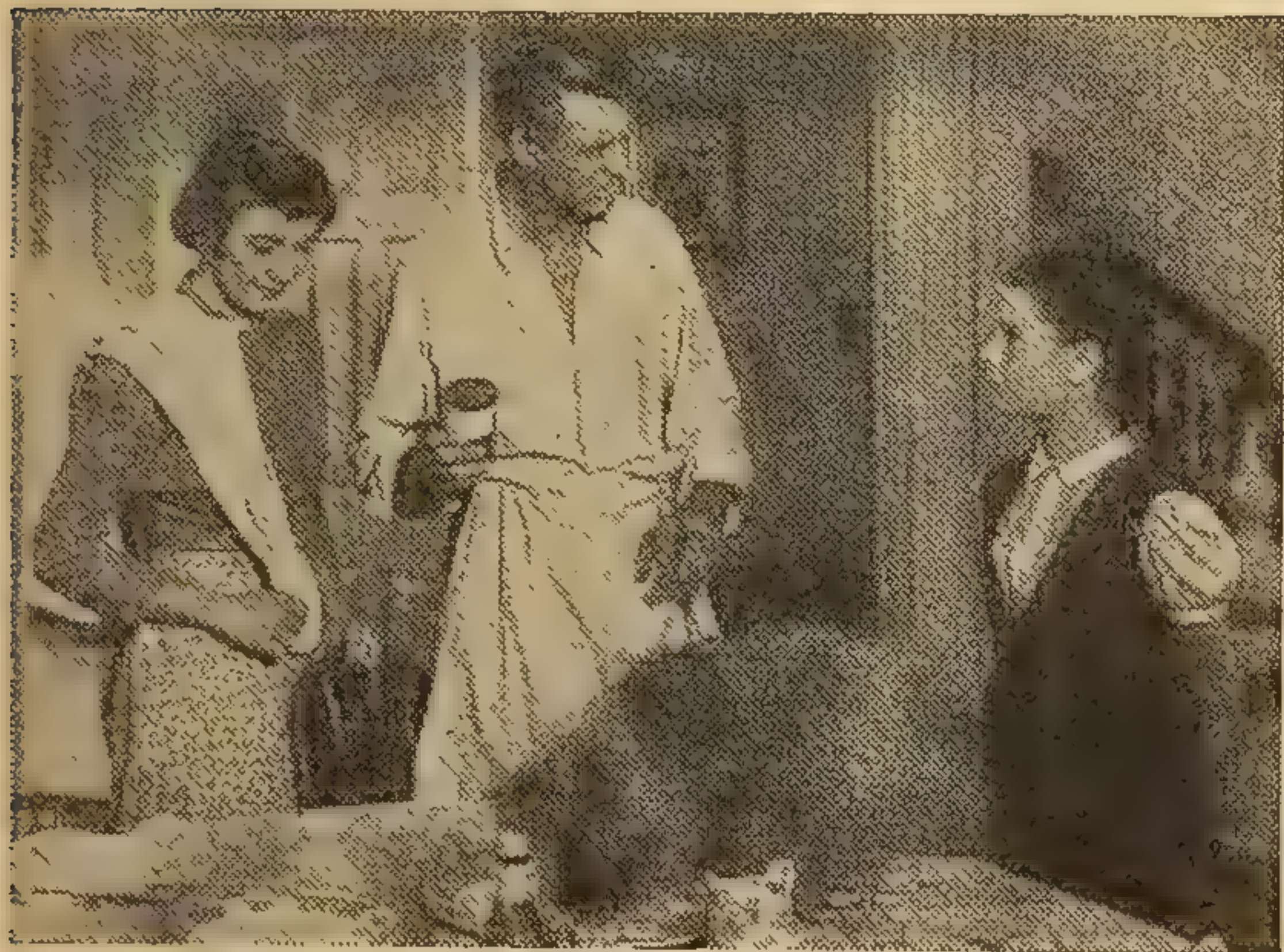
You can see Alan Ladd in Technicolor, and in one scene he's bare to the waist. Aside from that, this is just another shoot-em-up. The year's 1865, and Arthur Kennedy, a former Confederate soldier, is accused of murder. (You don't need witnesses to hang a Rebel for murder in Canyon City.) All set to be lynched. Kennedy's saved in a spectacular move by Ladd. They ride off together to Kennedy's secret hideout and then Kennedy begins to wonder why Ladd, a stranger, saved him. He decides that Ladd's the killer and plans to vindicate himself by taking him back to Canyon City, but Ladd's too quick on the draw and escapes. Enter Liz Scott who finds her boyfriend (that's Kennedy) all tied up and thrown in a corner. She unties Kennedy and they chase Ladd. Find him, too, but once again, Ladd turns the tables and Kennedy gets a broken leg and spirit to match. Comes the morning and General Quantrell rides up with his cavalry. Quantrell (John Ireland) is a notorious southern guerrilla chief and Ladd is waiting to join him. Eventually, Ladd learns that Quantrell isn't fighting for the South, but for himself so he goes over to Liz Scott's side (she hates the Rebels) and the shooting begins. Fortunately for Ladd, the Civil War ends before he can switch his allegiance again, and he explains the reason for his murdering the man in Canyon City to the satisfaction of all. Anyway, Liz Scott is happy.

Cast: Alan Ladd, Liz Scott, Arthur Kennedy, John Ireland, Jeff Corey—Hal Wallis, Para.

Van Heflin, a widower with two little girls, and Patricia Neal, a widow with two little boys, meet at the train station while sending their offspring to summer camp. Of course, the end result isn't hard to figure, but the final clinch is delayed by one hilarious circumstance after another—there's a predatory actress after Van and a Tarzan after Pat. (These two, by the way, are the children's candidates for new mama and papa.)

Van and Pat fall in love and visit their kids together to announce their wedding plans. Van has to prove himself to his new sons, however, and is a total flop at sack racing, canoeing, and other athletic ventures. And, Van's girls can't see calling Pat "Mother." However, the cagey children swallow their dislike, team up and get lost in the woods in order to bring Van and Pat back together again. If you like comedies where people fall face first into layer cakes and stumble blindfolded into lakes, then this is your meat.

Cast: Van Heflin, Patricia Neal, Gigi Perreau, Virginia Field.—Universal-International.



ROOM FOR ONE MORE

This one's aimed for the heart and it gets there. You'll cry (happy tears) and chuckle, and if you're a mother with less than five kids you'll feel unfulfilled. Betsy Drake and Cary Grant are the parents of three bright, sweet children. (One of them—George Winslow—is knee high with a voice pitched lower than his ankles, and you'll want to take him home.) Betsy's the kind of girl who needs things to love—stray dogs, cats, rabbits—anything that's bedraggled and lonesome. Cary's the kind of husband who likes the status quo (he can't afford anything else) and when Betsy starts bringing children home from a local welfare agency he gets a little upset. Betsy's first find is an adolescent girl who's been so mistreated she bites every hand that feeds her, but two weeks in the Grants' happy, well-adjusted home and she's an angel. Next comes a crippled boy who's so mean and ornery even Betsy's discouraged. But she's up on child psychology and has the patience of a saint, and you know what happens to that boy—angel number two. While all this character building is going on, Cary's acting the comical, neglected husband, his children are learning how to make sacrifices nobly and you're learning a lesson which is—children who are bad get that way only because they're not loved. It's true, and even though *Room For One More* doesn't stop punching when it's ahead, it's warm, ingratiating entertainment.

Cast: Cary Grant, Betsy Drake, Iris Mann, George Winslow, Clifford Tatum, Jr.—Warners.

Treat Yourself to a Double Exposure of Fun and Foolishness!



DOUBLE DYNAMITE!

starring-

JANE RUSSELL • GROUCHO MARX

FRANK SINATRA

TNT TUNES!

"IT'S ONLY MONEY"

"KISSES AND TEARS"

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Produced by IRVING CUMMINGS, JR.
Screenplay by MELVILLE SHAVELSON • Story by LEO ROSTEN





Radiant Ava and Frank planed into Los Angeles in mid-November after the Philly wedding for which they'd waited two years.

"we finally made it"

They're married now—but is it forever? Friends can't help wondering, and worrying, about Frankie and Ava.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

■ After Judge Joseph Sloane said, "I now pronounce you man and wife," Frank took Ava in his arms and kissed her thoroughly.

Then Ava ran across the room to hug Frankie's mother. Sinatra grasped the Judge's hand and sighed, "Well, we finally made it!"

Frankie didn't realize it, but all of Hollywood was echoing his sigh of relief. Ava and Frankie had finally made it.

It had taken two years, thousands of dollars, 40 transcontinental air trips, flights to Mexico, Reno, and Las Vegas, countless hours of heartache and legal bickering. But at long last Ava Lavinia Gardner Rooney Shaw had become the new Mrs. Frank Sinatra.

"I can't tell you how happy I am," Ava told her new mother-in-law at the wedding. Mrs. Sinatra looked at her and then burst into tears. "I'm happy, too," she sobbed. "You're just what Frankie needs." She patted Ava's shoulder affectionately.

Frank, her only son, came over, and she kissed him, too. Then the guests circled Frankie and Ava and toasted them with champagne. Ava cut the wedding cake which was seven tiers high and her sister Beatrice, got the first piece.

(Continued on page 85)

SEE THE FIRST

SIGNS OF A LOVELIER YOU...

Spring is still only a promise—but the first robin is on his way. It's not one day too soon to begin your foundation for fresh springtime loveliness! You'll see new beauty bud, blossom, bloom week by week if you'll start with a visit to Woolworth's... now. On Woolworth's handy counters, you'll find everything you need for head-to-toe winter beauty care. I've room here to mention just a few of our many timely toiletries. Why don't you stop in at Woolworth's soon and see them all? Shop, pick and choose at leisure. Or, if you prefer, ask the friendly Woolworth Salesgirl to help you make selections.

WOOLWORTH'S Susan Smart

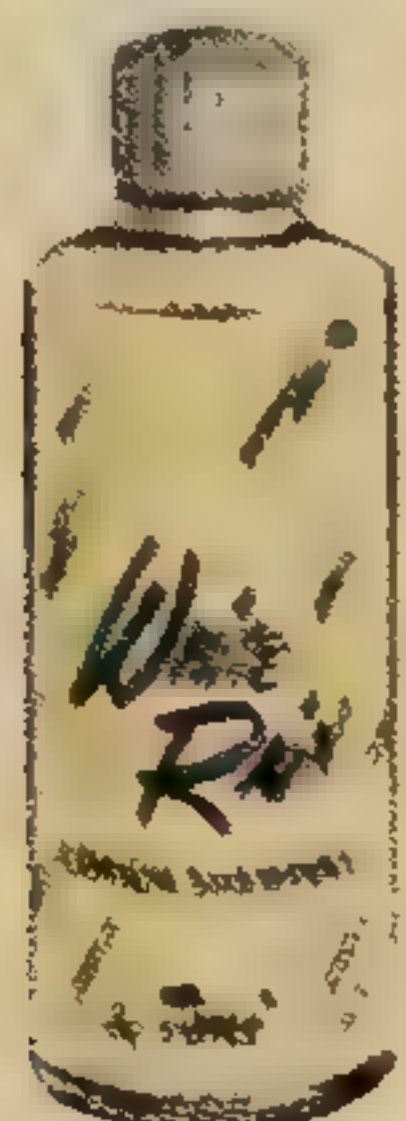
tells you how...



CARE-FREE LIP BEAUTY. Now discover the way to keep lips lovely *all day*. It's HAZEL BISHOP No-Smear Lipstick. Won't eat off, bite off, kiss off! So *lasting*, yet it's creamy and easy to remove. \$1.10*



FOR CLEAN MOUTH TASTE. PEPSODENT'S patented oral detergent, not soap, brings clean mouth taste for hours. Cleans where your brush can't reach, leaving your whole mouth cool and refreshed. 10¢, 27¢, 47¢, 63¢



SUNSHINE IN YOUR HAIR. Use WHITE RAIN tonight... tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright! Gentle White Rain is Toni's new lotion shampoo, guaranteed not to dull or dry your hair. 30¢, 60¢, \$1



A PERMANENT SOLUTION. This home permanent "takes" every time... PROM! Prom needs *no neutralizer*. Use any plastic curlers. Apply...rinse 30 minutes later. 3 Prom lotions for different hair types. \$1.50*



USE COLOR ABOVE ALL. Try NESTLE COLORINSE to lend exciting color-appeal to your hair. Just rinse in... shampoo out. So smart! For longer-lasting color, use COLORTINT. Colorinse 10¢, 25¢* Colortint 25¢*



LEARN TO SHINE. For your grooming's sake, form the daily SUAVE habit today. Just a "kiss" of Suave keeps hair perfectly in place the day long. And greaseless Suave leaves hair *radiant*! 50¢, \$1



DOUBLE CHARM INSURANCE! HEED Spray Deodorant protects clothes while it protects you! Prevents stains because it covers underarm better. Checks perspiration, stops perspiration odor. So important with winter and spring wools! 25¢, 39¢*



HEALTH IS BEAUTY'S AIDE. Lots of "cold" weather ahead! So keep LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC handy to check sore throats due to colds. Use it, too, for halitosis and infectious dandruff. 10¢, 29¢, 49¢, 79¢



FOR DREAM HANDS. Cream hands *regularly* against winter cold and spring winds with PACQUINS HAND CREAM. Smooths, *protects*. Purple label for normal skin. Red label for extra-dry skin. 25¢, 49¢, 98¢*



A TOUCH OF SCENT. New glamor! Apply scent to your *fingertips* with DURA-GLOSS Perfumed Nail Lacquer. Ten lovely shades to choose from. As with unscented 10¢* Dura-Gloss, the color is on the cap. 25¢*



BREATH OF BEAUTY. Eat, drink, smoke what you want. New FRESHIES Mints stop bad breath in 1 to 3 seconds with nature's deodorant—*chlorophyll*. Why take chances? Take Freshies today...*keep* them handy. 10¢

MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP. And don't forget your teeth! Replace worn or unsafe brushes *now* with DR. WEST'S MIRACLE-TUFTS. There's a brush-head design for *you* to thoroughly clean each surface of your teeth. 59¢

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Shop Woolworth's First for Everything in Toiletries

Many of these products available at Woolworth stores in Canada at slightly higher prices.

*Plus tax

Sandpaper Hands feel

Caressable

in 10 Seconds!



Look your loveliest
with Cashmere Bouquet



Lipstick
Talcum Powder
All-Purpose Cream
Face Powder

25¢ and 43¢

Cashmere Bouquet *Hand Lotion*

Absorbs Like A Lotion... Softens Like a Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds! . . . “Sandpaper Hands” are smoothed and softened to lovely “Caressable Hands” with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! The secret is an exclusive, new formula that enables Cashmere Bouquet to smooth like a lotion while it softens like a cream! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they’re romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet “fragrance men love”! Treat *your* hands to Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion today!

By the time you
read this, she may be
married again . . . but
who'd want to bet on
the little girl who became
Hollywood's femme fatale
almost overnight?

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

the startling loves of Liz Taylor

■ Two years ago this writer sat in the Paramount commissary in Hollywood and had a luncheon interview with Elizabeth Taylor. She was 17 years old. She was, as she is now, excitingly beautiful, limpid-eyed and the sexiest-looking creature he had ever seen. She was late for the luncheon because her teacher had insisted she finish a lesson in Civics—and Liz was petulant and very adolescent about it.

The story that came out of the interview was printed in MODERN SCREEN and it painted a picture of her youthfulness and brought out the fact that despite her maddening appearance, she was entirely incapable of coping with the adult world. Her concerns were for her school work, the few dollars a week she was allowed as spending money and her real fear that because of her two broken engagements she might never find a man who would belong to her alone and forgive her for her "racy past." She spoke of these things as a child would—and she meant everything she said.

But that was two years ago. Now she is 19.

When Elizabeth Taylor arrived in New York from London and Paris early this winter she was met at the airport by a studio representative who had been assigned to assist her through customs. The young man was used to this sort of thing and was seldom impressed by the odd traveling habits of movie queens. However, when they began to unload Liz Taylor's luggage, his eyes bugged out in disbelief. At better than a dollar a pound cost in excess weight, what appeared (*Continued on page 29*)

TURN THE PAGE FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF LIZ TAYLOR EVER PUBLISHED →





the startling loves of Liz Taylor continued

(Continued from page 27) to be a king's ransom in baggage with Liz's name on it began to appear. Stacked up in the customs shed, it totaled 24 pieces and included four steamer trunks. Liz walked down the gangway as regal as a duchess, entirely unconcerned that her clothes had probably paid the entire cost of flying the plane across the Atlantic.

In the customs office the studio representative stood by her elbow as the manifest and declaration was checked.

"Now about this item here, Miss Taylor," said the customs man, "am I correct in stating that you

are declaring \$25,000 worth of wardrobe?"

"That's right," said Liz.

"And you bought all of it abroad?" asked the official.

"No," said Liz, "I bought all of it in this country."

"Let me see that thing," said the studio man grabbing the paper. "You don't have to pay duty on *any* of that."

The customs man agreed and Liz was soon cleared and on her way. Driving to town, with two limousines filled with her belongings trailing behind, the studio employee chided Liz (*Continued on page 97*)

hollywood's most tragic people

by Louella Parsons

■ I've thought long and carefully before selecting the stars whom I believe to be *the* most tragic figures of Hollywood.

Many headlines have been wrongly blamed on Hollywood. For instance, I do *not* consider that Lawrence Tierney or Barbara Payton are responsibilities of Hollywood. Poor Tierney, an emotionally ill boy, would be his own worst enemy in any walk of life, anywhere. And the blonde Payton woman would be a trouble-making femme fatale even in a pickle factory:

Who, then, are these most tragic figures—the beautiful but damned idols whose pedestals rocked dangerously even while they were at the top of their glory, and then crashed into illness, oblivion or death?

Judy Garland is one of the tragedies of Hollywood. Most assuredly, little Judy with the big, blazing talent is one. By mentioning her first I don't mean that she is the *most* tragic of all. But she is the greatest waste of golden talent.

What irony that Judy, who could be the greatest musical star on the screen today is in exile from Hollywood!

As I write this Judy has just recovered from a nervous collapse on the stage of the Palace Theater in New York where she brought back vaudeville with a bang, and in so doing became the toast of Broadway.

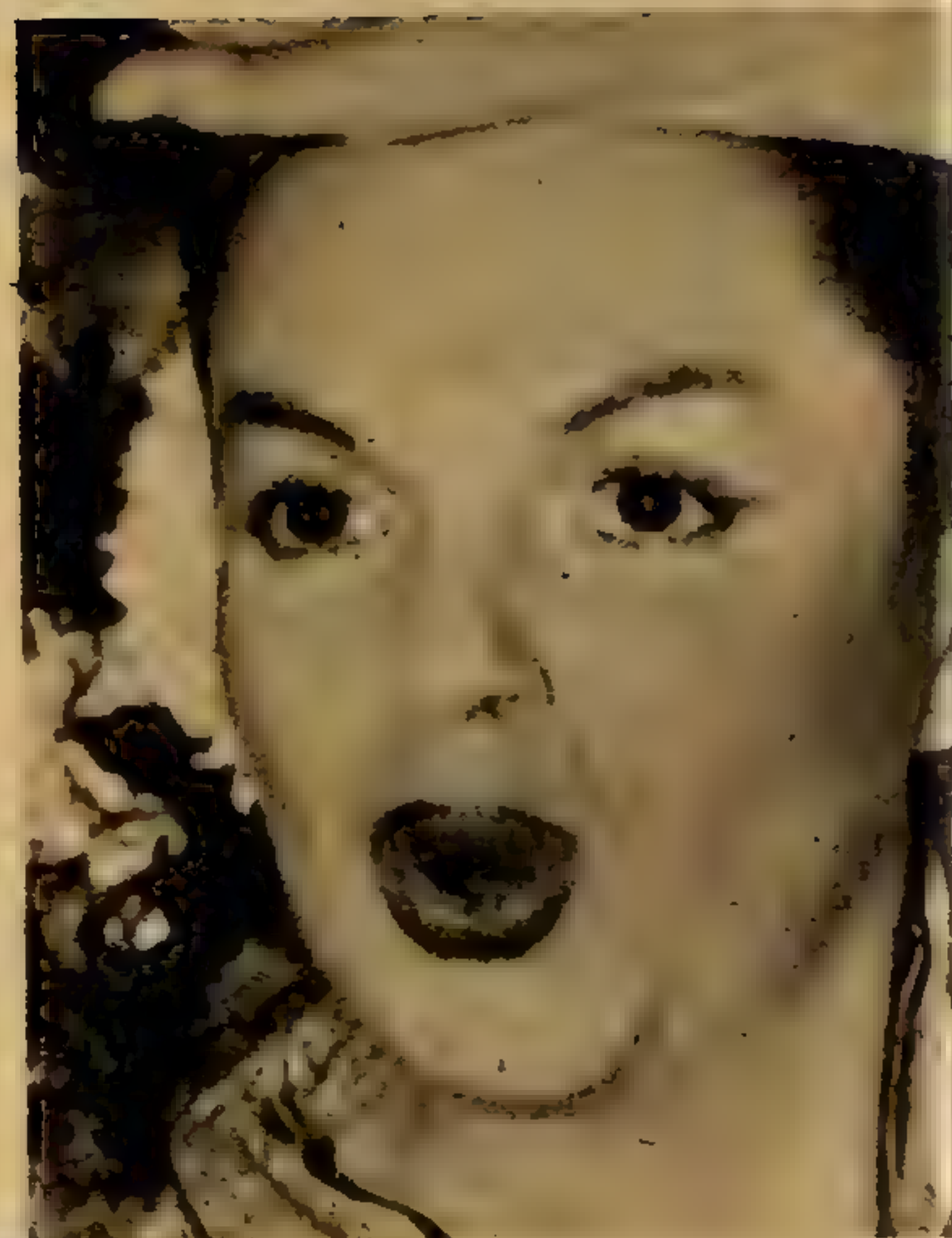
But even in the glory of her "comeback," Judy again fell victim to the same shattered nerves that wrecked her Hollywood career.

Time after time people ask me, "What's the matter with Judy?" They say, "She isn't called on to work any harder than Betty Hutton or Betty Grable or other musical stars who have been able to stay on their feet. Why is it that *she*, perhaps the most inspired of all girl singers, can't take it?"

To fully answer that (Continued on page 95)

SHATTERED NERVES

wrecked Judy Garland's screen career. Plagued by overweight, emotional insecurity, and two marriage failures, Judy tried to commit suicide last year. Now she's trying to make a big comeback via Broadway.



NEGLECTED HEALTH

brought Rudolph Valentino to an early death. Consumed by his career, he had no time for himself or his marriage. While making personal appearances in New York, he took ill and suddenly died.



A BROKEN LIFE

was the fate that befell lovable little Mabel Normand, the madcap star of Mack Sennett comedies. A leading figure in the William Desmond Taylor murder case, Mabel's career ended when she became a drug-addict.



Hollywood's
glittering lights hide many a
shattered heart, a
snuffed-out career.
Here an outstanding reporter
reveals the most
pathetic cases of them all.



HOLLYWOOD NIGHT LIFE
helped Jean Harlow forget
the unhappiness
she'd suffered in her three
marriages—but it also
helped shorten her life.
Struck down suddenly by
uremic poisoning, Jean
was too exhausted to put up
a fight. She died at 26.

DRUG ADDICTION
led to Wallace Reid's tragic
death almost 30 years
ago. Wally started
taking drugs to "pep himself
up" so that he could meet
the demands of his great
popularity. But he soon
found himself slave
to the habit, died at 32.



THE WRONG WOMAN
ruined Franchot Tone's
reputation. Barbara
Payton not only dragged his
name through the
mud—she also involved
him in a front-page
fight. The result: a
battered face that may
end his movie career.



TALKING PICTURES
spelled ruin to the brilliant
career of John Gilbert.
Heartlessly frank reviews
told the world about his
"thin, high-pitched,
effeminate" voice, and the
great lover of the
silent screen was soon all
washed up in the movies.



SUICIDE
was Carole Landis' solution
to the problems
Hollywood thrust
upon her. She sought stability
and an emotional
anchor in stardom—but
found only heartache,
an unhappy marriage,
and fleeting fame.

OTIONALLY UNSTABLE,
Robert Walker could
possibly have found
happiness but not in
Hollywood. Its brutal
competitiveness burdened
him with an inferiority
complex, and ruined
his relationship with
wife Jennifer Jones.



ABANDONED BY HER LOVER
when she was about to bear
his child, Lupe Velez,
the fiery Mexican actress,
chose suicide as a way out.
She took an overdose
of sleeping pills, and
ended a life filled
with tempestuous—but
unsatisfactory—love affairs.





the story ALAN LADD *never told*

BY JIM HENAGHAN

■ Alan Ladd was born in Hot Springs, Arkansas. His birth was inauspicious, but a few days after his father (also named Alan Ladd) registered said birth at the Hot Springs Court House, the building caught fire and burned to the ground.

While Alan was still an infant, his parents moved to Oklahoma City, where Ladd, Sr., went to work for the state as an accountant.

The Ladds lived in a small flat above a block of stores, and for a young boy it was no ideal residence. In order to be kept off the streets, Alan had to play in the building, a sorry situation for him, but a sadder one for the landlord. For one day Alan, amusing himself with a box of matches, set fire to the building, which promptly converted itself into a heap of ashes like the Hot Springs Court House.

Although he doesn't remember the date, Alan knows that while he was a very small boy his dad died of a heart attack, leaving his wife and son to fend for themselves.

After an uncomfortable period of widowhood, Alan's mother met a young house painter by the name of Jim Beaver—and, after a proper period of courtship, she married him and the family of three moved to Denver, Colorado.

Jim Beaver was an ambitious man. When he realized he would never get rich painting homes in Denver, he decided to go west. On a spring morning in 1920, he packed Alan, his wife and his painting equipment into a 1914 Model T Ford and set out for California.

Today the journey from Denver to Los Angeles is a matter of hours by plane. Even in 1920, it was still just a matter of a few days, but it took Jim Beaver and his family a terrifying six months.

The major problem was money. Beaver had planned to work his way across the country, painting houses and barns, but he had little luck finding customers. He was soon obliged to sell some of his equipment—and the ladders, brushes and pots began to go until he had hardly enough left to practice his trade. (Continued on page 78)

HOW THIS STORY WAS WRITTEN

■ A few weeks ago, Jim Henaghan, noted reporter and magazine writer, spent an evening with his date and the Alan Ladds in Hollywood. They dined at La Rue's, and drove back to Alan's house for a last cup of coffee. Alan seemed a little tired and stretched out in a big chair. Jim motioned to his date that they'd better leave, but as they got up to go Alan said, "Sit down for another minute." "Sure," said Jim, "I'll sit down if you'll tell me something about yourself that you've never told anyone before—give me an exclusive story." This seemed an impossible challenge. Every writer in Hollywood is convinced there's nothing new to say about Ladd. But Alan smiled. "Got your pencil?" he asked, and before Jim recovered Alan began to talk, easily and fast. Fortunately, Jim's date knew shorthand and in a moment she was racing to keep up with Alan. His was an incredible, fascinating tale of a life that had touched the heights of glory and the nadir of despair, and as Alan told it he seemed to be reliving all the wonderful, crazy, sad and happy years. For the first time he was telling it all. And here it is—the kind of yarn a writer only dreams of getting, but that Jim Henaghan snared one lucky night.



Every other actress
in Hollywood looks at herself
in the mirror and
beams—but Doris Day
sticks out her tongue!

BY SUSAN TRENT

■ Doris Day, surrounded by her hair dresser, her studio press agent, and her makeup expert, looked at herself in her dressing room mirror. The girl who thinks she is not beautiful, not even pretty, studied her reflection long and carefully. "I don't like my type today," she finally said.

She addressed the mirror once more. "I don't like my type, see?" And then she turned to her friends. "But, what?" she asked, "is my type?"

It was a purely rhetorical question, for Doris Day is not a "type." She is much too complicated to fall into any category, and to know her well you must understand all the facets of this many-faceted girl. Analyzing her career and past activities isn't revealing enough. Sure, it adds up and sheds light on the subject, but in the case of a day-to-day girl like Doris it is the present which is important, and it is an examination of her present attitudes which will give you the key to her as a person.

Doris is that rare (*Continued on page 91*)

she
doesn't
like
her
type!



Husband Marty's her business manager, often visits Doris on the set. When he leaves for work, she gives him a going-over, to make sure his clothes are spotless.



The Melchers live simply, spend most evenings at home. On weekends, they throw parties that feature swimming, volleyball and food—but never hard liquor.



Doris wasn't always as comfortably housed as this. When she first came to Hollywood, she lived in a trailer. Even then, she knew how to make the best of it.



Jean looks like a dream of the perfect wife . . .



. . . but Stewart acts as if she has a lot to learn.

what's wrong with the Grangers?

by sheilah graham

THESE PICTURES SHOW JEAN AND STEWART GRANGER



As newlyweds, the laughing, loving Grangers were a stunning example of marital bliss. Soon Stewart began to teach her how to dress, swim, and entertain. Madly in love with him, Jean was a willing pupil.

Why is this famous love match headed for the rocks? Here's a frank analysis and warning...

■ I firmly believe that Stewart Granger loves his wife Jean Simmons. If I didn't, I'd mind my own business—which is to report the facts *after* they happen. But because this marriage will surely founder unless someone points out the rocks, I hope that Mr. and Mrs. Granger will forgive me if I step in where their other friends apparently fear to tread.

There are six obstacles blocking the road to happiness for the 39-year-old handsome Britisher, and the girl he calls his "child bride." They are money problems, a house that is too big, too many droppers-in, *his* bossiness, *her* long wait for work. And *his* "Anything she can do, I can do better" attitude. Unless some of these problems can be eliminated, I doubt whether Mr. and Mrs. Granger will be at home to each other for many wedding anniversaries.

Because Stewart's bossiness is the biggest hurdle to jump, I'd like to discuss that first. I know he doesn't mean to "sit" on his sweet young wife so continuously and so unmercifully. But the simplest remark from Jean is sure to be contradicted by Jimmy—as Jean and all their intimates call him. His real name, as you know, is Jimmy Stewart, which he had to change because of the longer established Mr. Stewart.

Okay, so we are now in the Granger home. "Isn't it a lovely day?" Jean will remark. Without so much as looking up from his book, Jimmy will say, "You're wrong—it's a terrible day." Another time: Jean, "I thought so and so (mentioning one of their friends) didn't look very well." "I thought he looked fine," auto-

matically from Mr. Granger. Or if Jean says, "He looked fine," Stewart says, "I thought he looked ill." A dress, a book, a play, a movie—you name it—whatever side Jean prefers, her husband prefers the other.

The question is, how long will a girl of Jean's spirited nature tolerate this habitual disagreement? Psychologically, she is rebelling already. There is a song in *Guys And Dolls* about a girl who always gets a cold when she's romantically unhappy. From the first day of her arrival in Hollywood last Christmas, when I bumped into the honeymooners at Schwab's drug store until last week, when Jean was bedded with a virus, the pretty brunette British actress had suffered through a succession of colds in the head.

"In England," Jean told me recently, "I used to get colds, I expected to. They ran their course and went. Here, when I get a cold it stays on and on and I croak like a frog when it settles in my chest." I'm not a psychiatrist, but a consciously happy woman doesn't have time for non-stop sniffles or croaking—at least not in sunny California!

Now for the Big House problem which is tied in with Money—or rather the absence of it. And this is strange, when you consider that Jean is paid what amounts to \$100,000 a picture and Stewart's contract at Metro calls for \$4,000 a week. This is a fortune in any language, but Jean, unfortunately, is still being paid in English pounds—36,000 of them—because of her contract with Rank and Pascal. The pounds are all frozen in London. Stewart is a generous type, but (Continued on page 77)

AS THEY SUNK FROM BLISS TO BOREDOM TO BAD TEMPER IN LITTLE OVER A YEAR OF MARRIAGE!



me flew and so did the honeymoon. This picture caught the end of their relationship—Jean trying desperately to live up to his ideals and Stewart fixing her with his ever-critical eye.



Today, the once-ecstatic Grangers show the strain of a year of misunderstandings and tense situations. Divorce rumors are rife, but a solution is possible because they're still very much in love with each other.

HOW DO THE MOVIE STARS LIVE? ASK JANE POWELL'S NEIGHBOR WHO GETS A DAILY EYEFUL.

love those neighbors



The Steffans are friendly homebodies. Geary III never cries at night (at least, no one hears him); their parties are always quiet and every once in a while Jane charms the neighbors with song.

■ Looking at our street you wouldn't think a movie star lived on it. The houses are fair-to-middling in size, and there isn't a chauffeur in sight. The neighborhood is quiet, and in some places the old trees lock their branches overhead, filtering the sunshine that flows into the many colorful gardens.

When the combined neighborhood learned that Jane Powell and her husband had bought the old Jacobs place, they were a little apprehensive. Reputedly, Jane Powell was a nice young girl, but then that was the trouble—she was *young*—and she and Geary were likely to throw parties that would wake the dead and knock out the living.

Well, the Steffans have been living a year now in the big white house with green shutters, and the worst noise ever to come from their direction has been the sound of their dog. Paper is some sort of a shepherd dog, and adored by Jane and Geary. It was quiet as a cemetery one night last spring, when suddenly a grinding screech of brakes and a blood-curdling howl rent the air. Immediately, everybody was outside on their front lawns looking for their dogs. But the dog who'd been hit was Paper. Somebody ran over to the Steffan house, but no one was home. Somebody else said Jane and Geary were out for dinner, and it was the maid's night off. So one of the men phoned Jane's father, way over in the valley. Mr. Burce made it to Brentwood in record time and there were tears in his eyes as he lifted Paper into his car. It turned out the dog was all right, except for a paralysis in his tail assembly, and now he walks around with that poor old tail dragging along the ground. Janie told me the vet wanted to amputate it, but she and Geary wouldn't hear of it.

"It's Paper's tail, and it's got to stay," she said. "Even if he does mop up the streets with it."

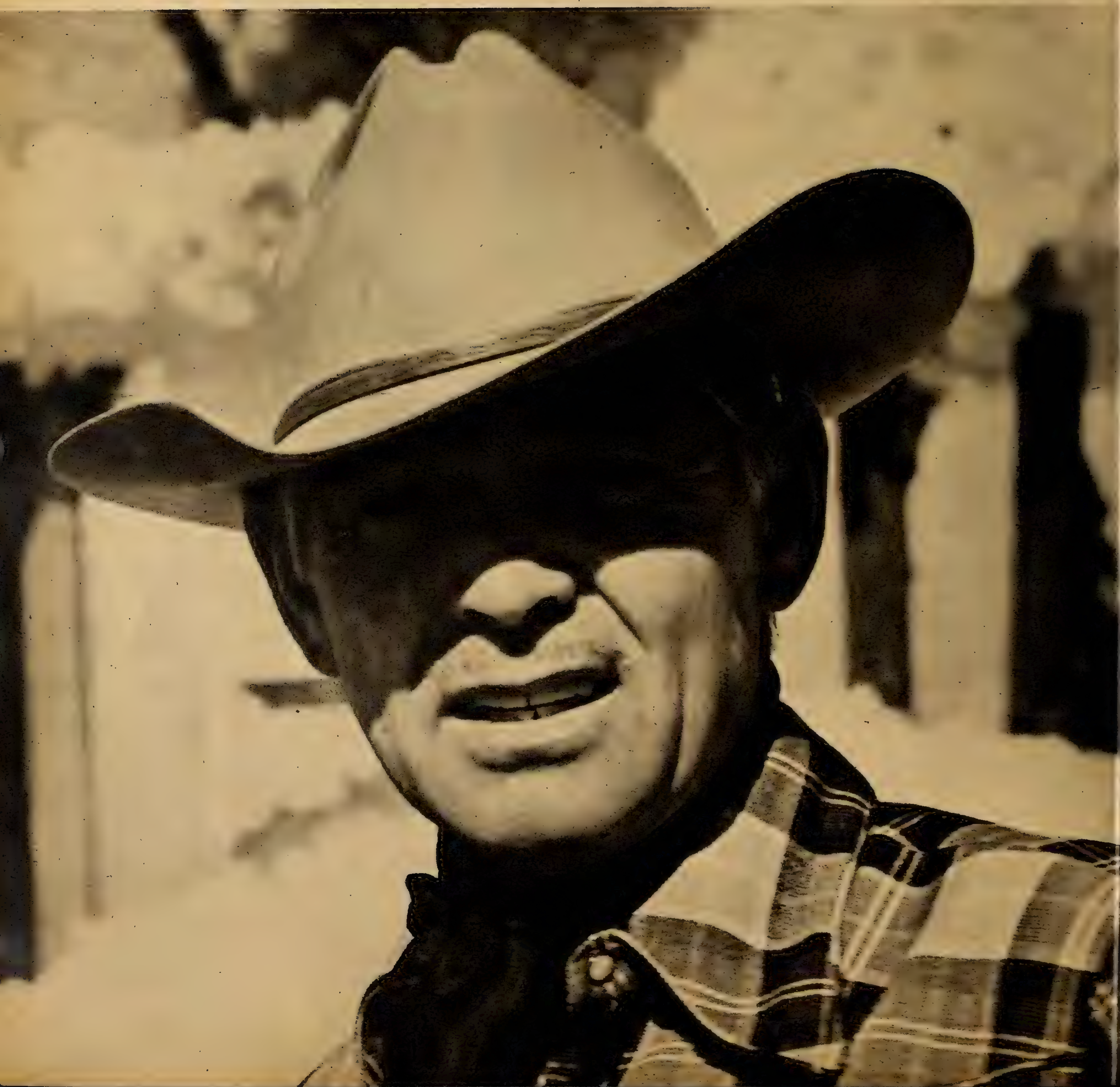
Anyway, as soon as the Jacobs family moved out, it seemed that Janie and Geary were at the house every day, looking it over and planning changes. The day after the first story appeared concerning the location of the (Continued on page 76)



"LUCKY IN CARDS, UNLUCKY IN LOVE" THEY SAY. IF IT'S TRUE, CLARK MUST BE A WHIZ AT BRIDGE!

Is Gable's love life jinxed?

by Jack Wade



■ Every time Clark Gable gets himself a divorce his fans say, "How come he married that woman in the first place?"

They asked this in 1930 when Gable divorced his first wife, Josephine Dillon, a stage director 17 years his senior.

In 1939 the same inquiry was made concerning Clark's second wife, Maria Langham, a wealthy Texas society matron, 11 years his senior.

Nowadays, in almost imploring tones, everyone is demanding to know "why Gable married Sylvia Ashley, anyway." It's as if everyone in the world *but* Gable knew for sure that his fourth marriage was destined to fail.

A simple truth about William Clark Gable is that he is a notoriously bad judge of women, and he sought a mother substitute rather than a wife in each of the women he married.

Gable fans may scream in protest at the latter statement—after all, for 20 years he has been built up as the rugged, handsome, self-sufficient he-man—but just examine the facts, study them honestly, and you will arrive at the same conclusion: Gable, with only one exception, has always married mature women who could mother him.

His own mother died when he was seven months old. His only memories of her are "a few (Continued on page 64)

Clark's hard search for love led him into three unsuitable marriages. Only Carole was the perfect mate for him.



First wife: Josephine Dillon, Clark's dramatic coach, married him when she was 40, he was 23.



Second wife: Maria Langham became his bride in 1935. She was 11 years his senior, and about to become a grandmother.



Third wife: Carole Lombard was the one and only for Gable, and would still be, if not for a fatal accident.



Fourth wife: Lady Sylvia Ashley was Mrs. G. for one year, five months, six days.



Will Virginia Grey, the girl who so greatly resembles Carole Lombard, be the next Mrs. Gable? Or is the King through with marriage at last?



The MacRaes wanted a New England farmhouse painted red, but one look at this southern Colonial mansion changed their minds. It has 12 rooms, five baths and a pool heated for year-round swimming.



Portraits of the three children—a Father's Day surprise for Gordon—dominate a wall in the living room. Early American antiques collected by Gordon over a nine-year period reflect his Yankee tastes.



The master bedroom is in a wing by itself and opens onto a patio. Because of its large size, Sheila furnished it as a sitting room by grouping easy chairs for conversation and using strong colors.



The pine-panelled living room is large and uncluttered. A foyer

NORTH IS NORTH AND SOUTH IS SOUTH BUT

house of MacRae

by Marwa Peterson



separates it from the dining room which is also furnished with American antiques. Gordon recalls where he bought every one of the antique pieces.

THEY MEET AT GORDON MACRAE'S HOME IN A PERFECT BLEND OF YANKEE TASTE AND SOUTHERN COMFORT

HOUSE OF THE MCKENNA

■ A few weeks ago the Gordon MacRaes decided to throw a small party to show off their new home. "Nothing very large," Sheila explained. "Just the Jeff Chandlers, Doris Day and Marty, the Gene Nelsons, and maybe one other couple."

"Okay with me," Gordon agreed. "Just let's keep it down."

Came party night, and the first dozen guests filled the MacRae driveway to capacity. The car overflow stretched a quarter of a mile down the valley road and the large southern Colonial house was bulging with people.

With the arrival of each guest, three little MacRae heads would pop over the bannister to drink in the newcomer. On this house-warming occasion, Meredith 7, Heather 5, and Gar 3, had been granted special bedtime extensions. They could

sit on the top step until the last person arrived. And from experience, the children knew this was a winning game. Whenever Sheila and Gordon MacRae give a party, they start by inviting a few old-time friends and wind up with 30 or 40 more from the Hollywood younger set.

What puzzles Sheila is that "they all turn out to be close friends of ours. And they all simply love to play 'The Game'."

"The Game" in Hollywood, in case you don't know, is charades. The MacRae version is a slight variation of the ordinary game in which one person silently acts out a song title, quotation or slogan. The MacRaes take two teams in separate rooms with an arbiter in the center. The teams enact the same list of charades, and as *(Continued on next page)*

house of MacRae continued



This high-ceilinged room is Gordon's study. He calls it MacRae's Rehearsal Hall, and decorated it himself—painted one wall forest green, papered the others with a bold hunting print, and even built a fireplace at one end.

the members guess one puzzler, the umpire gives them a new one. The game becomes a relay race. The first team to finish the charades list wins the game.

A satisfactory physical set-up for relay charades consists of two large, soundproof rooms with a middle ground for the umpire.

The night of the MacRae house-warming, Sheila figured she and Gordon could use the pine-panelled living room for one team and the dining room with its comfortable Windsor chairs with the foyer in between. As the guests stepped in the front door, Gordy offered each one a playing card, and the teams were chosen according to black and red cards. Some of the crowd, like Jeff and Marge Chandler, brought along a list of tough charades.

The buffet dinner of turkey, ham, fried chicken, sweet potatoes, peas, salad, dessert and coffee was just a prelude to "The Game." Immediately after coffee, the teams separated, and the race was on. The non-professional actors, being less conscious of dramatics, did as well as the \$2,000-a-week players on (*Continued on page 87*)



Many's the morning that Sheila and Gordon have tumbled out of bed to the pool. Their bedroom door opens right onto this patio of old brick. They've found that a morning dip is a good wake-up in



Each child's room reflects his own tastes. Meredith's (*above*) proves how elegant a seven-year-old can be—its exclusive wallpaper is hand-painted.



Bright colors and interesting knick-knacks give the living room a festive air. Hand-made reproductions fill the dining room (*at right*). Its breakfast room once held nuts and bolts in a Pennsylvania hardware store.



why shelley



Vittorio Gassmann, the Italian actor, swept
Shelley off her feet in Italy.

It took a Continental
charmer to teach Shelley
about love. Now with
her heart in Europe, she says,
"Farl's just a pal."



Returning from Europe with Farley (who starred with her in *Behave Yourself*), Shelley said, "We were never engaged, never in love."

didn't marry farley *by Hedda Hopper*

■ A man once said: "Shelley Winters is the kind of girl all men would be afraid of but few would run away from."

He can say that again! What with the number and variety of beaus Shelley's had during her four years in Hollywood, you get dizzy just counting. But of them all, Farley Granger was the boy Hollywood always thought most likely to succeed matrimonially.

Yet Shelley came back from a six weeks tour of Paris, London, Rome and Israel without a wedding ring. Farley had done double duty as escort and guide on the trip everyone thought would turn out to be a honeymoon.

Most surprising of all, Shelley was bursting with a new romance. Vittorio Gassman, the Italian actor, had dried her tears as she got on the plane, had filled her arms with yellow roses, had said the romantic things American boys don't say. He had, in short, swept the volatile Shelley right off her feet and she wanted to tell the world about him!

But when Shelley came down the plane ramp in her Paris clothes to face the photographers and newsmen, everyone asked her the same question: "Why didn't you marry Farley Granger over there?" And of course it was the very first question I asked her.

Shelley, who wanted to tell of the new love and the new way of living she'd discovered abroad, threw up her hands:

"Farley and I didn't get married," she said, "because we were never engaged. That's why. Before we left I told everyone we weren't engaged, we weren't going to marry. Did they believe us? Of course not. We got to New York and the studio had adjoining rooms for us in the same hotel—I guess everyone thought we'd run for a justice of the peace first thing. Farley moved down to another floor. The more we said we were just pals, the more convinced everyone became that we were just trying to stall."

I said, "You had a ring. You've been engaged for two years."

"You're wrong," Shelley protested. "We never have been engaged. Farley gave me a little cocktail ring and Jerry Wald announced we were engaged and I denied it. We're only good friends. You can't be good friends and be in love. When you see two people laughing together all the time, sharing things and sharing friends, they're pals. When they're always asking for little tables in dark corners and sitting eyeing each other in gloomy silence—that's love."

I said, "Tell me honestly, did Farley ever propose?"

Shelley debated over that one. "Mmmmm, not really."

Then I asked her the 64 dollar question. "Do you ever intend to marry him?"

Shelley said, "I don't think so . . . But then, you never know. You know how changeable I am."

That left a wide loophole for future eventualities. I asked her, "What made love fly out the window?" She countered quickly, "It didn't—we're still good friends. He has telephoned me from New York—he knows about Vittorio but it hasn't made any difference with us. I expect to see him and have good times with him. You see we were never really in love. We tried to be because everyone else thought we should be. But we've got something unique—we're real friends—not many men and women have that. Farley's the best kind of company and such fun to go out with."

Shelley admits she's changeable, her admirers say she's volatile which is the gay alibi for changing your mind frequently. Sometimes the people who work in pictures with her say she's a witch and that they'll never have her in a film again. This means they only stay mad at her until they need her for one of her wonderful sexy roles. Then they kiss and make up to get her back again. But Shelley doesn't think of herself (Continued on page 93)



He came out of the Bronx like a bullet and hit Hollywood square in the eye. What did he have? Here's the real lowdown on one man in a million.

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

what is Tony Curtis really like?

■ "But what is he *really* like?" the girl sitting next to me in the club car asked when she discovered I knew Tony Curtis.

"Well," I said, "he's terribly talented but he's undisciplined." Then I told her about the "Inside U.I." show. Once a year, in order to give experience to their younger players, Universal-International presents a group of acts for the press. Tony was all over the place at the last show, but his greatest moment came when he did a scene from *All You Need Is One Good Break*. Talent and vitality just oozed out of him, almost to excess. He was so eager to please he killed himself. Although there was one boy in the show who was actually better as far as technique went, it was Tony you looked at. He *made* you look at him. For whatever it is that makes a star Tony has it.

Tony, himself, isn't aware of his abilities. Like all naturals, and Tony is a natural, he knows he *wants* a lot. "Dear God," he has said aloud, with every nerve in his body quivering, "Dear God, give me one chance."

While they were rehearsing for the "Inside U.I." show the director had to *make* him stop work. He wanted to keep right on rehearsing. Whatever Tony does he does big. When he took dancing lessons (along with voice, painting and diction lessons) he rounded up a lot of studio executives and gave a dance recital. He just wanted to show them what he could do. When it was over one of the execs said, "Technique he hasn't got, but he makes every other hooper (Continued on page 89)

TONY AND JANET "OPEN" A MARKET



Janet Leigh modestly hides her weight even though husband Tony's ready to pay by the pound at a new super market.



Debonair in a fancy straw hat, Tony admires a choice piece of lamb—but the customers have their eyes on him!



The law stands by with Janet as Tony puts the bite on a watermelon with the help of a young Californian.



the girl behind the sunshine

by Jane Wilkie



A POISED HOSTESS. June meets sophisticates like Rosalind Russell on equal terms, and has finally overcome her extreme nervousness.



PLUCKY LITTLE TROUPER. June is slowly conquering her stage fright, even though she's never forgotten her first, terrifying appearance.

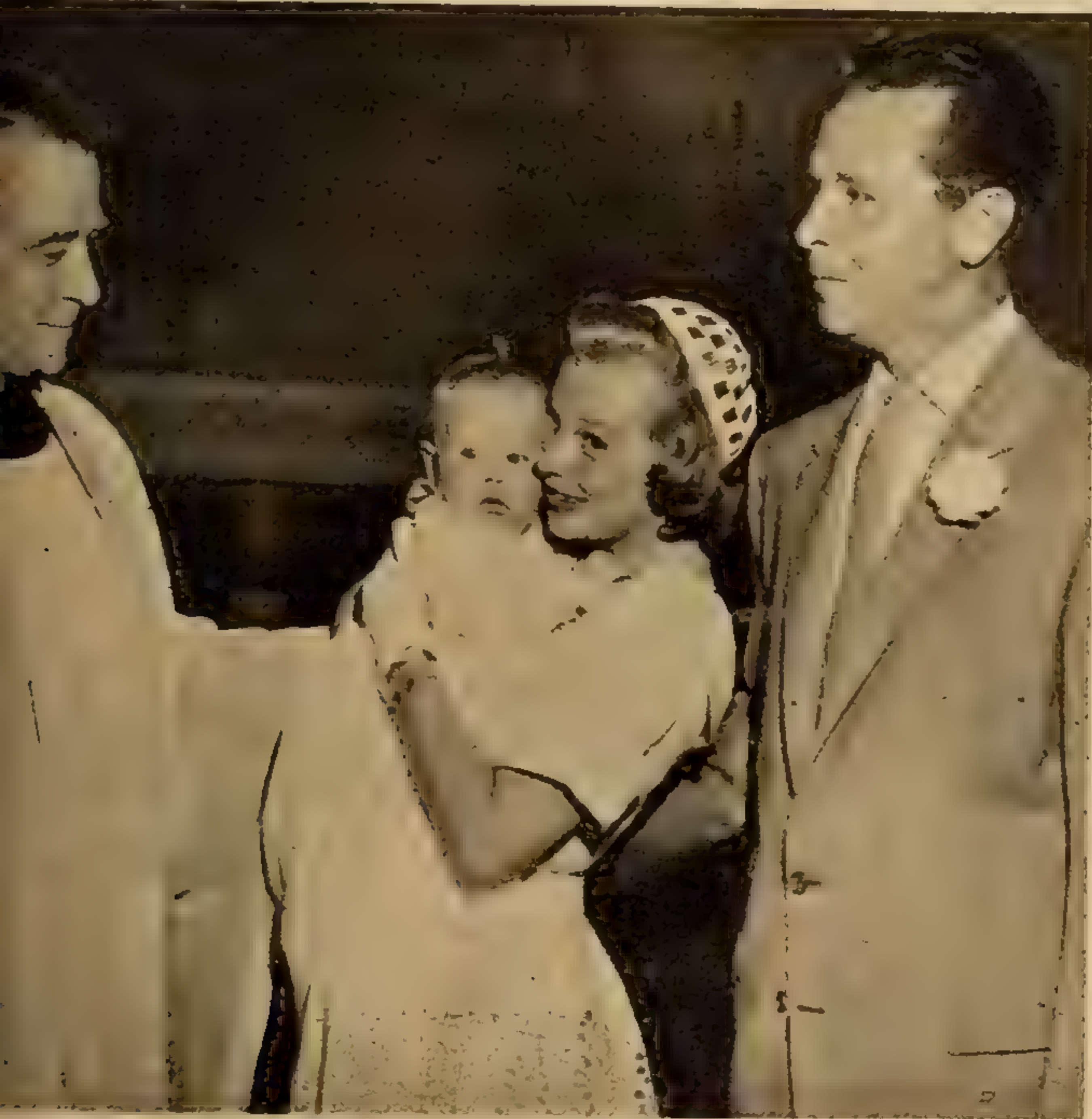
SHE ALWAYS WEARS A SMILE, SHE'S

■ Hundreds of stories have been written about June Allyson, and the majority of them have been gay and breezy, reflecting her personality. Many a writer, however, has finished an interview with June and gone home feeling puzzled, aware that there was something beneath her laughter that he couldn't quite define, and when he finished his story, he knew he hadn't caught the *whole* girl. He couldn't know that June's gaiety was a camouflage for her own unhappiness.

To people who have felt that June Ally-



EFFICIENT HOUSEKEEPER NOW, she was too scared as a bride to accept housekeeping responsibilities, made many humorous but painful (for her) domestic blunders.



A DEVOTED MOTHER, she is determined to give her children, Pam, and Richard (shown above at his christening) the safe, secure childhood she never experienced herself.



SELF-CONFIDENT AND HAPPY AT LAST, June has finally won the battle against her own fears. The Powell foursome is one of the most contented in Hollywood—and Dick proudly says of June: "She's a first-rate wife, mother and house mouse!"

THE GAYEST GIRL IN TOWN—BUT FEW SUSPECT THAT NOT LONG AGO, JUNE WAS CRYING HER HEART OUT!

on is too cute, too gay, it may come as a surprise that underneath she is a very deep young woman who has fought a long fight by herself, with help from no one. June has fought it alone because essentially she is a lonely person who prefers to keep her troubles to herself. This story is told now only because June is beginning to know that she has won her battle.

Since she can remember, June has struggled against shyness, fear and uncertainty, and against the black, depressive moods that descended upon her without warning.

Her innate character is responsible for some of it, and the rest can be chalked up to her childhood. Without pretending a knowledge of psycho-analysis, it is easy to see that a childhood like June's would not tend to result in secure adulthood. There was no serious lack of material comfort, but there was a lack of love in her early years and the absence of a good home life.

June's father left their home when she was still an infant. Stranded with no source of income, her mother took a job as an engraver in a printing shop. Of necessity, June

was left with relatives while a baby, and left alone when she grew old enough to attend school.

Other children went home from school to warm kitchens and were given cookies and milk by their mothers, but June went home alone to an empty apartment, wishing that she, too, could have a mother waiting for her. She was told about Jack the Ripper and cautioned never to open the door for anyone, and many an afternoon locked herself in the bathroom, trembling with (Continued on page 61)

"He's affected,"
they say. "Nobody can
be *that* eccentric."

Oh, no? Marlon doesn't
even try to be a
character—he just *is* one!

BY STEVE CRONIN

■ The average new motion picture star descends on Hollywood like a thunderbolt—or, at least, a visiting Maharajah. He is catapulted into the town from a long sling, released by a dozen husky press agents, or he is lifted from a train at Pasadena by a cheering squad and a brass band. An entrance without such hullabaloo is considered almost indecent.

But consider the case of Marlon Brando. After dawdling around New York nagged by the feeling that he had a date somewhere, Marlon Brando suddenly remembered it was in Hollywood—to make a movie. He walked into the nearest transportation office, took the first accommodation suggested and reached Hollywood a few days later in a coach car, slouched in the seat where he had slept for three nights. By his side was a battered suit case he had borrowed and as the train pulled into the station, he was lunching handsomely on a banana.

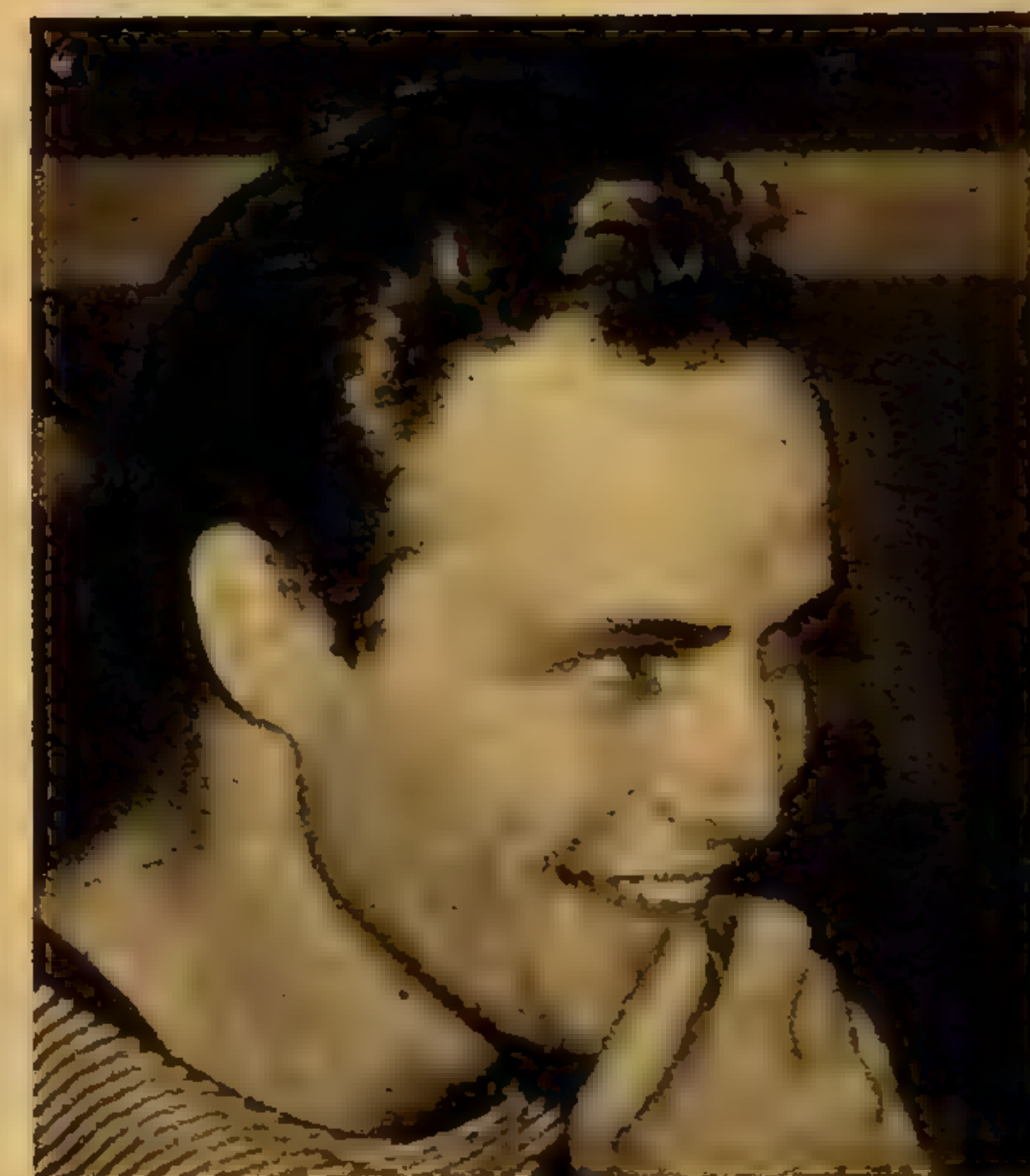
At that moment, the publicity department of Stanley Kramer productions was in a dither. Brando was due, but they hadn't heard from him. His agent couldn't help, he didn't know where the actor was, either. So the result was: no catapult, no brass band and no explosion. Marlon Brando got off the train, boarded a bus, rode to the studio, walked into the office and politely asked where he should go to dress for work.

The Kramer organization never got over it. They have told the story time and again, until today when you mention Brando's name in Hollywood, the first thing anyone says is:

"Brando! That guy must be nuts!"

But he is not. Marlon Brando is essentially an intellectual, a serious-minded artist, a talent. But he is childlike in his evaluations. Although he is an actor, there is not a pretentious bone in his body. Whatever he does, he does because he thinks it is the proper thing to do at the moment, and he does nothing for effect or to earn a reputation as a character. In looking back on the events that have taken place during (*Continued on page 74*)

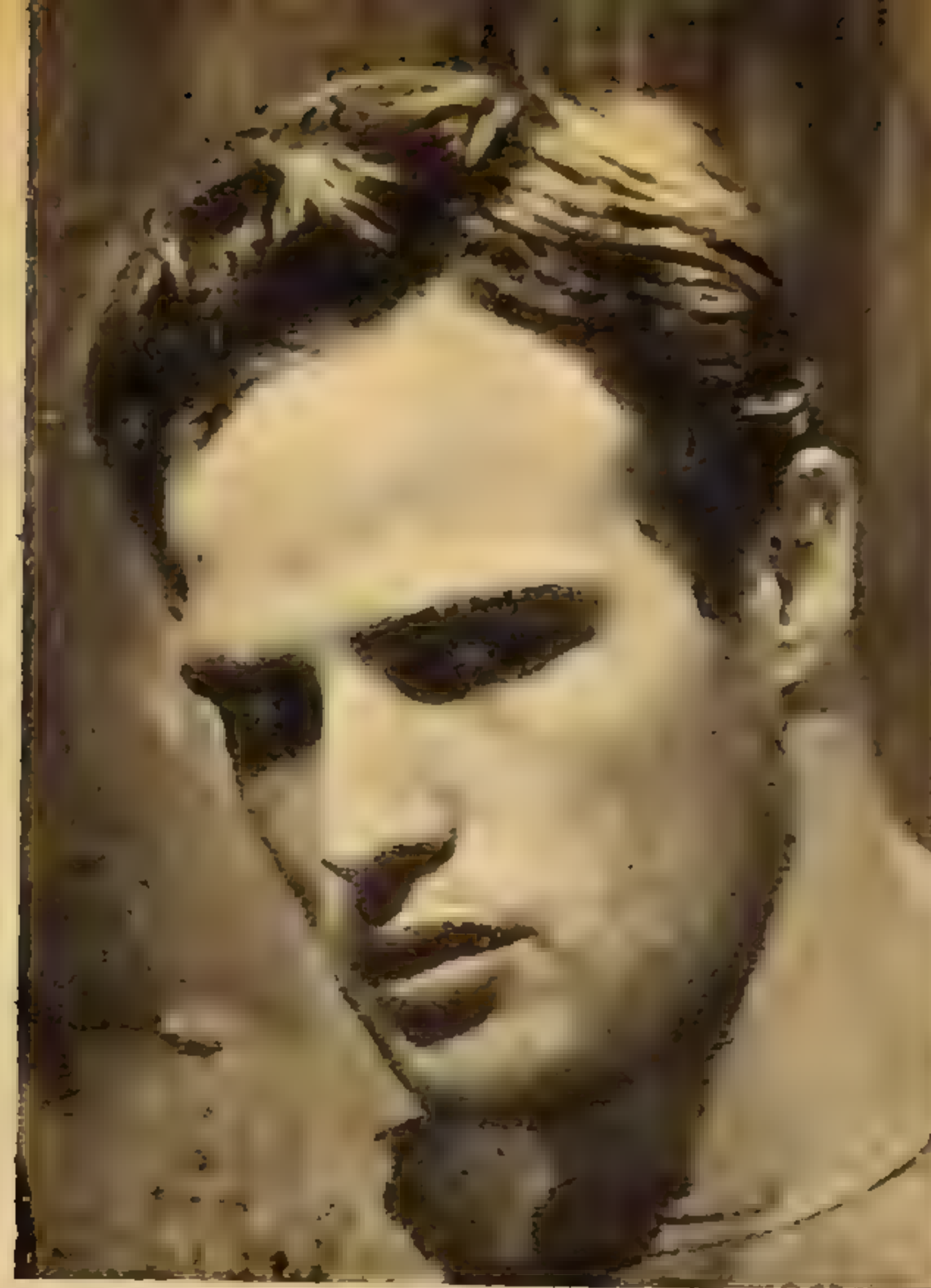
brando's



**Marlon Brando's
varied facial expres-
sions range from
animal magnetism
to shy sensitivity.**

no phony!

He was only acting in *Streetcar*, but Brando convinced many that he was really portraying himself.





no more tears for Judy!

She sat on the
edge of the stage like
a ragged urchin and
she sang "Over The
Rainbow" the way only
Garland can . . .

BY JIM BURTON

■ One night this winter a typical Broadway character was taking his midnight stroll down New York's main stem when he saw a crowd of a couple of hundred people gathered before the entrance of the Palace Theater in Times Square.

Naturally, he joined the throng and, with the rest, peered into the dark lobby of the closed house. After a time he grew restless, so he turned to a neighbor.

"What are we all waiting for, Bud?" he asked.

"Judy Garland," said the other man. "She ought to be coming out any minute now."

The fellow looked over the crowd which was made up of well dressed, middle-aged folks. They stood quietly, as though waiting for a friend.

"This is the wrong place," said the Broadway character.

"The actors always come out the stage door around the corner."

"Not Judy," said the other man. "She comes out this way every night. I've seen her three times this week."

The native shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

"I don't get it," he said. "This never happened around here before."

And he was right. It hadn't happened around Broadway before. The stars of the Big Street had for generations sneaked out of the theaters through the back entrances and scurried to waiting cars along dimly-lit alleys. They had dodged the well wishers, not made dates with them.

Almost on the stroke of 12, the front door of the Palace opened and Judy Garland, surrounded by half a dozen of her company, walked through. The crowd surged forward slightly but didn't crush. Judy had a big smile on (Continued on next page)



"Legs" Garland rocked the rafters with this re-creation of her "Get Happy" number from the movie *Summer Stock*. Brilliantly staged in the "Two-a-day" Palace revival, this was one of the show's high points.



"We're a coupla swells," sing Judy and Jack McClendon as they go through the last routine (Judy sang it with Astaire in *Easter Parade*). She closed the show in this costume.

no more tears for Judy! continued

her face and as she moved to the curb she acknowledged, with a handshake or a small bow, all the greetings extended her. Someone hailed a cab for her and before she pulled away, Judy waved, blew a kiss and said thanks to everyone. It was a touching but orderly demonstration. And, as the man said, it had never happened on Broadway before.

Judy Garland's engagement at the Palace Theater in New York proved one thing for certain. You'll never have to cry for her again. It proved to the people of America that Judy Garland's talent transcends any entertainment medium; that if, as they say, she can't work in pictures again, she can play in any hall, tent, barn or on any street corner in the land and be a star. It proved that Judy Garland, at a bare 30, is the one artist of our era who has achieved the stature of the beloved stars of the past generations. She makes them stand up and cheer at an age when most of the others were just getting started.

The road to her triumph has not been easy. It has been rutted with tracings of disgrace, heartbreak, and near scandal.

The days from her tearful departure from MGM to her opening night at the Palace were filled with dread and uncertainty, and illness and loneliness have been with her constantly. How did she make it?

It all began, really, before she left the studio which had been her home for most of her life. Judy's relations with the front office were, to put it mildly, strained. She had been unable to work regularly in her last three pictures. She was too heavy, always, it seemed, on the starting date of a new film. She couldn't sleep without sedatives and she had no energy without a daytime stimulant. Everything was wrong with Judy.

While the newspapers had a field day covering the fracas between a major corporation and a small girl, the small girl was almost at the end of her rope. As far as MGM was concerned, it was a purely impersonal matter, but with Judy it was more. She had at stake not only her career but the understanding and friendship of millions of people who had been staunch supporters since she was a kid. Her only hiding place was in the companionship of fellow (Continued on page 83)

HER SHOES . . . AND SHE PACKED THEM IN ON BROADWAY FOR ONE OF THE BIGGEST HITS OF THE YEAR!



Belting "Love Is Sweeping the Country" right into the balcony, a perspiring Judy, in stocking feet, got the rhythm and then she really went to town.



Marlene Dietrich was one of the many glittering first-nighters who came backstage after cheering, weeping, applauding and begging for more. Celebrities jammed the opening, but only Judy Garland was the star.

Surrounded by flowers on opening night, Judy later spent hours reading congratulatory telegrams. She was great—and grateful!



WHO'D EVER THINK, TO LOOK AT HER NOW, THAT ARLENE DAHL GREW UP BELIEVING THAT . . .



"nice girls don't wear lipstick"

by Arlene Dahl

■ "Won't you sing something for us?"

I can still see myself, fresh from the hinterlands, standing there at my first cocktail party in New York and feeling my throat tighten up at the request. I didn't want to sing. I was afraid. Then I told myself I must. As casually as they had asked . . . I must sing. Not just because there was a theatrical producer present who was casting a show at the time, but because I had chosen this fascinating, smart world as my world. Either I lived up to it at this very moment, or I faded back . . . and out.

I sang. And it was more a personal triumph than a professional one. It was true that Felix Brentano signed me for his musical, *Mr. Strauss Goes To Boston*, and from this show I went into the movies. But what was more important, I overcame my fear, felt confidence flow into me, and knew that I was no longer the timid, unsure girl my mother had unintentionally raised me to be.

Mother's heart was full of devotion for me, yet such were her ideas that the teen-age phase of my development was slowed down. I wasn't permitted to think of makeup, clothes fads were banned, and until I finished high school I had practically no personal liberty.

Mother didn't think herself old-fashioned in all this. She felt (Continued on page 98)



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Jon Whitcomb

DISTINGUISHED ILLUSTRATOR AND MEMBER
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Everybody loves the new Mirror Case! Tucks in slimmest handbag!

Sweet, slim, ivory-and-golden! Flip up the hinged lid of your Mirror Case and you find puff, mirror, and Angel Face—make-up *complete* for quick touch-ups anywhere! And Angel Face can't spill! "The pretty new Mirror Case is such a useful beauty accessory," Mrs. Archibald Roosevelt, Jr. says. In 6 skin tones, Angel Face Mirror Case—**\$1***



Angel Face also comes in this well-loved blue-and-gold box, 89¢, 59¢.*

*plus tax

the girl behind the sunshine

(Continued from page 51) fright until her mother came home.

Her mother worked hard six days a week, and, wearied of the din in the printing shop, sometimes went out during the evenings. On these occasions she left her niece as guardian of the apartment and tucked June into bed before leaving to visit the neighbors, admonishing her to go to sleep and not be afraid. June's cousin was a girl not much older than she, and was little help to the child lying awake in the small, darkened bedroom. Every creak of the tenement's old boards, every swish of the wind outside her window, would send the small girl to an upright position, straining to see through the blackness and quivering with the fright that only a lonely child can know.

JUNE's only source of companionship was the neighborhood children, and although shy, she had just begun making a few friends when a serious accident happened. A falling tree limb sent her sprawling, fractured her spine and killed the little pup that had been her constant companion. For a child of eight years, June showed remarkable courage in refusing to accept the doctors' pessimistic outlook. She would walk again, and she did. It was after her discharge from the hospital, her back tightly encased in a steel brace that reached below her hips, that she developed an even greater shyness. The brace made her terribly self-conscious and the neighborhood children, with the unconscious cruelty of the young, now regarded June as a freak. They wanted to touch the brace, to see how it was strapped to her body, and June backed away from them with fear in her eyes. For the next few years normal play was impossible for her, and she sat on the front steps, watching the other kids play hopscotch and blind man's buff, aching in her heart because she was not included. And always, when in a crowd, she would shy away from people, frightened that they would come in contact with the hard brace and turn to stare at her.

When she was 12 years old she weighed only 42 pounds, but now free of the loathsome brace, she determined to take the doctors' advice and learn to swim, an exercise which they had promised would strengthen her back muscles. In the public school there was a swimming teacher named Marie Spinoza. Although barely out of her 'teens, Marie was a sensitive person and realized June's great need for companionship. She devoted much of her time to the younger girl. She was the first real friend June had ever had, and in gratitude June attacked the job of learning to swim with such diligence that before long she had won a New York City free-style swimming championship.

The conquest gave her needed courage, and she went on to learn dancing by religious attendance of Fred Astaire movies. How June broke into show business by accepting the dares of her schoolmates has been told before. She had spoken so much of having mastered Astaire's dances that she had to accept the challenge to get into a Broadway show before she was out of high school. What hasn't been told is her acute fright at appearing before an audience. She was proud, certainly, before that opening night, but even though she was to appear surrounded by other chorus girls, although she was to be one of many, her heart thumped alarmingly at the mere thought. As it turned out, her fears were well grounded, for that opening night of *Sing Out The News* provided June with an experience that would have

turned most young girls away from the stage forever.

She was 15 at the time, and because she had lied about her age in order to get the job, was in no position to be spotlighted or undergo any inquiries. She had therefore remained what she was, a quiet, scared kid, and when the curtain went up she danced onto the stage with the others, an automaton going through her routine with studied concentration. All went well until the end of the dance, when the line of chorus girls was scheduled to back into the bowels of the stage and there end their number. The line backed, all but June, who became confused and went once more toward the footlights. The curtain swung together in back of her and she was left, completely alone, facing a sea of staring eyes.

Being unable to find the separation in a stage curtain is a shattering experience even for a seasoned entertainer, but to a child of 15, it was a situation that warranted a storm of tears. June laughs about it today, treating it as one of the most amusing moments of her life, but if you pin her down she'll admit that it wasn't at all funny. She showed the courage that night that has eventually made her a top



star—the courage and the intelligence. She tried a buck-and-wing to the left side of the stage, but there was no exit. The audience was completely silent, no doubt in sympathy for the tiny girl who was so obviously nonplussed. June's heart was pounding with fright, and as she began a hopeless buck-and-wing to the right she also began talking to herself. "You've got to do something," she said. "Something. Be funny. That's it—be funny!" She started to clown and kept it up with the accompaniment of a bewildered orchestra until the curtain finally opened and allowed her to slip back into oblivion. Out front, the audience was still howling and applauding, and most of them probably thought that the kid without billing had given them a scheduled comedy act.

This particular happening in June's life taught her the lesson she's applied so often since. She found that if you're frightened and are able to cover up with gaiety, no one will ever know. That is why people today who have known her for years realize that though they see her often, though she is warm and generous and fun to be with, June is hard to know and has never really opened her heart to them.

SHE began to use gaiety as a defense weapon, and soon it seemed that June was almost always in a merry mood. No one knew about the times she went to the other extreme and sat alone for hours on end, swallowed in the depths of depression brought on by lack of faith in herself. Everyone found her gaiety infectious and a pace-setter in a room filled with people, but the people closest to her could detect a difference. If she was really care-free at the moment, it was pure merriment, bubbling from her personality, but if she was covering her discomfort, it was too fast, too high, and verging on giddiness. People meeting her for the first time were the audience for the latter type, for deep down June was terrified of meeting strangers and always had been. Her public appearances were tinged with it, for it was then that she was camouflaging her fright, straining for a lightness she did not feel.

Once, during World War II, June was scheduled to appear at a canteen in San Francisco, where she had been visiting the soldiers in hospitals. A friend who had accompanied her stood backstage with June waiting with her for her cue, and was astonished when June began working her hands in a nervous gesture.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the friend.

"I can't do it," June said. "I can't do it."

"But," said the friend, "you're used to this sort of thing!"

At that moment June heard her cue and before going on-stage thrust her hand into her friend's, who was dumfounded to find it was wringing wet. It was even a greater surprise to peep out from the wings and see June clowning all over the stage as though she'd been looking forward to the event for weeks.

While working in New York, June had met a boy from a good family who was also in show business. Tommy showed her the ropes, told her how to treat business people, took her to good restaurants for dinner, explained the French on the menus, pointed out her oyster fork and the correct manner with waiters. It was a boost in the right direction and a big help to June who'd had no contact with the grand life.

She came to Hollywood alone, hating every minute of the train ride, and unable to bring herself to speak to strangers. After her arrival she rented a small apartment and lived alone. Daytime was all right, for she was at the studio every day, taking lessons and rehearsing. But the nights were bad. Before many weeks had passed, the neighbors across the hall were surprised by a knock on their door around midnight. They opened it to find June, whom they know only slightly, standing in the hall with a robe thrown over her pajamas. Her face was pale, her eyes wide.

"I'm—awfully sorry," she said, "but I can't sleep in my apartment, alone. Could I—would I be putting you to any inconvenience if I just curled up here on your couch?"

After a while, the Downings got used to it. Most nights June managed to sleep through the silence, but often she went across the hall and slept the night in the neighbors' living room, leaving before they were awake. It was the Downings who insisted that June should have a companion, and eventually suggested Bess Van Dyke, who remained June's housekeeper until her marriage to Dick Powell.

June was charmed by Dick, who seemed gentle and understanding, but she knew him a long time before she could relax in his company. Often when they were out and laughing together the realization would suddenly cross her mind that this man was Dick Powell, a man so big and important in the movie world that he couldn't

possibly be interested in her. At times she even suspected that he was laughing at her because of the inadequacies she imagined herself to be burdened with. Before long she knew she was in love with him, but talked little about it to other people. She didn't know how to go about gauging his affection for her, and always quiet about her personal affairs, had no intention of letting anyone know about her feelings. Dick did laugh at her, but his amusement stemmed only from the fact that June is an unconscious comedienne. He still tells with delight of the evening she asked him in a stiff little voice about his intentions.

It was amusing on the surface, but underneath it was a little sad. Many of the Allyson antics have been written into comedy copy, with no mention made of the inferiority complex that was gnawing away at her. Going along with the gag, June herself would tell the latest anecdote as the funniest thing that ever happened. Things like her near-prostration before her wedding when Dick was a few minutes late. Hilarious, everybody said, but few knew that upstairs, in Bunny Green's bedroom, hooking and unhooking her jacket, June flew to the window every two minutes to look for Dick's car, certain in her heart that this man couldn't possibly love her. Their honeymoon on the boat—June doing everything wrong with sails and lines and anchor and cooking, and Dick amused at the fun she made of her own mistakes, and June desperate inside with her own clumsiness. Her efforts at home-making were chronicled with delight by Hollywood scribes. She had bought single blankets for a double bed, and regular pillow slips for a bolster. She had no money sense whatsoever, and for Christmas bought her new husband an exquisite writing case made of silver, a priceless thing that Dick asked her to return for something more practical. When he tackled a remodeling or decorating problem and asked for June's opinion, she never had any. "Whatever you think, dear," she would say. And Dick, not understanding, would tease her about her lack of imagination, her fear of responsibility. June had imagination, she wanted to help, but she was afraid she would blunder again and so remained silent about her opinions. So well did she keep her fears to herself that Dick hadn't a glimmer of her misgivings, and more than two years of their marriage went by before he began to understand that June's hypochondria (also written about as laughable) was a direct result of her quiet worry that she was incompetent in her new identity as Mrs. Richard Powell.

WHEN Dick bought the big English house in which they now live, June was unhappy about the move. She had spent a year in the Brentwood house and had finally become accustomed to the simple elegance of its furnishings. To her, every wall in the house and every stick of furniture represented security, for although still unsure, she had come to know it as home and had grown to be fairly competent at managing the house. She had even bought a complete set of dinnerware of which Dick had wholeheartedly approved, and it was her pride and joy because she had finally done something right. With the move imminent, Dick began thinking of new furniture to fit the bigger house, and June felt her world was coming to an end. She pleaded and coaxed until Dick, although not yet realizing her basic reason, agreed to keep everything they already had, adding only the necessary pieces.

"My wife," he used to say, "is cute as a button, but she can't do anything right.

I guess that's one of the reasons I love her."

That last remark managed to hold June together, and she went on trying. With the new house came the responsibility of hiring new help, and June wilted under it. She talked to the secretary of Dick's business manager. "Pat, I wonder if—do you suppose you could help me find somebody? I'm not very good at those things. If you can find a few couples and sift out the ones you think might be good, I'll interview them after you."

It was a big plunge for a girl who had collected firewood for the coal stove as a child, who had pressed her own clothes back at the Women's Club in New York, who had always been terrified of the first time she would come face to face with a real-life butler. The fame and fortune of Hollywood is a big plunge for all its successful people who have come from the labor ranks of department stores and factories. But few of them have been handicapped, as was June, by an utter lack of self confidence, by a conviction that she was unworthy of anyone's love.

She is one of those actresses who is sensitive to others and feels deeply that she can forget herself in the portrayal of a role, but facing people as herself is the most difficult chore in life for her. In the beginning, in Hollywood, she had little faith in her ability and took sincere praise as out-and-out flattery. Years after the accident and the surgery that necessitated shaving her head and stitching her face, she seldom looked in a mirror that tears didn't come into her eyes, and even today she is puzzled when people compliment her on her appearance.

Before her marriage to Dick she had confined herself to a handful of close friends, few of whom were names in the industry and none of whom were in an upper social or financial bracket. With these people she knew she could be herself, without pretension and without airs, but when she became Mrs. Powell and was brought into contact with Dick's friends—all older, influential people, she felt she must act differently. Why or how, she didn't know, but she knew that as Dick's wife she must somehow learn to please them.

In more than six years of marriage, June has gradually come to know that Dick's friends are real, down-to-earth people, despite their exalted place in Hollywood society. She has learned that they love her for what she is, not for what she had thought she must be. If she wants to let that raucous laugh carom around her own house or somebody else's house, they love it. If she wants to take off her shoes, she does it with the sympathetic approval of her hosts, and whether or not a butler is standing at her elbow.

The affection shown her by Dick's friends has been instrumental in the fact that June has slowly found herself, is beginning to realize that in her own right she is a rather wise and self-reliant person. She has a husband she adores, two wonderful children, good health; in short, everything anyone could ask for, and after years of telling herself how lucky she is, she has begun to admit that if she has all these things, there must be a reason for it. It is doubtful if June has come right out and told herself what a smart cookie she is, but the suspicion has at least entered her mind.

AT THE party given by June and Dick on their sixth wedding anniversary, and following Ricky's christening, there was no one happier than June. It wasn't so much the anniversary or that her son had been christened; it was that Mrs. Richard Powell, for the first time, had planned and worked on a big Hollywood party all by herself. She had designed the decorations, planned the menu and hired the musicians. It was a lovely party and everybody said so, and June beamed back at them, feeling that at last she was competent, that the days of bungling things were gone forever.

Two weeks later, she and Dick went to look at a house. It was the first time in their marriage that he had been able to convince June that she could be happy in new surroundings, and she had agreed with him that their present house was too big and too elegant for their mutual taste. So they got into Dick's convertible and drove around the winding roads of Bel-Air until they came to the house they were looking for. It was half the size of their own place, with a cozy look about it. In the living room, Dick turned to say something to June and found she was gone. She emerged a minute later from an adjoining room.

"I've been thinking," she said. "There's a fireplace in that other room, too, and if we could knock down this wall—say from here to there—we'd have a bigger room and a double fireplace. And upstairs we'd need bigger closets, and if we could build a little guest house for the help, it'd give us—"

She stopped short, noticing the astonishment on Dick's face.

"What's the matter?" she said.

He put an arm around her waist. "I don't know whether or not you realize it, my girl, but you've emerged as a first-rate mother, wife, and house mouse. And when we do choose a house, I'm going to make you the foreman." Then he bent down and kissed her, right in front of the real estate salesman.

They've called her the happy heart, likened her to a sunbeam, said June is the word for happiness, yet all these years she has been concealing one of the heftiest inferiority complexes Hollywood has ever known. It's all right now, and when June is gay these days, it's purely and simply because she is, in her own mind, confident, happy, and secure. THE END

(You can see June Allyson in Metro's *The Girl In White*—Ed.)

In the
march issue—
modern screen's
party-of-the-year
for Hollywood's
most popular stars
with bewitching
liz taylor
on the cover
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february 8



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is gable's love life jinxed?

(Continued from page 41) pictures which show what a very fine-looking woman she was."

Gable was raised by his grandparents until he was four when his father, an oil man, married Jennie Dunlap. Gable, Sr. moved the family to Hopedale, a community of 500 which is ten miles from Cadiz, Ohio; and it was here that Clark spent his youth.

His step-mother, whom he idolized, died when he was 15, and the boy was without a mother again.

Gable very rarely talks about his youth, and this is understandable, because it wasn't a very happy time. What he likes to remember most about it is his step-mother whom he once described as "the tenderest human being I have ever known."

The night she died, her stepson's youth died with her; ever since then he has had only the memory of her loveliness and a sub-conscious desire to re-create her image in the women he later married.

GABLE'S professional career is undoubtedly one of the most successful any actor has ever enjoyed, but his personal life continues to be tinged with tragedy. He continues to search for the perfect combination of mother-wife. He found her once in the form of Carole Lombard, but here death snatched her away. It is highly doubtful if he will ever again discover Carole's rare qualities in any one woman.

He is not through looking, however, and despite his protestation: "It will be a long time before I get married again, if ever," the chances are that Gable will some day take a fifth wife because he knows he can't live alone.

A few years ago Gable was asked what sort of women he preferred. "I like the sophisticated type," he admitted. "The sophisticated woman is more interesting. She has more to offer. She has had experience with life and men. She has seen more, heard more and is consequently more amusing. As far as I'm concerned, the demure little girl is a very dull proposition. Give me the older woman who knows what it's all about."

As any psychiatrist would point out, there lies implicit in this statement the sublimated desire for a mother-substitute.

There is nothing shameful or unmanly about a grown-up male who seeks a mature woman to provide him with the mother-love he went without as a child. Unless you understand that, there is no possibility of understanding Clark's various marriages and eventual divorces.

Put yourself in his position when he was 15. Here's a poor boy with a grade school education who doesn't want to work on his father's farm at Ravenna, 60 miles north of Hopedale.

Instead, he gets in touch with Andy Means, a chum from Hopedale, and against his father's wishes, he packs his straw suitcase, makes three sandwiches, and sets out for Akron seeking a job.

In Akron, he goes to work in the Firestone plant molding treads on tires. He also attends night school, and on one occasion, he sees his first play, *Bird of Paradise*. Fascinated by the theatrical life, he takes a non-salaried job as call-boy. But soon his money runs out, and in answer to a letter from his father who has gone to work in the Oklahoma oil fields, young Gable joins him and signs on as a tool dresser at \$12 a day.

This is more money than the youngster has ever earned in his life, but he's unhappy. He has no one to turn to, no woman to whom he can explain his newfound enthusiasm for the theater, his new

passion for acting, his desperate hunger for show business.

What does he do? He leaves the oil fields and joins the Jewell Players, a tent-show company where he drives the stakes in the morning, plays the cornet in the band before the show starts and then hurries to dress up and become an actor. All this for ten bucks a week.

"Of course, we went broke," Gable recalls. "The final blow came in Butte, Montana. It was March and as cold as Greenland. I knew nothing about mining, and no one would give me a job. I didn't have a cent for railroad fare.

"One night I talked to some hoboos. They told me there was a freight train going through that night to Oregon. I hopped it, and it was just my luck that it happened to be a fast fruit train. Every car was sealed. I had to lie flat on top of the car hanging on as best I could. I've never been so cold in my life."

In Oregon, Gable went to work as a lumberjack, a hop picker, a necktie salesman, and a member of the Portland Oregonian's circulation department. He also fell in love. The girl's name was Franz Doerfler, and she lived in Portland. She is never mentioned in any of his biographies, but she was his first sweetheart.

As a matter of fact, if Clark hadn't been accused by a deluded young woman of having fathered her child, it is highly doubtful if the world would ever have learned about Miss Franz Doerfler. For Gable, ever the gallant, has always been extremely secretive about his love-life.

WHO'RE YOU FOOLING?

I adore Pat's family, which consists of one mother, one father, one brother, one sister. When I get mad, I pull a line he loves: "I'm going home to Mother—your mother." Which shows how mad I get. He never gets mad—not at me, anyway. After more than four years together, I can't think when we've really had a fight. Our relationship's based on the open deal, openly arrived at. Whatever's on my mind I tell Pat, and he does the same with me, so there's no need to worry about anything coming between us. He says he has me fooled, because I think nothing's wrong with him. He doesn't have me fooled. There just is nothing wrong with him.

—Mona Freeman

In 1937, however, a Canadian girl began writing Clark, accusing him of being the father of her 13-year-old girl. In court, later, she elaborated on the details, explaining that she had given birth to her daughter in 1922 "when Clark Gable was with me in England."

Clark realized early in the game that the girl was a bit "off her rocker," and promptly turned her letters over to the proper authorities. "I preferred to let the whole case drop," he confided later, "but the U. S. Attorney asked me to testify on behalf of the Government. They felt they had a good extortion case and didn't want to drop it."

In his testimony, the handsome actor swore that in 1922 he was broke and living in Oregon. He said there were persons who could substantiate that.

One of these was his Oregon sweetheart of 1922, Franz Doerfler, a tall, plain, shy woman who took the stand and promptly testified that Clark had been courting her in Portland all during the time he allegedly

was in England with the Canadian woman.

The wacky female who had written Gable so threateningly was convicted of extortion and sentenced to one year in jail. Franz Doerfler returned to Portland never to be heard from again.

In contrast to Miss Doerfler, the one woman who is prominently mentioned in all Gable biographies is his first wife, Josephine Dillon.

Clark met her when he was 23, and she was 40. He met her in Portland when he applied for an acting job with The Little Theater. Josephine Dillon was a dramatic coach who had been imported by the Chamber of Commerce from Los Angeles to stage the Oregon Rose Festival. She took an immediate liking to young Gable and even suggested that he come down to Los Angeles and try his hand at the movies.

"I had two dollars and one suit," Gable recalls, "and I sat up all the way on the train from Portland to Los Angeles. When I arrived in town the only prospect I had was of starving to death."

But Josephine wouldn't let Gable starve. She was sure he had enough talent to make the grade, and undertook to coach him. In the process they fell in love and were married at the Hollywood Presbyterian Church on December 13, 1924. Miss Dillon's family was outraged by the news. It was a fairly prominent Los Angeles family—her father had been district attorney of the county—and in the seven years she was married to Gable, her family refused to have anything to do with her.

"Clark and I rented a little house on Harold Way," Miss Dillon recalls. "We had hardly any money, but we worked long hours. Clark studied all the time. I tried incessantly to find work for him. I went and saw Virginia Mathes who used to be in charge of the Rudolph Valentino pictures, and I asked her to give Clark a chance. She said to send him around, but when she saw him, she cried, 'Oh, my God! No. Not that yokel!' I tried to get him extra work at \$1.50 a day plus lunch, but hardly anyone would have him. He never gave up. I have never met anyone who wanted so desperately to be an actor. Finally, a Hollywood agent, Jack Sherrill, sent him to Houston to work in a stock company, and it was there that he met the woman who was to become his second wife."

The divorce mess with Sylvia Ashley is old pickings to Gable. In order to free himself of his second wife, Maria Langham, he had to go through the same legal hassel. Ria, so the story goes, had divorced her husband in order to marry Gable in 1931. She was 11 years older than Gable, and was soon to become a grandmother, but she and Gable were madly in love, and it had to be marriage.

Josephine Dillon divorced Clark, and since he had no money back then, that's exactly what she got as a settlement.

Gable and Ria Langham separated in 1935. Clark took a flying trip down to South America where he was mobbed by the ladies and returned aboard a steamship where he engaged in a small romance with a dancer named Della Carrol.

When the boat docked and Gable was asked about the romance, he said, "I'm sorry, but I don't recall anyone by that name. Did you say Della Carrol?"

Gable always denies romances. He also denies separations, divorces and romantic entanglements.

Miss Carrol, however, wasn't sufficiently acquainted with Clark's ways, and when reporters told her that Clark couldn't even recall her name, she was hurt. "I'm surprised to think that he could say a thing like that," she complained. "Of course he knows my name. The ship's purser introduced us. Clark called me Della at first. Afterwards when we got to know each

MAUREEN O'HARA, co-starring in Universal-International's "FLAME OF ARABY" —Color by Technicolor



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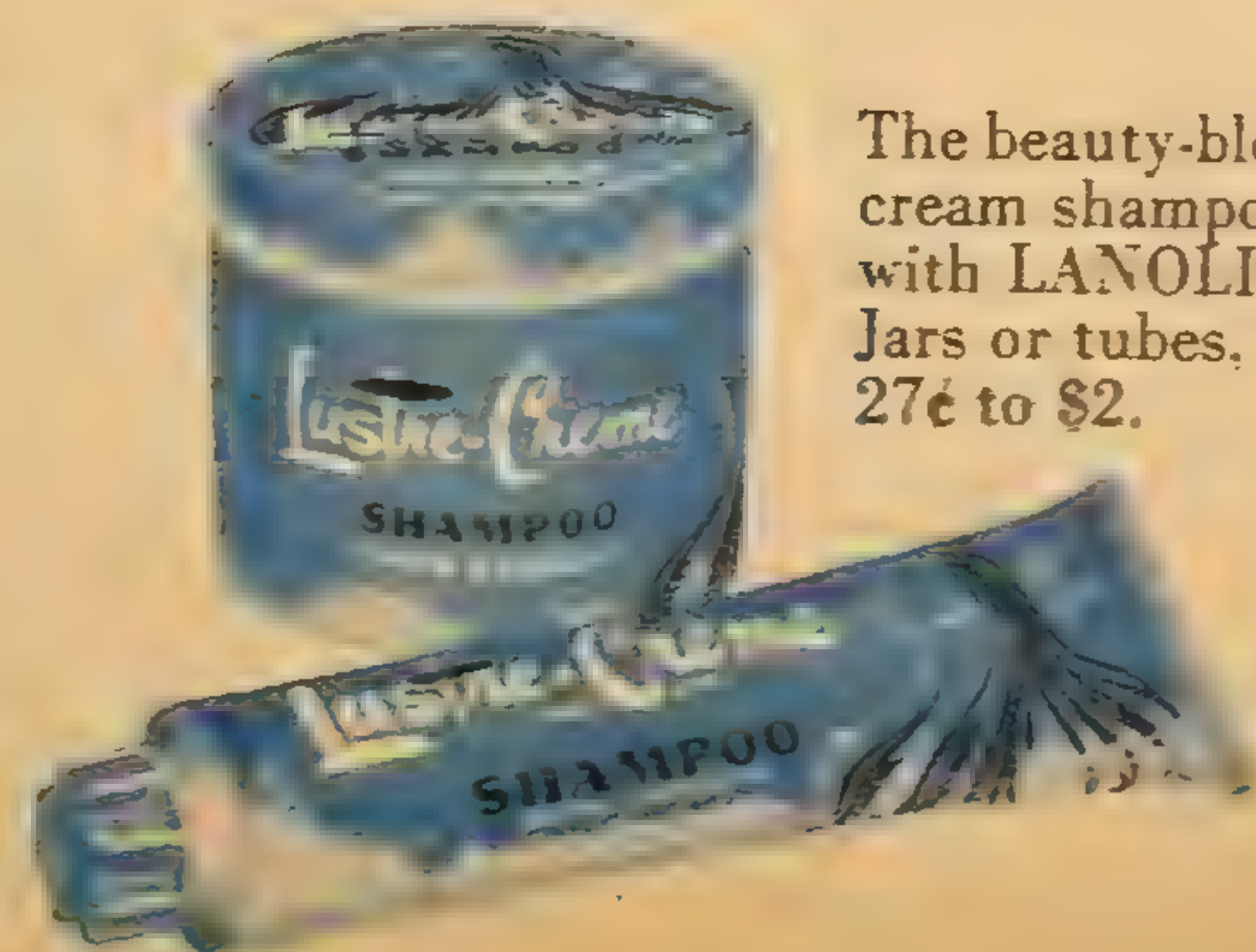
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other, he called me Irish. Maybe he doesn't want the publicity. I don't blame him. I'm not mad. Just hurt. I still think, though, that he's the most divine man I ever met . . . a marvelous lover. But from here on, he'll have to run after me. It's foolish for a girl to pursue a man, even a man like Clark who spoils you for other men."

Clark didn't run after Della one bit. When he landed in New York, he told reporters that he had separated from his second wife, Mrs. Maria Gable. "I'm not the easiest person in the world to live with," he gallantly confessed. "And I admit it. Sometimes I wonder how I get along with myself. Eight weeks ago when I left for South America I knew this separation was coming. We've made a property settlement. There's absolutely no animosity between Mrs. Gable and myself but there's no chance for a reconciliation."

Gable said that in 1935. How history repeats itself! In 1951, he told reporters concerning his divorce from Sylvia Ashley, "There's absolutely no animosity between Mrs. Gable and myself but there's no chance for a reconciliation."

There is never any animosity between Gable and his wives, but somehow, they always wind up in long legal fights.

IN 1936, when Clark started to go around with Carole Lombard, he filed suit in Superior Court against Maria Gable for interpretation of a property settlement. Gable said in his complaint that he and his wife had signed a property settlement in 1935 providing for a division of community property. "But recently," Gable told the court, "Mrs. Gable informed me that she refuses to be bound by the agreement and intends to breach it."

The story about Gable's second wife is that while Clark was still a relatively unknown stage actor in New York, she had introduced him to the right people. She is even credited in some sources with having gotten Clark his first Metro raise from \$350 to \$500 a week. Anyway, they were married after Gable signed his first Hollywood contract. The marriage lasted only four years, but Mrs. Gable would not give Clark a divorce until 1939. They were separated for four years, and according to intimates, Clark settled close to a half million dollars on his second bride before she would give him his freedom to marry Carole Lombard, who was really the great love of his life.

In December of 1938, Gable said that he had already paid her \$286,000 and had asked her to get a divorce. Not until March of the following year, however, would the second Mrs. Gable make her move.

After she left for Las Vegas, Clark announced that "Mrs. Gable and I enjoyed a fine life together until the time arrived when further happiness was precluded. My wife has been extremely cooperative in all respects of the property settlement. Both of us were upset and shocked at the rumor that I intended to get the divorce. Never did such a thought enter my mind and the rumor was most offensive."

Undoubtedly, Gable will issue a similar statement after he and Sylvia Ashley finish their divorce fight. But these statements, on the basis of the record, have very little identity with the state of Gable's true feelings.

It is no secret, for example, that ever since last year he has considered Sylvia's alimony demands "grossly unfair."

In Nevada only recently, however, he told a reporter, "Sylvia is one of the finest women I've ever met. She's charming, intelligent, well-bred. I'm sorry it had to end this way. It's just that we believe in two different patterns of life. The reason I filed a complaint in Nevada is that when

things are over, I like them to be over. No sense in dragging them on and on. If the California court says a Nevada divorce in my case is invalid, I believe in obeying the courts. We'll get the divorce in California. As for Sylvia, I repeat she's a fine woman and I wish her only the very best."

While Clark was speaking thusly in Nevada, he answered his wife's divorce action and demand for a large California property settlement with an affidavit which was filed in Santa Monica.

Gable said that his wife needed no financial settlement from him because she is worth approximately a million and a half dollars. He went into details pointing out that she owned a half interest in the \$1,000,000 Rancho Zorro in San Diego County, jewelry appraised at \$378,385 in March, 1950. More jewelry worth \$90,000 she has brought from England. More than \$12,000 in furs, \$37,000 in securities, \$25,000 in a bank account, a \$50,000 beach home in Santa Monica, \$15,000 in Solano Beach property, and \$50,000 from a sale of films made by one of her ex-husbands, the late Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

The contested divorce battle is scheduled to get under way in Santa Monica at the Superior Court some time in May of this year. It's possible that Lady Sylvia may agree to a small financial settlement and cancel out the court fracas, but under the circumstances, this isn't very probable. Sylvia feels she is entitled to be paid for the time she spent married to Gable and paid well.

In any event, she wants her divorce in the State of California which means that Clark Gable will not obtain his freedom until 1953.

What will the King do with it when he gets it? Will he marry Virginia Grey, the young actress who reminds so many people of the late Carole Lombard, will he play the field, or will he give up women and marriage for good?

A reporter who asked Clark if he was through with love got the following answer. "Love is something that stays with a person all through his life. A man just gets rid of it periodically. To live is to love. Life without loving people is pretty worthless."

Despite the bitterness of his anticipated court battle with Lady Sylvia, he still retains the famous Gable sense of humor. He frequently wonders out loud how he ever managed to get himself "hooked again" and he vows that many a moon will pass before he slips another ring on the second finger of some woman's left hand.

Of Gable's four marriages, three have been to elderly, matronly, and worldly women from whom he expected companionship, and a good deal of mothering.

The one young girl he married, Carole Lombard, turned out to be his most successful mate. If the King has learned his lesson, his next bride should be under 40. That's the only way he can break the jinx on his love life.

THE END

Among friends at a small dinner party one evening, Jack Benny offered to read a particularly interesting letter from a G.I. he'd entertained on his recent tour of the Korean battle front. He settled a pair of glasses on his nose, started to read, then frowned. "Wrong ones," he muttered, and pulled another pair of specs from his pocket. "Wait a minute, Jack," said Van Johnson, "what do you need the first pair for?" "Those?" asked Benny. "Oh, they're the glasses I wear around Tom Neal!"

Mickey Novak

SMART WORKING CLOTHES MAKE FASHION NEWS ON THE 20th CENTURY-FOX LOT

■ MODERN SCREEN, always first with Hollywood fashion news, set out to prove that the stars always look their best—that the clothes they wear to work are as important to them as the fabulous creations you see them wear in their movies.

Photographers roamed the 20th lot just for us (the lot houses everything from Old World cobblestone streets to forests) and wherever they went they spotted nothing but well-dressed stars. So—take a tip from the stars and look your best on the job, on the street—at work or play. You can actually wear the same clothes the stars do—see them on the opposite and following pages.

JEANNE CRAIN IN AN EXACT COPY OF HER FILM SUIT

Patio flowers—pride of the 20th lot—are a colorful background for Jeanne as she poses in this Joselli suit. Renie, 20th designer, created the original which Jeanne wears in *The Model And The Marriage Broker*. A white piqué collar, striped taffeta ascot and cuffs are striking accents on this faille suit which comes in navy, black, beige or red. Sizes 9 to 15 and 10 to 18. \$35.

THE SUIT ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM LANSBURGH & BRO., 7TH, 8TH & E STREETS, N. W., WASHINGTON 4, D. C. TO ORDER BY MAIL USE COUPON ON PAGE 72.



*modern
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in hollywood



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fashions
in hollywood**

Joanne Dru checks in at the 20th auto gate—stops to chat with officer Andy Cooney about her two latest pictures *The Return Of The Texan*, with Dale Robertson, and *The Pride Of St. Louis*, with Dan Dailey. Joanne's trim *hand-washable* skirt and blouse costume is by Junior Vues. The sleeveless blouse has a *club*, collar, tri-pocket trim and is closed with ocean pearl buttons (pink-edge bottom finish). The full circle skirt has a six yard sweep—side zipper. Blouse: Birdseye piqué or crease resistant butcher rayon. Sizes 9 to 15 and 10 to 16. Mintgreen, white, pink, blue, maize. \$3.95. Skirt: Birdseye piqué or crease resistant butcher rayon. Sizes 9 to 15 and 10 to 16. Forest green, black or navy. \$7.95.

Nylon Hosiery by Rivoli

ON THE JOB CLOTHES



Twentieth's red-haired singer, Helene Stanley, hurries along to Women's Wardrobe for a fitting on her clothes for *Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie*, a Technicolor picture starring Jean Peters and David Wayne. Helene's pure silk printed surah dress with keyhole neckline, wing cuffs and jet button trim is taffetized for crispness and *that whispering rustle*. Sizes 7 to 15. Coral, turquoise, lilac or antique gold background. \$17.95. By Prestige Juniors.

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PLAY A LEADING ROLE

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ON THE JOB CLOTHES PLAY A LEADING ROLE

The thermometer says 86°, but Joyce MacKenzie finds real honest-to-goodness snow in a far corner of 20th's lot, and stops to chat with Dale Robertson who stars in *The Outcasts Of Poker Flat*. Joyce's dress, by Kay Windsor, of pima broadcloth has contrast cuff, collar and belt facing—the full-swing skirt is cut to be worn, if desired, over a full petticoat. Sizes 10 to 20. Navy with lime trim; purple with lilac trim; grey with shocking pink trim; or brown with burnt orange trim. \$8.95. You'll see Joyce soon in 20th Century-Fox's *The Model And The Marriage Broker*.

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more on page 73



“

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Lux
Lovelier

says

Diana Lynn

Lux facials make my skin softer, smoother”— *says this charming Hollywood star*

Such easy beauty care,” says Diana Lynn. “I just smooth Lux soap’s active lather well into my skin.” *Lux active lather cleanses gently, thoroughly.*

“A warm water rinse, a dash of cold. That quick, my skin feels softer, smoother.” *Nothing like daily Lux care to bring new beauty. Screen stars depend on it!*

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap. They know its gentle care makes skin really lovelier—so soon! Try it. Discover that life’s lovely—when you’re Lux-lovely!



Glamorous screen stars use Lux for lovelier skin!



fuzzy-wuzzy?

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makes your hair behave!

For that neat natural look, rub a few drops of new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on the ends of your hair, along the part, and at the temples.

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For quick relief rub a few drops of new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on those stiff ends. Presto, they feel soft, and manageable!

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Pour a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on your fingertips and massage your scalp. Notice how quickly it relaxes... feels oh-so-good!

Want a feminine hair dressing?

Remember, new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing is made especially for women's hair. It's not sticky, not greasy. It contains lanolin and cholesterol to soften dry hair, to give it more body, make it behave. Delicately perfumed.

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ON THE JOB CLOTHES PLAY A LEADING ROLE

Enroute to the set of her new Technicolor picture, *Lydia Bailey*, with Dale Robertson, Anne Francis stops to chat with the gardener and admire 20th's famous nursery. Anne's imported linen coat dress with contrast trim has a diamond-shaped neckline, brief set-in sleeves, full skirt and buttons—neckline to hem. The linen is tebelized for crease resistance. Size 10 to 18. Navy, green, shrimp or aqua with white contrast trim. \$17.95. By Henry Rosenfeld.

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gleams as it cleans
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LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO

Lucky you, when you discover new Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo! For it's not just a liquid, not just a cream... it's a combination of the *best of both*.

Leaves hair curl-inviting!

Soapless—contains soothing lanolin... washes hair without drying away natural oils... leaves it gleaming, manageable... so curl-inviting that it's a snap to set.

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Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo foams into a creamy lather that cuts grease and grime... works down to the scalp for deep-down cleansing... floods away dandruff.

No special rinse needed!

Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo rinses away in hot or cold water... leaves hair alive with sparkling highlights without a special rinse. It's right for your hair... good for your hair, whether it's dry or oily, wiry or baby-soft.

Soapless Sudsy... Lanolin Lovely!



THREE SIZES:
29¢ 59¢ 98¢

brando's no phony!

(Continued from page 52) Marlon Brando's three trips to Hollywood, this may seem hard to believe, but it is a fact.

Before he ever came to Hollywood Marlon Brando was a character, according to Broadway folk. Before he won his starring role in *A Streetcar Named Desire* he lived a nomadic existence in New York, flitting from one end of town to the other on a whim, and he seldom had a definite residence. To him, clothing was something to keep you warm or covered. As adornment, it was a theatrical prop. If he met a man or a family he liked, he would as often as not move in and stay awhile. And if he found himself in company he didn't like, he would rise, leave the room and the house without a word, and never come back.

HOLLYWOOD had been after Marlon Brando for a long time before Stanley Kramer finally signed him for *The Men*. Agents and producers would drop backstage at the theater and outline a project and Marlon would listen solemnly. But instead of giving an answer, if he didn't like the picture (he usually didn't), he would change the subject—so that it was impossible to negotiate with him. When he was asked about the Kramer movie, he listened politely and said he would do it. And he wouldn't talk about it any more except to discuss the starting date.

Kramer is a great believer in preparation for a movie, but Marlon stunned him with his ideas on the same subject. Many people thought it was a publicity stunt, but it wasn't. Marlon asked if he had time to study the paraplegics (he was to play one) before shooting started. Kramer said yes, so Marlon walked out of the office, stating he would be back on the day rehearsals were to start. A day or so later, the producer was astonished to learn that Marlon had checked into the Veterans' Hospital in Van Nuys and was living with the patients. During his stay there, he refused to move any more than a paraplegic could.

Most of the stories that have been told about Marlon Brando have been humorous, mainly because they involve erratic behavior. But the humor was always unintended on Marlon's part. It is doubtful that he has ever deliberately attempted a practical joke for the purpose of publicity. But when the funny side of one of his escapades has been explained to Brando, he has laughed heartily, as though he were hearing about the incident for the first time—and it involved someone else.

Marlon was born. That is generally all the information an interviewer lucky enough to get hold of him can verify. He has said he was born in Siam, where his father was a wealthy French planter, and it has been printed and believed. Actually, he was born in Libertyville, Illinois. His education was a messy matter because Marlon never liked to have others select the nature, time or place of his studies. After stumbling through grade school, he was tossed out of a couple of high schools before he decided to do away with formal education forever. Because he was a husky lad, proud of his physique, he set out to become a ditch digger and work the live-long day in the open air.

But his father had different notions. He offered to stake Marlon to any kind of specialized education he chose. After giving it a bit of thought—and no doubt being influenced by one of his sisters who was stage-struck—Marlon chose acting. He was promptly shipped off to New York to study dramatics under the aegis of Stella Adler.

P. S. To keep hair neat between shampoos use Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing

Although Marlon Brando contends that acting is a craft that must be studied diligently and long, it must be conceded that he had a rare talent. Almost from his first appearance in summer stock, he was in demand by producers. If *Streetcar* hadn't come along to make him a star, another play would have. And if *The Men* hadn't made him a star in pictures, some other film would have.

Upon his arrival in Hollywood, Marlon became a property of MCA, the most plush management agency in town. Marlon has never been in their offices, but the company assigned a young man named Jay Cantor to "service" him. Cantor looked up Brando and was horrified to learn that he had no address. He slept wherever night-fall came upon him, although he did make some attempt to get to his aunt's house in Eagle Rock, California—a good 30 miles from the studio—once a week or so.

Because MCA didn't want it to get around that its hottest property was a waif, the agency promptly rented a house and moved Cantor and another young agent into the place. This was to give Brando a definite place of abode and to keep the agency informed to some extent as to Marlon's whereabouts.

Young Cantor found himself performing rather odd services for Marlon. There was the time, for instance, when the studio called and said Brando had lost his shoes. Jay got on the job and learned that Marlon had decided to go barefoot for awhile and couldn't remember where he had put his shoes. Jay suggested that they buy him another pair, but Marlon insisted that that would be a waste since the missing shoes were still in pretty good shape and he didn't mind going barefoot until they showed up. Finally, he agreed to borrow a pair until he found his own.

While studio publicity people apparently had a wonderful source of live copy in Brando, they also had their headaches with him. When they suggested that he take an actress out, Marlon looked at her picture and said no. When they suggested that romance made good column items and asked him who he was going out with, Marlon gave them the name of a girl he'd dated the night before. Asked for details, he said he'd seen her on the street, liked her and walked up and asked for a date. She turned out to be a waitress in a downtown hash house. That made no difference to Marlon. He liked her.

PLANNED interviews with Marlon Brando are impossible. Once a Warner Brothers press agent tried to sneak one over. He got Brando and a magazine writer together. Things went fine, except that Marlon refused to talk in anything but French—and neither the press agent nor the reporter understood the language.

On the other hand, Marlon can be as cooperative as anyone. This writer made an appointment to see him for this article. The date was set for three o'clock at Warner Brothers. I was there and so was Brando, but he had forgotten that he also made an appointment with a number of other people. In a bit of a huff, I said I was leaving and told Marlon to call me when he felt he could spare the time. He did, the next day, and instead of giving a few minutes as he usually does, he came to my house, spent a good eight hours, took a bath, borrowed some clean clothes, stayed for dinner and hated to leave.

When he returned to New York after making *The Men* one of the studio press agents called him and asked him to look in on his daughter, who had gone to New York for a try at the stage. Marlon called the young lady and suggested they get together for supper about 11 that night. The girl was somewhat confused about the late

hour, but she agreed.

Marlon was on time. He was wearing an old pair of blue jeans, a T-shirt, a casual sweater and a stocking cap. The girl was dressed for dinner. Marlon took her down to the street and to a motorcycle parked at the curb. Without apology, he helped her aboard the back seat and started off in a roar of exhaust noises. It began to rain, but Marlon insisted he show her New York so they scooted around town for a couple of hours. Then Marlon took her into Central Park, lifted a bag of sandwiches from a pouch on his bike and escorted her to a dry spot under a tree, where they dined. The girl never quite got over the experience, but Marlon honestly thought he had shown her a swell time—and had done a favor for her dad.

Much has been printed about Marlon Brando's clothes. Most of it has been true, but his apparent hatred for anything resembling normal attire is not a gimmick. It is truly an eccentricity. This writer once saw him wearing a blue suit, and asked him who got him into a store long enough to buy one.

"I bought this from my agent," he said.

The fact that his agent was 40 pounds lighter, several inches shorter and of an entirely different build didn't matter. Marlon wore the suit without alterations and considered his wearing it at all a concession to society.

On the Aaron Slick from Punkin Creek set, Martha Stewart was discussing a certain well-known Hollywood actor and playboy, who gives every girl the once-over. "Yeah," said Martha, "he takes 'em out once and it's all over."

Living quarters have always been something of a problem to Marlon in New York. Landlords don't care to rent to him because of his passion for playing Bongo drums at all hours of the night. He once inserted an ad in the Saturday Review of Literature asking for an apartment, which read: "Wanted: an apartment—any old thing." A girl who dated Marlon one night tells of his Bongo drums routine. He sits his girl on a chair, gets the drums out, turns off the lights and in a tiny flicker of a candle beats the skins into the wee small hours of the morning. When the evening is over, he considers he has been an entirely considerate and entertaining host.

There are a hundred other tales of Marlon Brando's eccentricities, but all they do is confuse the portrait of the man because they are not understood. Within himself Marlon Brando is not an unusual person at all. He lives by a strict code, which forbids lying and cheating. He either likes or dislikes a person, seldom either violently. He has been known to give his overcoat on a bitter cold day to a stranger without one—and to go the rest of the winter coatless because he never got around to buying another.

The elaborate accommodations generally prepared for a star on location are wasted on him. During the filming of *Zapata* at Arizona, Marlon slept on the ground most of the time and ate with the grips.

With the exception of a young comedian named Wally Cox, Marlon Brando has no intimates. He has a tremendous liking and respect for Elia Kazan, but Cox is his only pal. They share an apartment in New York, but that is just the starting point from which to go places. His other friends are numerous but not fully accepted. Marlon drops in on them unexpectedly at any hour of the day or night and will stay, without invitation, for an hour, a day, or a month, depending on his enjoyment.

In the matter of money, Marlon Brando is

entirely without responsibility. His income is huge, but he never sees it. The checks are sent to his father who invests the money in a cattle ranch which Marlon has never seen. The boy is given \$150 a week on which to live—and he generally spends it within an hour or so after he has received it. From that point until he gets his next check, he puts the bite on anyone he meets. This is not due to a chiseling nature, but to the fact that money means absolutely nothing to him—and he thinks everyone else feels the same.

MARLON BRANDO is an avid student of everything. His main interest is the theater—at the moment—but he studies everything that momentarily appeals to him from tinsmithing to psychology. He is a good talker, but rarely proves it. And when he is in a conversation and a word is used that is unfamiliar to him, he promptly asks the full and definite meaning. If it can't be given, he gets a dictionary and looks it up. When he reads he becomes so absorbed in the material that a gun could be fired in the same room and he probably wouldn't hear it.

Although he is the epitome of male animalism on the screen he is entirely opposite in person. He has the physique you see in pictures, but the camera does something to his face to make it hard. Actually, his face is small, his features sensitive and his voice low and reserved in tone. His tremendous shyness is evident in his off-screen manner. He is quick to laugh heartily and quick to cry.

His appetites are as healthy as his oddities. During dinner at my house he took one look at a plate of fried chicken and, although there were four of us at the table, proceeded to polish it off as though it were his alone. He ate with such relish that the rest of us sat and watched fascinated, not daring to have another piece for fear we'd break the spell of his enjoyment. If he feels like taking a bit of exercise, he might hop out of his clothes, into a pair of bathing trunks and run through the city or countryside for 10 miles. If he falls temporarily in love with a craft, he will devote his every waking hour to it. And when he meets a girl he really likes, he will never leave her side until driven away.

It is the carefully considered opinion of professionals in Hollywood that Marlon Brando is the finest, most vital actor to come to films in many years. When *A Streetcar Named Desire* was premiered, most of the stars requesting tickets had seen the picture once or twice before, but wanted to see Brando act again. His work is, according to the experts, inspired and technically flawless—an unusual situation, indeed.

He will be back in Hollywood again to make more pictures, but until then he will be remembered well for his last act here. Walking into the ticket office of the Los Angeles airport, carrying a pet (which happened to be a raccoon) in his arms, he asked for two tickets. The clerk pointed to the pet and asked what it was.

"He is a friend of mine," said Marlon. "I want one of the tickets for him."

The clerk said the line didn't carry animals, and for an hour, Marlon stood there, holding up the line, while he attempted, with all the logic at his command, to convince the salesman that the raccoon was actually human. He did it, but the brass of the line said nix—so Marlon took the train.

You can take Marlon Brando or leave him. Just don't sell him short. There is no subterfuge in him and he does not try to be a character. He just is one. Period.

THE END



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also in new luxury plastic compact 69c (plus tax).

love those neighbors

(Continued from page 38) Steffans' new home, Geary was sitting on a neighbor's lawn. He wore a ragged T-shirt, blue jeans and no shoes, and looked about as far removed from a movie star's husband as a man could get. Traffic seemed heavier than usual on our street, and we finally realized that a curious public was looking the place over. Geary seemed to get a big bang out of the situation, grinning and wiggling his toes in delight every time another head popped out of another car window.

ON moving day, it looked as though everybody the Steffans had ever known had enlisted to help. Like many young folks they did the moving themselves, and although they had bought a lot of furniture from the Jacobs, they still had many things to bring over from their old apartment. Cars went in and out of the driveway all day long, and while Geary helped unload the heavy pieces, Jane directed the pieces to different rooms.

Then the neighborhood waited for the housewarming that was sure to follow. Probably they did have one, but nobody heard it. The Steffans' parties are simple affairs, small dinner parties or gatherings in the front room with the shades drawn.

I can truthfully say that I go through life trying my best not to hurt anyone. That includes myself.

Lana Turner

The first few weeks in the house, Jane and Geary were in a fever of activity. They both appeared in the garden bright and early, armed with all sorts of garden tools and flat boxes of cuttings. That went on for quite a while and then they gave up the battle of the weeds and hired a gardener. Geary showed up one Sunday morning, lugging a brush and a bucket of paint and started on the picket fence that lines the front of their property. At noon Janie whistled him in for lunch, and that was the end of Geary's noble gesture.

They've had a big to-do with that fence. There'd never been a gate to the driveway, but it became necessary when Paper began wandering all over the county. The Steffans found an old gate in the back yard and planned to attach it to the fence, but some Sunday friends got at it first with blue and red paint. One picket stayed white, the next was painted red, the next blue, and the name of either Jane or Geary was written on each in contrasting color. It was promptly hitched to the fence, but was too short for a full gate, and too long to allow a big car to pass into the driveway. As a result, whenever a big car made the turn from our narrow street, a fender would remove one more picket.

"We've just got to do something about that fence," Jane kept telling us. But then the Steffans are busy people, and there isn't much time for that sort of thing. The neighbors have one complaint about Jane when she is home. She doesn't sing often enough. It's wonderful to hear her trilling up and down scales, and even her practicing sounds lovely. The minute she starts, half the windows in the neighborhood are thrown open. I remember one of the rare days when she sang, a couple of high school boys were working on our front lawn, and when they'd finished the job, they asked if they could sit on the front steps and just listen.

We've had a problem with visiting relatives in the neighborhood, for when they find out that Jane Powell lives in the same block they're always trying to

see her. They spend their time at front windows, peeking out of the curtains, and are all for going over and asking for autographs, but we've managed to restrain them. The studios, though, want their stars to receive strangers with every hospitality, and I recall that the night Jane left on her concert tour last fall, a fan stopped at the house and stood talking with her a half hour, despite the fact that Jane was in a turmoil trying to pack and catch a plane.

That was the night they forgot the tickets. Their maid Gladys, a wonderful woman who takes complete charge of the house and the baby, says "I have to watch them both like they're babies themselves. I knew they'd forget those tickets. I kept telling them to be sure and remember, and Mr. Steffan just smiled at me as though I was worrying without cause. But sure enough, 10 minutes after they left I found the tickets—on the piano, of all places—and right away I phoned Mrs. Steffan's father. Well, he came over and got them and after he'd left for the airport, Mr. Steffan steamed up to the house, all in a lather. When he found out I'd sent them on with Mr. Burce, he just grinned and told me I was worth a million dollars."

You can tell Gladys thinks the world of "her" family, and the baby in particular. I suppose she feels she'll burst if she doesn't brag about them, and pours all her superlatives into the ears of another maid in the neighborhood, a woman named Mary. The two get together often, but whatever is said between them stays strictly that way, and Mary buttons up like a clam if anyone asks her anything at all about the Steffan family.

She forgot herself just once—the Saturday afternoon Geary drove Jane to the hospital. It was done quietly. He drove the car up to the front door and helped her in, and then headed quietly up the street. Lots of us saw them and waved, not knowing the reason for the trip. Two minutes later it was common knowledge, because once Mary had the news from an excited Gladys, she threw caution to the winds and spread the tidings like a public address system.

I GUESS most people in the neighborhood made up their minds not to throw themselves at the Steffans, but to let the newcomers start the conversation. We're all, I think, overly-conscious of the fact that movie people have trouble keeping their privacy. So it happened that the first

time I saw them, I was possibly a bit rude. I was in the back yard, my hair up in curlers and a disreputable old sweater thrown over my shoulders, when I noticed Jane and Geary in their own garden. I ducked out of sight immediately, thinking they wouldn't want to recognize me that way, but I realized later that they had wanted to open a conversation that day.

Geary, incidentally, is probably the friendliest young man I have ever known. It isn't easy for a young man who has just begun a career in insurance to marry a glamorous established actress, but Geary seems to do quite well in the situation. When Jane has been tired from overwork and climbed on her high horse, her husband has been known to dampen her quite effectively. Well, now," he says, "aren't you the movie star!" And Mrs. Steffan bounces right back to earth.

After a concert which Ezio Pinza, the famous basso, sang in St. Joseph, Mo., a woman came gushing up to him and proudly announced to him: "Mr. Pinza, I certainly enjoyed your singing. Why, I stood through the entire concert!"

"I know how you feel. So did I," snapped Pinza. H. W. Kellick

Their son, of course, has made it even more perfect. From the beginning they were both tremendously excited about the prospect of having a baby. They took long walks every evening after dinner, stopping to chat with the neighbors. "We want six children, don't we, dear?" Jane used to say. And when Geary would look dubious, Jane would laugh and say, "Well—four, anyway." She used to sit by the side of the pool, her lap filled with yarn, knitting away on tiny things for the baby. As a matter of fact, she swam every day, at her doctor's suggestion, a thing which frightened all the older women in the neighborhood. We didn't know about it until the day one of our dogs ran into the Steffans' yard and got into a fight with Paper. The owner of the intruding dog went in to get him and found Jane in the pool, terrified of the snarling animals.

"Would you like me to phone somebody to separate them?" asked the woman.

"Oh, please!" Jane said. "I'd appreciate it—I'm afraid they'll knock me down if I get out of the pool, and I've already had my swim."

The neighbor stared at her in disbelief. "You mean you swim?"

Janie smiled. "Of course. It's good for me."

"Well, I never!" said the neighbor, and worriedly reported it to the rest of us.

After the baby was born Geary had a new air of authority. "It's a boy!" he announced proudly to everyone. But his enthusiasm didn't match Janie's when she came home. "I can't wait until we have another one," she said.

We've all seen the baby since that time, of course, and he's a handsome little fellow. Jane grows embarrassed when we ladle out compliments, but you can tell she's pleased. I guess it's a good thing she was given all of those seven showers, because every single garment she made with her own hands turned out to be too small by the time she tried them on. "I'll know better with the next one," she says. "I'll begin using them as soon as the baby's home from the hospital."

When Geary Steffan III was about two months old, Jane went east on a concert tour and took the baby with her. "They grow so fast at this time," she said, "and I don't want to miss a day of him. Besides, he recognizes me now, and he might forget me if I was away from him for any length of time."

Geary planned to meet her back East when the tour was finished and escort her around Manhattan on a fling, and Jane was thrilled. "I've only been in New York to work," she told me, "and this will be the first real fun I've had there."

She told us their friends were free to use the pool while they were away, and knowing the Steffan friends are legion we all anticipated many noisy swimming parties. But we were wrong once more. Not a soul showed up on two of the Sundays, and the rest saw only three or four couples spending a quiet afternoon around the pool.

I guess you could sum it up by saying that no one could ask for better neighbors. They're friendly but not overpowering, they have mannerly and considerate friends, and they have a baby that never cries—or at least we can't hear him if he does. They're quiet, but at the same time we're all provided with a show that goes on almost perpetually—handsome young couples, sleek Cadillacs, beautiful clothes, and what's more important, I suppose, the sight of a boy and girl who are very much in love.

THE END

what's wrong with the grangers?

(Continued from page 37) Jean is used to spending her own money.

Mr. Granger, wanting to give his bride the luxurious home every girl dreams of, fell into that old Hollywood trap of shooting the future bankroll on a present palace. Stewart has \$150,000, plus a new \$15,000 playroom sunk, and I use the word deliberately, into the three-level Bel Air home, opposite the English villa owned, and I use that word deliberately too—by Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond. It is reported that MGM loaned Stewart the big down payment, to be repaid out of his salary over a period of five years. There isn't much salary left after taxes, agents' fees and down payment repayment.

So as I write this story, one year (they married December 20th) after Mr. Granger carried his bride over the threshold of the brave beautiful new home, they are trying desperately to sell the financial white elephant, for something more in keeping with the actual size of their combined

motion picture incomes and pocketbooks.

"We never could afford the furniture for the five bedrooms, the enormous living room, dining room, library, den and guest rooms. We literally camp out in two rooms. What with the swimming pool and the grounds and the problem of getting help, we just don't want a big home," Jean says ruefully.

That, plus the error of attempting to keep up with the Colman, Cooper and William Powell era of stars who made their money when taxes were low, sent Jean scurrying around on her off days from *Androcles And The Lion* to find a cottage for two where they can bill and coo, she hopes, without the droppers-in who flock to the swimming pools of their supposedly wealthy friends on Sunday afternoons.

"They don't only come to swim and play," complains Jean bitterly, "but they expect to be fed and supplied with drinks. We found a cute little two-bedroom house in Benedict Canyon, we were going to buy it over the weekend, but it was

gone. When I finish *Androcles And The Lion*, I'm going on a small house hunt until Jimmy completes *Scaramouche*. Then we go to Acapulco for a holiday, and to New York, where we'll stay with Glynis Johns. I hope the big house will be sold while we're away."

I hope so too. Because right from the start, the mansion was unlucky for them. When I saw them that day in the drug store, they seemed a million miles away from the honeymooning couple they were supposed to be. In addition to the sniffles, Jean had a headache. And the jollity of best man Michael Wilding, who was their house guest, failed conspicuously as an aspirin.

"Our pots and pans and linens which were supposed to arrive from England, didn't," Stewart told me while Jean leaned her head wearily on the counter. "So we can't cook a thing and have to sleep on beds without sheets, and no towels to dry our hands." Their honeymoon breakfast was a sandwich over the cold counter!

I remember Jean's delight when Howard Hughes bought her contract, which had 77



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18 months to go, from the British producers who 'owned' her. "It means I can work in Hollywood and I won't be parted from Jimmy," Jean sighed ecstatically. The Devil who hates Cupid, must have laughed aloud at that point, because right away, Granger was sent to Idaho and Oregon to shoot scenes for *The Wild North Country*, then to Italy and Africa for *The Light Touch*, then to San Francisco for *Scaramouche*. And for all his loving wife saw of him, she might just as well have been back in England working for Rank.

To make matters much worse, she sat around for nine months moping at home, and feeling terribly homesick for England where she was rated a big star, while her *Androcles* picture waited and waited to start production. "I used to be so lonely in that big house while Jimmy was away," she said. I'm sure there would be no problem worth reporting today, if Jean had been able to start work immediately after the marriage, as her husband did. The wait nibbled huge chunks from her self-confidence, which left her wide open for Granger's constant criticism.

I want to make it clear that Stewart is fundamentally a kind man, and I repeat, he is in love with his wife. I believe this is the reason for his critical attitude toward her. It's like a mother wanting her Johnny to look his best when company comes. And, because she is over-anxious, little Johnny is a little stinker.

Jean is only 22, 17 years younger than her husband, but she is nobody's fool. She tries her darndest to live up to her husband's conception of what his wife should look like, sound like, and be like. But everything she does, he can do better. This is a fact. Even cooking. Jean makes no attempt at culinary perfection. But Stewart is a heck of a fine chef. And he tries, quite patiently, to teach Jean how—especially on weekends when the help is away.

Granger is a good athlete from way back. He swims like a fish. Jean just swims period. Jimmy has now tutored her past the breast stroke. He taught her how to drive a car. He taught her how to entertain. She is always the pupil; he is always the teacher. Jean even humbly admits she has no clothes sense, and meekly asks his advice on what to wear.

It isn't possible that one man can know so much and one attractive charming woman, so little. All Jean needs is more confidence. And I believe this will come when she makes more pictures and establishes

herself with the American public. Her new RKO contract, which starts next June, calls for six pictures to be made within two years. She will be paid in American dollars, and she will co-star with her husband in at least two movies. The first, *Young Bess*, is a loan-out to Metro. They will be together 24 hours a day.

Will the perfect man retain his perfection with the proximity that has proved disastrous for other Hollywood couples? Look at these working teams that went awry—Ida Lupino-Collier Young, Deanna Durbin-Felix Jackson, Judy Garland-Vincent Minnelli.

I believe that being together will keep Jean and Stewart together. For the simple reason that they love each other. Stewart keeps an oil painting of Jean in his dressing room. She wears her wedding ring and diamond solitaire, even in scenes where she shouldn't. "I like looking at it," she explains. "I turn the diamond inside my palm, until I have to do a close-up, then I give it to my hairdresser to hold."

Always on the set with her is the miniature silver poodle that Jimmy gave her when she started *Androcles*. The pooch is called 'Young Bess.' And for her birthday, January 31st, Jimmy gifted her with a shiny Jaguar convertible, a little number that set him back another \$5,400. Of course, he is teaching her how to drive it. She wrecked the first car, a Bristol convertible, that Jimmy gave her.

And this is what Jimmy says of the young wife he first dated when she was sweet 17. "She's the most completely unspoiled girl I've ever met. According to the press (and myself) she is considered one of the most beautiful girls in England. Also one of the most talented actresses, and she remained unspoiled through it all."

"I was always a fan of Jimmy's," Jean tells me. "I used to wait for him at premieres and openings and rush up to him, asking for his autograph. I think I was 14 the first time I met him, and I'll never forget the nice way he shook hands with me and signed my book—'To Jean with best wishes, Jimmy.'" Jean loves Jimmy so much, she wears his enormous dressing gown on the set between takes, to keep contact with him.

Now I think it's up to Mr. Granger to look at his mate and his marriage honestly and objectively. To ask himself, "Am I giving Jean a fair deal?" Because there is no trouble with the Grangers that a little normal understanding won't cure.

THE END

the story alan ladd never told

(Continued from page 33) He worried and worked, took any kind of employment, earned almost nothing and in six months landed stone broke on the outskirts of Pasadena, California, entrance to the promised land. The Model T leaned exhausted against the side of the road, with two flat tires, a ladder roped to its side and three hungry passengers (one of them very young) dolefully staring into the future.

Today, Alan Ladd lives in the splendor becoming a Grade A movie star, but his first days in California were anything but splendid. Jim Beaver got the car started, dug up a few dollars and moved the family into a tent at the rear of an auto court. Across the street was Southern California's noisiest auto speedway.

Life in a tent, Alan recalls, was often inconvenient. Needless to say, toilet facilities were not built in and bathing and other conveniences were located some

distance away. Cooking, too, was a problem. In nice weather, Alan's mother would build a fire in a small wood stove in the open air and prepare dinners of sound proportions. When it rained, however, it was necessary to cook inside, and Alan's most vivid recollection of life under canvas was the haste with which his mother would prepare a meal, then grab the stove between two huge potholders and toss it outside so the fire wouldn't burn down the tent.

One day Jim Beaver came home and proudly showed a deed to a small plot of land in South Pasadena. The family loaded themselves and their possessions into the car and went to look at their land. It was just that—land. Sleeping in the car, they set about erecting a shelter. No doubt anticipating easy times the Beavers put up a garage first. But a slump in the painting business came along and they never got around to the main house. They moved into the garage.

It was at this time that Alan Ladd first came to know about motion picture studios.

Jim went out into the new neighborhood looking for work. One day he wandered into Hollywood and learned that the movie studios hired painters. He got himself a job at a good wage, but the commuting distance proved too great for the little Ford and soon the family moved to Hollywood across the street from Paramount. It was real elegant living. The street was nice and to Alan's delight their home was right next to a fire station.

ALAN was beginning to grow up. He was a tough, wiry kid who loved to fight. If another boy was too big, Alan took him on anyway—and to make up for the difference in size, he'd perch atop a pal's shoulders and whale away at his opponent.

At night, after the studio workers had gone home, Alan would scale the fence and wander through the sets, dreaming of the magic that went on there. He walked the very streets he now drives over in the company's finest limousine, never imagining that one day he'd be the biggest money-making star in the history of that very company.

By the time Alan Ladd was 10 the depression hit California like a drought. Studio work, for his stepfather, was hard to get and couldn't be depended on to

Can I help it if I'm partial to girls ???

Scott Brady

support the family. Everyone had to pitch in. Alan got up at four in the morning to clean and sweep out a confectionery store in the neighborhood for a dollar a week. The job was all right, but Alan's employer made his life miserable by trying to prove he was stealing candy.

Jim Beaver tried to find other employment and often had to supply his own equipment and materials on a job that paid him as little as three or four dollars. The three immigrants found the going pretty rough and were forced to move constantly because they got behind in the rent.

A windfall came to them one day when a man offered to buy the Beavers' lot and garage in South Pasadena. It gave Alan his first contact with big money.

Mrs. Beaver and Alan went to South Pasadena to close the sale and collect the money. This accomplished, she found herself frighteningly far from home with \$1,500 cash in her purse. It terrified her and this feeling was picked up by Alan. All the way home on a street car, Mrs. Beaver was positive they were being followed and would shortly be robbed and murdered. When they got off the trolley, she hit upon an idea. She took Alan into a small waiting room and stuffed the bills into the pouched knees of his knickerbockers. Now the safety of the money rested with him—and he didn't like it.

It was a mile from the trolley stop to home and, upon the advice of his mother, Alan walked ahead, whistling and kicking at rocks like a small boy at play. And so they made it to safety, alive and unrobbed. To this day Alan Ladd doesn't like to carry money.

During the trying years of the depression Alan's mother faced most of the really bad problems for the three of them. It was she who calmed the landlords when they didn't have the rent, who cajoled more credit out of the grocer. "In those days," Alan said, "you could have shaken the whole valley and not found 15 cents, but Ma always found a way to keep going." Alan, always a civic-minded boy, volunteered one Christmas to help distribute food baskets to the poor—and found one basket addressed to his own house. He wept, but didn't take it home.

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Alan Ladd became a bona-fide wage earner at an age when most kids are concerned only with play. He built up a regular route cutting lawns at a few pennies each. On week-ends he got his recreation at the Van Nuys public swimming pool—and in order to get in free, he raked and cleaned the pool.

His first steady job was as an apricot cutter in the Valley. His chore was to neatly remove the seed and split the fruit open. For this highly specialized work he was paid 15 cents a lug. Within two summers, Alan was promoted to carrying trays of cut apricots from one part of the plant to another. And eventually he was graduated to turning the drying fruit and then placing the meats in huge pans. He was fired because he was caught taking a nap on a blanket atop a pan of dried merchandise.

When he was 14 years old, Alan went to work for the Piggly-Wiggly chain of markets. He washed carrots, tomatoes, potatoes, etc., so they'd look good to the customers. Before closing time he carted and lugged boxes and crates until dark. He has the million-dollar muscles today to prove it.

"The only time I ever stole anything in my life," Alan told me, "was when I was working for Piggly-Wiggly. I had never tasted an avocado—and I couldn't understand why they should be so expensive—seven cents. So I stole one and took it in the back room and ate it. I still couldn't figure out why they were so expensive!"

When Alan was ready for high school, he was properly enrolled at Lankershim High and eventually became president of the student body.

Toward the end of his high school days Alan found the profession he thought he wanted to follow—the newspaper business. He met a man named Frank Hadlock who had started a throw-away paper called the *Sun-Record* and joined his staff. Alan quickly became invaluable to the paper. Being student body president, he knew everybody in town—and being a born organizer, he started balls rolling that Hadlock himself hadn't thought about.

Alan at first served in the double capacity of columnist of school activities and circulation boy. He soon became circulation manager and a very promising young journalist. He would sweat over his copy, the editor would read it, tear it up and throw it in the waste basket. This indicated to Alan that the man was interested in him and he worked like a fool to please him.

As circulation manager of the *Sun-Record*, Alan had his hands full. It was one of his duties to see that the 22,500 copies of the sheet got to the subscribers' front doors before they were out of bed one morning each week. Alan was horrified to learn that the distributors were picking up the sheets at the plant and burying all but a few hundred of them in vacant lots. So he had to turn detective and shadow his men throughout the night until the job was done.

Alan's next step forward on the *Sun-Record* came as the result of an accident. He was driving the advertising manager home one evening when a friend hailed him from another car. Alan hailed back, swerved and struck another car. His passenger hit the dashboard with such force that he broke his knee caps in 19 places. Alan Ladd became advertising manager.

But being a columnist and advertising manager at the same time soon became intolerable. Alan had to approach local merchants to buy space and nine times out of ten was obliged to put the name of the merchant's wife or kid in his column or get no ad. So he quit the paper that was paying him \$35 a week and went to the

porter at \$12 a week. However, the family needed a more substantial income.

WHEN he left the *Daily News*, Alan decided to go into business for himself. He managed to borrow a few dollars and opened a small hamburger stand across from a swimming pool in North Hollywood. He knew nothing about cooking, but his mother came to work with him—and soon, Tiny's, as it was called, was a fairly flourishing business.

Jim, Alan and his mother were very happy with the new enterprise. Jim labored in the studios while Alan and his mother operated the stand. They worked hard, and, for almost the first time since they came to California, the family was on its feet and getting along fine.

Stardom in the movies was still a long way off for him, and it actually never even entered his mind. But he was a handsome lad and it was inevitable that a talent scout would one day find him. A well-dressed chap came to Tiny's one day and observed Alan carefully. When the cafe was empty, he spoke up.

"You're a fine-looking young fellow," he said. "You happy in this business?"

"Pretty happy," said Alan. "Why?"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One day at Cartier's in New York, where I was employed, a very lovely woman and her escort who had been shopping there started to leave. She stopped suddenly and looked at a plaque attached to the back of a chair. It stated that the Queen of Rumania had once sat there during a visit to the United States.

The stunning woman turned and looked at me, then said with very naïve interest, "You know, I've always wanted to know who sat in that chair, but never read the plaque before!"

I recognized her as the movie queen herself, Gloria Swanson.

Herman Lockhart
New York, N. Y.



"I got something maybe you'd like better," said the man and passed Alan a card. He was a talent scout, all right—for the National Cash Register Company. The result of this meeting was that Alan made an agreement to work days selling cash registers and nights in his hamburger stand.

The boss at National, as Alan remembers him, was a rather stuffy chap with a personal dislike for every member of his staff. He would stare stonily at the assembled salesmen each morning and begin his pep talk with something like: "Gentlemen of the Valley, we are not doing very well. . . ." After a time, Alan grew to hate the work, but he wanted the extra money for something very important. Ever since he had been wearing long pants he wanted to own a beige gabardine suit and a pair of brown suede shoes. He got them, but they were his undoing.

The day Alan showed up wearing this equipment, the Sales Manager cold-eyed him and when the meeting ended, he called Alan into a private conference.

"See here, young man," he said. "That is not proper dress for a representative of this company. Please don't wear those things again."

Alan promptly quit. It was a crazy business, he thought. And he still thinks the National Cash Register Company lost a darn good man.

Alan went back to his hamburger stand, but the taste of outside money was in his mouth. He wanted to keep the dollars rolling in. One of his customers was a grip at Warner Brothers. He knew that Alan was a diver, and he suggested that this talent could be put to good use in the studios. Alan didn't get it for a moment until the man explained that a grip worked on high parallels above the stage—and that the ability to cat walk at heights was a decided talent. Alan went to Warner Brothers and got a job.

"I'll never forget my first day in the movies," he told me. "I worked on *Green Pastures*. It was January, and in the early morning there was frost on everything. Twelve of us were 65 feet in the cold air 'boxing' the backing for the set. We had to pull on this big canvas cyclorama and when we had it up in the right position a guy yelled 'tie it off!' I didn't know what that meant, so I put a slip knot in my section—and it sagged. The boss called me down and fired me. I was pretty sore, because I had gone to J. C. Penney's and bought a pair of overalls, a hammer and a saw—and I was fired in the first 10 minutes. But when the fellow found out I was a diver, he hired me back."

Alan Ladd worked at Warners as a grip for eight months, and during that time he seldom stepped on the floor of the stages. From his high perch he learned the first things he now knows about making movies. It fascinated him, although he never really thought much about becoming an actor. Once he was talked into trying out with a small amateur dramatic group which was meeting nights at Universal, but he didn't last long. Carl Laemmle, the head of the studio at that time was an observer at one of the auditions and when Alan appeared, he turned to an assistant, and in a very loud voice cried:

"Can't hear the boy!"

So Alan was out.

But the bug had nibbled at him and all he needed was one more incident to spur him on. It came when, from atop his catwalk one day, he spotted a fellow he had met in the Universal auditions. The man was sitting in a chair, his head tilted back and his hat half across his face, sound asleep. With the exception of an hour for lunch, he reclined that way the entire day. The next morning he was back again, and the day after that—still sleeping.

At the end of the third day, Alan could control his curiosity no longer. He climbed down from his parallel and asked the chap what he was doing. The man explained he hadn't been called for a scene yet.

"How much are they paying you for this sleeping bit?" asked Alan.

"Fifty dollars a day," said the man.

"FIFTY DOLLARS A DAY!" Alan roared. "They only pay ME forty-two fifty for slaving up there all week! I'm switching rackets."

When Alan decided to become a movie actor he went about it scientifically. He got in touch with a former high school dramatics teacher and asked her if she thought he had a chance. She did—and suggested that he select a school and take some lessons. Alan searched very carefully, visited schools, looked at the ads in theatrical magazines and talked to anyone who would listen to him about the project. He finally decided on Ben Bard's, a new academy with a roster of 22 pupils. He sold his restaurant, counted his meager savings, and decided he'd give himself six months to get on a paying basis.

By the time that six months had ended, Alan Ladd's life had changed consider-

ably. It had been six months of struggle and sorrow. Within a matter of weeks both Jim Beaver and his mother fell ill and died. His mother had been delighted that Alan had chosen acting as a profession and she envisioned big things for him. Alan vowed then that no matter how long it took or how hard the road he would be an actor and that the hardships the three of them had withstood together would pay off. He worked night and day, with little but auditions and rejections to show for his efforts, but he kept on going, poorer than he'd ever been before with Hunger and Disappointment as his constant companions. But he became an actor—a working actor.

The road to eventual stardom for Alan Ladd was, contrary to what has been printed, a difficult one. It has been said that he slipped into a picture called *Paper Bullets*, the first movie venture of the fabulous King Brothers, was discovered by a major studio and was on his way. Actually, he played 40 bits and 15 featured roles before *Paper Bullets*. There were six other roles that could loosely be called leads.

If he hadn't met Sue Carol, once a screen star herself and then an actors' agent, he might never have been a star. Alan had decided that radio was his forte (after all, it was acting) and was picking up a miserable living playing odd bits. Sue heard him one night, liked his voice and delivery and asked him to drop in to the office. Alan was willing to drop in on anybody who might help him, so he went to Sue's office late one afternoon.

It wasn't love at first sight, but it was close. As Sue tells it, this handsome thing in a long trench coat walked into the room and she was stunned. She immediately decided he was a magnificent picture type. Alan, who had tried it, didn't agree with her. He had a number of valid reasons.

In the first place, blond men weren't leading men, according to Alan. He wasn't photogenic; he had been told not to smile because he looked awful; and his experiences in movie studios had taught him that it was a waste of time to fight precedent. Sue said she'd fight anyway.

A CAMPAIGN began to get Alan Ladd a number one spot in a good picture. Sue decided to devote most of her time to this and to let the employees in her office take care of the rest of the clients. Alan's top salary had been \$150 a week, for *Paper Bullets*. Sue took him to Paramount and sold him for \$250 a week for two weeks' work in *Rulers Of The Sea*. Alan's role called for him to be in the opening and final shots. The company moved to Catalina Island and Alan loafed around 11 weeks before they finally got to him. It was a windfall. It was money in the bank, but better still, the three months on the island, resting and eating his head off fattened him up and improved his already—as far as Sue was concerned—splendid appearance.

A short time later an independent company was casting an epic called *Hitler—The Beast Of Berlin*. Sue went to the producers, told them Alan had just finished 11 weeks at Paramount, a major studio, and they were impressed enough to employ Alan as the star. The entire shooting schedule was only five days, but it was a step forward. The film was made on such a shoe string, that, although Alan was the star, an assistant director made him double as a prison inmate, sweeping out a courtyard. When the film was completed, it was discovered that Alan, who had been killed three quarters of the way through the movie, was easily recognizable in the sweeping bit toward the end. However, by that time the producers had run out of

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money and couldn't reshoot—so it was left in.

Due to Sue's energy and craftiness, Alan moved ahead until he had made 62 pictures—and still seemed destined for comparative anonymity. He was, however, considered a competent actor and work came easier. He played such things as "Tennis anyone?" Englishmen and fine young American youths. Never a heavy.

During these trying times Alan stuck it out only because Sue believed in him. He was a lonely fellow and when he wasn't working he would drive Sue about on her chores. It was during this time that they fell in love. They developed the wonderful rapport that stands them in such good stead in their marriage today. If Sue got to a point in an interview where she would have to talk about Alan in glowing terms, he sensed it and casually excused himself from the room. They often laughed about this afterwards.

One day the big chance came. RKO was casting a picture called *Joan Of Paris*. Alan got the role of a soldier who died in dramatic close-ups. He did it so well, he drew raves from the critics and the town. This was the turning of the tide.

For some time previous to this, Paramount had toyed with the idea of putting him under contract. Sue, however, no matter how badly Alan needed the money, kept turning the proposition down, promising that she would talk contract any time Alan was given a part that would start him off properly.

The break came while he was still at RKO. Director Frank Tuttle was preparing a picture called *This Gun For Hire* in which there was a role for a gun-crazy killer. Sue looked at the script and suggested Alan. She brought him to the studio, but Tuttle took a look at him and said he wasn't the type. However, a test was agreed upon. Alan's hair was dyed black—and he played the part for the executives.

This was probably Hollywood's most famous experiment in what is called off-casting. The bosses looked at the test, saw this youthful, handsome boy play the ruthless killer Raven and, in the parlance of the movies, flipped. Buddy de Sylva, at that time head of the studio, said, "That's the boy!" Alan was in, except for the matter of negotiating a contract.

That night Alan and Sue talked the thing over very carefully. RKO was offering a contract at \$400 a week. Paramount was willing to take a chance, but wouldn't pay more than \$300. They looked at the script of *Gun* again—and decided to take the Paramount offer. When the picture was finished and previewed, Alan came across like nothing the executives had seen before. And the rest is movie history. He was a star. And he has been a star—a big star—ever since.

THE Ladds' home life is like that of any substantial, close-knit, well-to-do family in the country. There is Alan, Sue, Carol Lee, 18, daughter of Sue by a former marriage; Laddie, 15, Alan's son by a former marriage; Alana, an eight-year-old daughter who is the terror of the household and David, a four-year-old, who is the spit'n image of his dad.

The Ladds look upon movie stardom as a business. Alan and Sue carefully study each new project, whether it be a movie, a publicity campaign, a magazine story or any other facet of the business, as though it were their first one. And they keep working to keep Alan at the top of his profession.

Sue, married almost 10 years now, remains in the background a good deal, but she is a definite consultant member of the company. There has been talk that Sue is the boss. This is not true. One has only

to see Alan Ladd in his home to know who wears the pants—and there is no doubt about it. He hates to talk on the telephone, so Sue takes most of the calls—which is what gave rise to the tales.

When they are on the road, Sue plays the wife and nothing more. She is unknown to the fans. For instance there was a time when Alan was besieged by thousands of scrambling fans in an eastern city. Sue became separated from him. She asked a policeman for help, saying she wanted to get into Alan's car.

"Look, lady," said the cop, not knowing who she was, "There are about a thousand women here who want to get into that car. You'll have to move on."

Sue did—down the street a couple of blocks, and Alan had to drive down there to pick her up.

The movie fan to Alan Ladd is supreme. Once when he was being stormed by autograph hunters a policeman complained that the kids were stepping on his corns. Alan told him to get behind him—and he buffeted a way to the car and drove off with a grateful officer waving goodbye. The fans wouldn't step on Alan.

At this writing Alan's exclusive contract at Paramount is about ended. He has the unique record in the film industry of never having made a picture that has lost money. That makes him the best bet any producer can buy—and certifies him as Hollywood's number one star.

This writer sat in his house one night when Alan's agent came in with the most fabulous contract ever drawn up for a star. It was with Warner Brothers and called for one picture a year for ten years, without options. The money is \$150,000 per picture with 10% of the gross of the pictures—that means 10 cents from every dollar paid at the box-offices—and it involves millions of dollars for Alan's services. The agent sat on the arm of a chair and told Alan the details. Alan said okay.

The agent went to the telephone and called Jack Warner, head of the studio. He informed Warner that the deal was agreeable. Then he handed the phone to Alan.

"Well, we're all set, Mr. Warner," Alan said. "It will be kind of nice going back to work for you."

"Did you ever work for us before?" Warner asked in surprise.

"I sure did," said Alan. "You paid me forty-two fifty a week. And I was the best grip you had on the lot."

He grinned happily at the joke and at what had happened and he hung up the phone.

That isn't the end of his story, but you know the rest. With the making of *This Gun For Hire* he was launched on his fabulous career.

You know now that Alan Ladd wasn't born with a gold Oscar in his mouth nor the open road to success stretching easily before him. His road to his position today was filled with heartbreak, desire, even hunger. He was a winner because he was a small boy who swept out a candy store for a dollar a week; because he was a young man willing to work nights learning the newspaper business. He is a star today, maybe, because he placed the right to wear a beige gabardine suit and brown suede shoes above a steady job as a cash register salesman.

But if Alan could tell you his honest opinion, without it being prejudiced by other things, I think he would say he is what he is today because he wanted to make the journey of Jim Beaver and his beloved mother to the California land a worthy one.

THE END

(The latest starring role in Alan's career is Paramount's *Shane*.—Ed.)

no more tears for judy

(Continued from page 56) workers on the MGM lot who knew the inside story and loved her come anything. She hid behind the front put up by this small gang and took comfort in their assurances that she was indeed a star—and nothing would ever change it. She would never really lose her fans.

Among these intimates was a song writer, a good one, by the name of Hugh Martin. He had written, among other things, "The Trolley Song" for Judy's hit *Meet Me In St. Louis*. There was Chuck Walters, a mere lad but already conceded to be top talent in the directing of musical pictures. There was Roger Edens, a production assistant and a brilliant arranger of special material. And there were a few others, costumers, technicians and just plain hard workers who became Judy's secret gang. They helped her over the rough spots—and they promised that if they were ever needed for a big project they'd be ready.

The night that Judy Garland gashed her throat in a fit of despondency was the pay-off between her and Hollywood. Dropped from the contract list, the word got out that she was too unreliable to be employed by anyone—and Judy, in a torment of shame and loss of confidence in herself, ran away from Hollywood, her friends and even her gang.

It was an accepted fact after that night that Judy Garland was through as an entertainer. It was accepted in the studios and by the fans who had been hers since she was a kid. It was a hard pill to swallow for the fans, but they faced the inevitable. They didn't stop loving her, but they wept for her instead of cheering her

on or comforting her. The newspapers and the magazines printed tales of her loss of position—and each carried a strong melancholy message of regret. The kid was washed up, dead in show business, and everyone went to the funeral.

The turn of the tide in Judy Garland's life, both professional and personal, came when she met a young man by the name of Sidney Luft. Although a lot has been written about him, little has been definitive. He is known as Judy's "manager" or "boy friend" or both. Beyond that, all that is known is that he, too, got into a jam with Hollywood and the police—so maybe they had something in common.

Actually, Sid Luft is very much like Judy Garland and at the time of their meeting they had a good deal in common. In a way, their lives had run almost parallel for a number of years. Judy had been a star in the movies—Luft had been a brilliant flyer, a top test pilot for a major aviation manufacturer during the war. Judy slipped in the regard of her employers and couldn't take it—and so did Luft. Judy was married and unhappy—so was Luft. Judy began to drown her sorrows in gay parties and hated it—so did Luft. They were birds of a feather. Take a look at the pictures taken of them when they first met. They wear the same harassed expressions. They were in the same fix.

They met at a party, a small intimate gathering held in Hollywood. Newly-separated, Judy was alone—so was Sid. Somebody came by and said:

"You two know each other? Judy Garland—Sid Luft. Sid—Judy."

They nodded, neither wanted to meet anyone that night. But a little later on they fell into a conversation. They began to enjoy it, so they forgot about the other

people there. Later on Sid took Judy home and they talked for hours. Sid is an excellent conversationalist, a real wit, and Judy enjoyed him so much she laughed a lot that night and morning and Sid enjoyed hearing her laugh. They have seldom been away from one another since that night.

It is an admitted romance now between Sid and Judy but it wasn't at first. It was a genuine friendship between two lonely, unhappy people. Judy lived in a hotel in Beverly Hills, so they had to eat out most of the time. They went to the usual gay spots for awhile, but they attracted too much attention from the gossip columnists, so they began to frequent the smaller, cozier spots. Maybe that is where love bloomed, in the intimacy of tiny, candle-lit cafe booths, where voices are low against a background of juke box love songs.

The people who know the inside of Judy Garland's comeback triumph will tell you that it was hatched at those meetings. When Judy and Sid knew they were in love they began to plan for the days ahead. Sid had been producing pictures on a minor scale and he wasn't happy at it. He had a good knowledge of show business and some good ideas. He suggested that Judy stop mooning over a lost film career and get back on the stage and convince herself of her capacity for work and her own talent. Judy wasn't sure. She was terrified at the thought of doing a show in Hollywood—and even though she had been offered the Mary Martin role in *South Pacific* in New York, she feared she wouldn't make good before a Gotham audience.

"Look," said Sid, "that's all nonsense. But if you want to prove it to yourself, let's make it Europe. You can name your

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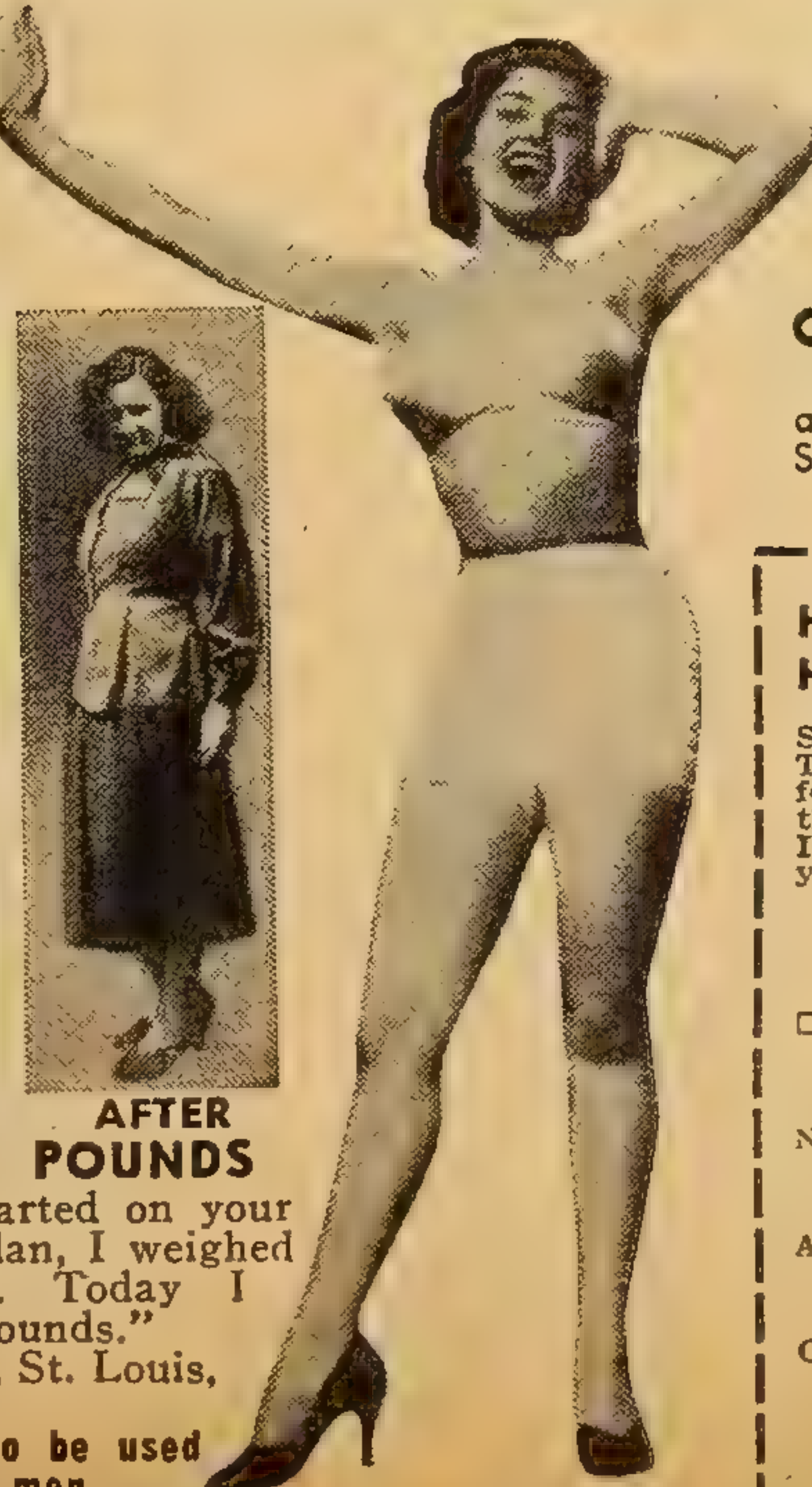
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own figure in London—and if you make good there, you can come back and do the same in New York. Give it a try.”

Judy took his hand and said she'd try.

IN the summer of 1951, Judy Garland went to London and Sid followed shortly after. She opened as a singing single at the Palladium, and the critics raved. Judy was a smash—the English offered to keep her over there if we didn't want her. Then, for three months, Judy traveled the British Isles singing in theaters to capacity audiences. Some of the terror left her. She was seen on Scottish golf courses and at sports events. On the arm of Sid, she began going to parties again, big, social parties where a nervous girl would have been miserable, and she enjoyed herself.

But there was still America to face. The way to do it was a problem. Maybe a Broadway show. Maybe an independent picture, to be produced by Sid. Maybe on television. Judy and Sid decided to come back to Hollywood and plan from there. They were greeted in New York by a very enthusiastic press, and nearly every reporter commented on how happy Judy seemed. In Hollywood, Judy was feted like a conquerer. There was a round of festive events—and then the reality of the decision to be made. But Sid had taken care of that.

One day, a couple of weeks after they had been home, Sid picked Judy up in the car and started to drive toward Beverly Hills.

“Where are we going?” Judy asked.

“You'll see,” said Sid.

He drove to the palatial offices of the William Morris Agency and led Judy directly to the private suite of Abe Lastfogel, Judy's long-time agent and true friend. They all sat down.

“What's this all about?” Judy asked.

“Tell her, Abe,” said Sid.

“You're going to open on Broadway,” Lastfogel said.

“On BROADWAY?” Judy cried. “In what show?”

“You're going to play the Palace,” said Lastfogel.

“But the Palace is a movie house,” said Judy. “They haven't had just live acts in there for years. And besides, who would back me?”

Lastfogel got up and paced. “A lot of people would,” he said, “but I'm going to. I've got it all arranged. We'll rent the theater and put in two-a-day vaudeville. Just like it was 20 years ago.”

“But if that's such a good idea,” said Judy, “why hasn't someone done it before?”

“Because,” said Lastfogel, “there hasn't been a star big enough to bring two-a-day back to Broadway. Now there is. Judy Garland.”

Judy's eyes filled with tears of gratitude for the compliment and in appreciation of the love of these two men. But she had misgivings.

“Gee,” she said, “I don't know if I can do it. It would have to be done better than any other show on the street. The people who could put on a show like that have all been gobbled up by the movies. I don't know *anybody* who could do things the way they'd have to be done.”

“Sure you do,” said Lastfogel. “And you can be very happy, Judy, because these people wouldn't take jobs like this for anyone but you. Roger Edens will arrange and write the special material.”

Judy could only gasp.

“Chuck Walters will go back and direct the show,” said Lastfogel.

Judy choked up again.

“And Hugh Martin will accompany you 84 at the piano.”

Judy didn't say a word. She just sat very quietly in the big leather chair and looked at the handkerchief she clutched in her hands—and she couldn't see it.

“That's my old gang,” she whispered finally. “That's my old gang.”

THERE was a great deal of artistry put into the creation of Judy Garland's first appearance on Broadway, but it didn't compare to the love that went into the show. Edens worked harder than he ever had before, preparing the lyrics and helping the arrangers with the score. Walters never seemed to be satisfied with the presentations and routining of the act; and Hugh Martin wanted to practice the songs until it wasn't possible to make them any better. Sid Luft and Lastfogel stood in the wings and watched and felt grateful to Judy's gang.

Then came opening night. On “The Street” it was the event of the season. A movie star was coming to Broadway, they'd see what she could do. Two-a-day was back. It couldn't be done. You couldn't buy a ticket, though. The people who remembered Judy in her films saw to that.

We know an actor who tore his name out of the phone book and pasted it in his scrapbook.

*Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter*

The theater was elegant inside, sparkling from weeks of renovating. Usherettes dashed up and down the aisles passing out programs with Judy Garland's picture on the cover and seating the restless customers. And then the lights dimmed and the overture began. One of the best vaudeville bills seen in New York in years followed, a bill that few big stars would care to follow. And then there was an intermission, the warning flicking on and off of lights announcing the resumption of the show, the scurrying back to seats, and darkness again with only two square boxes of light on either side of the stage, each with the simple card announcement, JUDY GARLAND.

Up went the curtain. The stage setting was odd because of its simplicity. A velvet back drop and teasers marking the wing entrances. A chorus of handsome young men danced out on the stage and sang the introductory number—and Judy walked out and began to sing. The number finished, she stepped to the front of the stage and was on her own. She was out of breath. She was flushed. She was scared. She stood in the cone of a brilliant spot light, unable to see beyond it, and she knew that out there were the toughest critics she'd ever have to face. The professionals and the people who wanted her to make good, but who still had to be shown. She laughed, that nervous little, scared chuckle she is noted for, then she excused herself and mopped her face with a silken handkerchief. Then she sang another song.

The applause was definite, but not thunderous. Judy was still scared. Then she did something few other performers would ever dare to do. She announced that her feet were killing her—and that she was going to take off her shoes. And she did. The audience laughed with her—and Judy knew she had them. The next song was better. It was a Garland song, sung from way down deep inside of her, full throated and brilliant in quality. This time the applause was thunderous. Judy was delirious, and you just knew, if you sat there that night, that she was happy.

For almost an hour Judy Garland sang for Broadway, for the wise guys, the swifties and the lads who said nobody

could ever bring two-a-day back to the Palace. She sang for the critics, who had made up their minds long ago—and she sang for the folks from the other side of town, the movie-goers who had never forgotten she was a star. Her final number was the best of the lot. She wore a pair of very baggy trousers, a ridiculously huge jacket of black and garish plaids and a tramp's idea of a stiff shirt and black tie. A patch of false black hair, cut male style, came down over her forehead in an idiotic crew cut, and a couple of her front teeth were blacked out. Judy danced onto the stage behind a tall, hungry looking male partner and sang a comedy song of a happy tramp.

They wouldn't let her off the stage. Encore followed encore until Judy could hardly stand up. But each time they called her back, she laughed with happiness—and did another chorus. Finally, there were no more choruses to do, so Judy stepped to the footlights and made an announcement.

“You've been wonderful to me tonight,” she said. “And I'll never forget it. Now I want to do something special just for you—for all of you.”

She waved the microphone out of the way and sat down on a small patch of carpet at the top of the steps that led to the orchestra pit. The theatricals were over for the evening. The house went completely dark, but the man in the booth upstairs found the tiny figure with his spotlight.

SHE looked like a rag doll. No glamor. Nothing to bring more than a smile or a chuckle. She sat holding her knees, the ridiculous costume bulky about her, the silly hair piece making her look like a clownish boy. But there was something in her eyes that quieted the audience and held the first-nighters spellbound before she opened her mouth. And then she began to sing.

The song was “Over The Rainbow.” It is a child's song—and a child began to sing it. No one who saw her that night and heard Judy Garland sing that song can deny it was one of the most moving experiences they have ever had in the theater. From deep within her heart she sang a plea for the happiness a little girl needed and didn't find. She sang with such sincerity that the notes poured from her as from a flute and were heard in the farthest reaches of the vast auditorium. And while she sang, tears fell from her eyes. And her eyes were closed as though she were remembering when last it was like this with Judy Garland. There wasn't a dry eye in the Palace Theater on Broadway that night—but there wasn't a heavy heart, either. It was a happy time, once again.

When the song was over, Judy got to her feet and stood, holding the battered top hat, her head bowed to the loudest noise she'd ever listened to—the applause of Broadway. And then she spoke again.

“I just want to say,” she said, “that I love you.”

Judy walked to the wings with those words in her heart. Sid Luft stood there and Hugh Martin and Chuck Walters and Abe Lastfogel and Roger Edens. Happy men, all of them. Then Sid took her to her dressing room and left her alone for a long time.

Sure, Broadway's a funny place, but so is the world. But on Broadway now there is a new custom. At midnight you'll find a crowd of people standing outside the front door of the Palace Theater, waiting for the star to come out. And they're never disappointed. Judy Garland wouldn't do that. She loves them—just as much as they love her. THE END

"we finally made it"

(Continued from page 24) The wedding took place at the Philadelphia home of Lester Sachs, a dress manufacturer who's a good friend of Frank's. Six private detectives were hired to keep intruders out, but they couldn't stop a mob of bobby-soxers from peeking through the Venetian blinds.

Frank thought that the site of the wedding was a well-kept secret. He hired a limousine to drive him and Ava from New York to Philadelphia, but when he arrived at Sachs' home, he was greeted by a band of reporters and photographers. "How did these creeps know where we were?" he asked Ava as they got out of the car. Ava said nothing, merely smiled, and ran into the house.

One of the newspaper photographers said to Frank, "How about some wedding pictures?"

"I'm sorry," Frankie explained, "we haven't got room for all you guys. I have one photographer inside. He's going to take the wedding pictures, and prints will be passed out."

"Who wants that stuff?" the cameraman protested.

"You try to take one picture," Sinatra threatened, "and I'll let you have it."

After the wedding, Ava and Frankie flew to Miami, eluded the press in Florida, and finally checked into the Hotel Nacional in Havana where they honeymooned for an entire weekend. Then they flew back to New York where Frank staged his last TV program from the East.

By the middle of November, the Sinatras were back in Hollywood, exceedingly happy and unusually gracious to photographers at the airport.

"How was the trip from New York?" a reporter asked Sinatra.

Frank grinned sickly. "Probably the worst trip we've ever had," he said. "Headwinds all the way."

"We'd like a picture or two of you and Mrs. Sinatra."

Frank nodded and posed with his arm around Ava's waist. He looked tired, but not Ava. She looked very much in love.

Because she likes to adopt a flippant attitude about life and because she has previously been married to Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw, two gentlemen who do not particularly specialize in marital longevity, Ava has sometimes been accused of being light-hearted about matrimony. This accusation is pure fiction.

Three years ago, before Sinatra walked into her life, Ava was an experienced but unattached girl of 26.

Like most single actresses in Hollywood, she found surprisingly few eligible men worthy of her favors. Not that the boys weren't making a big play for her. It was just that she was attracting the wrong kind of men—married men.

One of these, a world-famous crooner—not Sinatra—phoned a friend of his in the music publishing business, and said,

"You know Ava Gardner pretty well, don't you?"

The friend admitted he knew her.

"I'm just nuts about that dame," the crooner continued. "You've got to introduce us, Sam. I'm telling you. This is a real yen."

Sam phoned Ava. "How about having lunch at the Brown Derby with a friend of mine?"

"What's his name?"

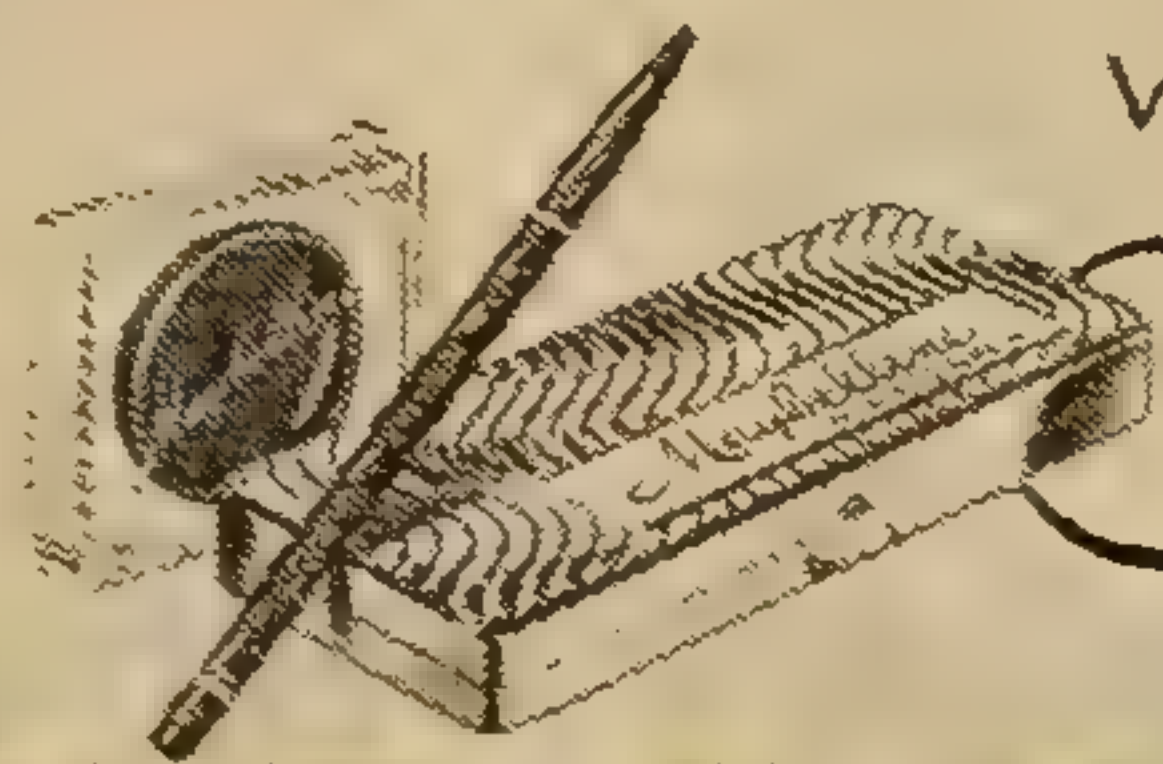
Sam revealed the crooner's identity.

"No soap," Ava said. "He's not only married but he has two kids."

"So what?" Sam insisted. "He doesn't want to elope with you. He just wants to



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have lunch with you. Honest, that's all. "Are you kidding?" Ava cracked. "I saw the way he looked at me the other day when I came out of NBC. The answer, Sam, is no."

A few nights later, Ava ran into Sam at a party. The talk veered towards the crooner, and Ava let loose a few words about love.

"I've been married a couple of times myself," Ava said, "but marriage isn't anything I take lightly. To me it's the biggest step any girl can take. When I was divorced from Mickey and Artie, believe me, it broke me up."

"I know what it is for a girl to be married sitting at home, wondering who's out with her husband. The last thing I will ever do, Sam, is to go out with a married man who's living with his wife. If he's legally separated or divorced, that's different. But no one's going to point to me as a house-wrecker."

Ava Gardner, in the 10 years she's been in Hollywood, has changed her mind about many things: career, education, athletics, cars, men, actresses, directors—but never about marriage.

"To me," she says, "marriage is the beginning and the end. It's not an incidental to be worked in between pictures."

Marie Wilson happened to be spending the evening at a local night spot when her house was robbed. "I don't understand how the burglar got in," a friend said later. "Where was your dog?" "Oh, honey," laughed Marie, "he was at Ciro's with me!"

Mickey Novak

It's something a wife has to work at all the time. I've always been glad to do it. All I've ever wanted out of life is a good husband and some children. If I get that, then I can say my life's been a success.

"My career's been a very wonderful thing, but I never started out to be an actress. It just happened. It was a fluke. It won't break my heart to give up my career. Not one bit."

Ava's contract at MGM expires in another year. Under the L. B. Mayer regime she was never too happy at the studio, largely because when he was head of the Culver City lot, Mayer objected strenuously to Ava's romance with Frank.

L. B. called Ava on the carpet after Sinatra had left the studio and told her that Metro had plans for her, big plans. She could be another Greta Garbo, she could be the greatest star in the world. And she was throwing away this future fame for what, for whom? Sinatra!

What Mayer didn't understand about Ava is that given the choice of a husband or a career—Ava will always choose the husband. In Ava's life, the man must always win. For here is one girl who feels her basic destiny is motherhood. To appeal to any other instinct in her makeup is a waste of time. She regards Sinatra not only as a lover but as the future father of her brood.

Wise-guys, of course, have told her that her marriage to Frank will end in unhappiness. "It won't last," a friend of Ava's recently explained. "How can it? Sinatra isn't as mixed up as Artie Shaw, but just look at his position. He's got three kids and a wife by a previous marriage to support. His television show is still not firmly established. In Frank, Ava has got herself a boy who may be on the way down. Success came to him quickly, and at an early age; maybe he still doesn't know how to handle it."

But in Frank's favor is the fact that

Ava knew nothing about Mickey Rooney when she married him. She knew even less about Shaw. About Frank Sinatra she knows everything.

A little over a year ago when a reporter asked Ava if she secretly planned on marrying Frank, she said—and she meant it at the time, "I wouldn't want to marry him. I'd rather marry someone who wasn't in show business. Men in show business don't seem to make the best husbands. But for a friend, I couldn't want a better one than Frank. He's wonderful to be around."

As we know now, that friendship ripened into love.

Marriage to Ava means children, lots of children. She herself is the youngest of seven, and she figuratively worships the small army of her nieces and nephews who are scattered all over the South. She is constantly sending them her old clothes and gifts. More than anything else she would like to have a child of her own.

She'd also like to have a house of her own. She turned over the one she had in the Hollywood hills to her sister Bappie. She then rented one down at the Pacific Palisades, because she thought she'd like to be near the beach, only it gets foggy down at the beach very early in the afternoon, and Ava is quick to catch cold.

Sinatra feels the same way, if not about children, certainly about a house. Since his wedding to Ava, the only house he's owned has been the Palm Springs mansion, and he hasn't been able to get down there very frequently because of his TV commitments.

Marriage to Ava has been the one over-riding thought in Sinatra's mind ever since Nancy filed for divorce last October. In order to speed up the proceedings, Frank even waived the service of any papers in the action. He asked that Nancy's case be tried as a default case as soon as possible.

Friends say that while he was working on his television show out of New York, he was amazed to read in the newspapers about Ava's going out with Richard Greene. A phone call from Ava cleared that one up in a hurry.

What had actually happened was that Ava had gone out with her business manager, Ben Cole. Frances and Van Heflin were along, and so, too, was Richard Greene. The British actor happened to give Ava a lift to a night club, and that's what started the silly rumor that Ava and Frankie had split up.

At this point, the only possibility of a break in the Ava-Frankie union lies in their own personalities. These two are deeply in love, and there are no rivals.

"People keep telling me," Ava says, "that Frank and I are bound to have career trouble. What career trouble? I have two more years left at Metro, and Frank isn't tied to anything but his TV show. If any career trouble shows up, we're pretty grown-up kids. We can work it out."

"In my book, the marriage comes first. After marriage, it's children, and then if there's any time or energy left, that's for the career."

"Frank and I have both been married before, and in a way, that's a good thing. We know how little irritations can develop into big quarrels and what to do to avoid them. I also have a pretty good idea of what demands show business makes on an entertainer—something I didn't have when I was married to Mickey and Artie."

"Marriage means an awful lot to me at this point. This Christmas, I was 29. Next year I'll be 30. Where I come from a girl who's been married and hasn't become a mother by the time she's 30 is peculiar."

"So, as far as I'm concerned, the first one can't come soon enough."

THE END

house of macrae

(Continued from page 44) such literary stumpers as "The Quest for Historical Jesus," by Albert Schweitzer and "Parnassus on Wheels." One team got hopelessly stuck on "The Quest" and had to get help from the middle man. By one-thirty in the morning, the excitement of the unseen competition had worn everyone to a frazzle, and Gordon and Sheila were waving their last guest out.

"How about a swim? Gordy suggested to his slender blonde wife.

"Beat you to it!" cried Sheila, and like a pale Diana she raced across the brick patio to her dressing room, dropped her clothes, and bounced into the pool.

Lying in bed, tired but completely relaxed after the dip, she couldn't refrain from a few party post-mortems. "The turkey was good, didn't you think?"

Gordie, from the borderline of sleep, muttered, "Uh-huh."

"Weren't the kids sweet? They didn't fuss once."

"Uh-huh."

"It is a good house for a party, isn't it, dear?"

MacRae sleepily, "Uh-huh."

"Oh, go to sleep, you great big romantic lover."

Plainly, the MacRae house is a natural for charades, parties, children, and for getting away from all three.

After house-hunting for a year and a half, Sheila and Gordon found the only house in all San Fernando Valley that combines the triple features that their type of family life requires. It has a separate studio for Gordon, plenty of space (inside and out) for three jet-like children, and an eastern look to remind Sheila of back home on Long Island.

The MacRae house was originally built by a commercial artist named Anthony Loomis, who did most of his work at home. Mr. Loomis used a two-story guest house as his studio. The top floor is one large room with a good north window and plenty of uncluttered space. Downstairs, there are two guest rooms that also serve as dressing rooms for the pool. Gordon merely stepped into the big empty studio once, and it made up his mind for him. He says he bought the house "in order to find a place where I could work at home."

Soon after he'd moved the family into the house, Gordon told his busy wife to go ahead with her decorating plans. He'd take care of the studio. With the experienced help of one brick-layer from Warner Brothers, he added a large fireplace, book shelves and a compact bar to the room. Then he and his friend layed the Flaxtex carpet from the old MacRae house, painted one wall forest green, and papered two with a bold hunting print. The last thing they did was to move in the baby grand piano and a stack of music, and it's been the MacRae Rehearsal Hall ever since.

Sheila's enthusiasm for the house ran equally as high as she counted up its good points for rearing three children. Number one was its more than comfortable size. Their last home had one family bath. This one boasted five baths plus 12 comfortable rooms.

When it came time to assign people and purposes to the dozen rooms, Sheila set aside definite areas for the children. Because Gordon gets home too late for the children's evening meal, she turned the breakfast room into a second dining room for the youngsters. What was intended for a den, she furnished with small scale chairs, low tables and a television set. She calls this one the children's study. It's a place where they can entertain



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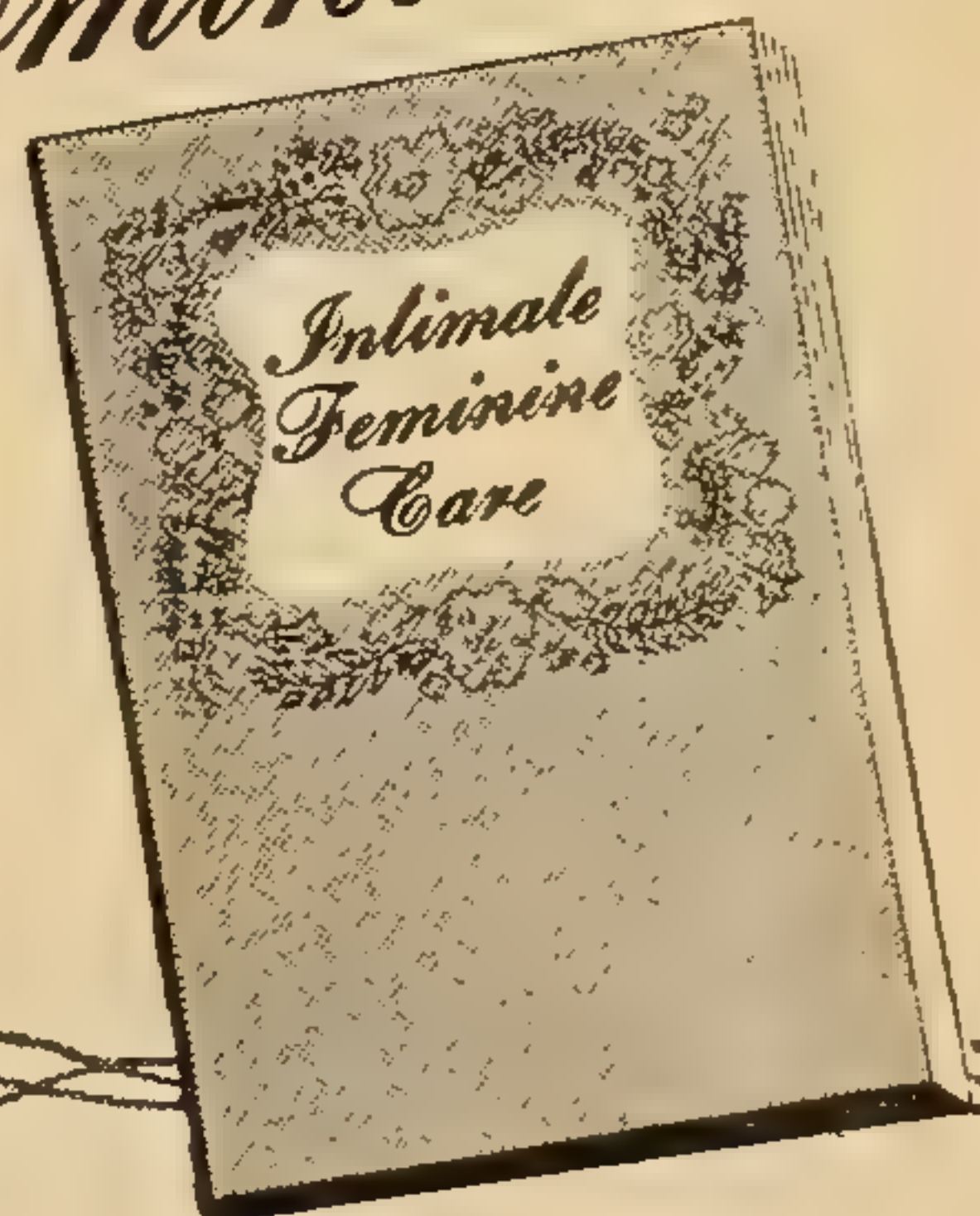
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friends without disturbing their parents or being interfered with. About five-thirty every afternoon, the neighborhood gang gathers in this room to watch "Howdy-Doody," and at times like these, Gordon remarks that "study" is a slight misnomer and that "bedlam room" might be a good substitute.

THREE-YEAR-OLD Gordon, Jr. (Gar for short) has the room next to his parents on the first floor. It has practically no furniture because Gar is just beginning to out-grow his allergies to dust, wool, fur, and a lot of other things. In place of rocking chairs and a chest of drawers, the only furniture is his bed and a delightfully gay wallpaper called Happy Valley.

The two upstairs bedrooms and baths belong to the girls. Outside Heather's blue and white room, a balcony runs the width of the house. She keeps her pair of hamsters here. At this stage of her life, keeping her pets well-caged is her sole concern.

Meredith is a more sophisticated child. She has French hand-painted wallpaper in her room. She'd asked her parents to paper the room with butterflies, but the nearest her mother could get to that was a French wallpaper with turtles, bugs and flowers as its motif. Meredith's room opens onto a small sun deck. So far she doesn't utilize it as a beauty-aid but she will in time. At the moment she's found that it's a perfect spot to set up her water colors and finger paints. The view is inspirational, and no one complains if she spills a little.

If you ask the MacRae children why they like their new home, Meredith, who's the spokesman for the trio, says, "There are so many things to do." They have the heated pool in which all three children swim the year round. There are swings and a playground slide. The macadam motor court in front and the brick patio in back are great for bicycle-riding. And the whole family plays an improvised game of croquet on the lawn.

The house proper sits on a high rise of ground in the middle of two acres of rambling, uncultivated hillside. The land is just wild enough to appeal to children's imaginations. It's criss-crossed with woodsy paths and studded with gnarled live oak trees, that are fine for climbing. And to make the deal super the MacRaes are surrounded by a neighborhood jammed with youngsters.

Meredith, Heather, and Gar are so busy in their new surroundings that they haven't time to be problems. But, as any parent will agree, even the nicest children can be too much with you at times. When this happens, Sheila and Gordon retreat to their room. The master bedroom suite is off in a wing by itself. By disconnecting the telephone and closing the door, they can forget the rest of the family for an hour or two.

The big, square room is so comfortable with its own fireplace and door opening onto the patio that Sheila decided to furnish it as a sitting room. She used a deep, unbedroomy blue on the walls and bedspread. She had one of Gordon's favorite wing-back chairs from their former house recovered in a reddish early American print. She placed it invitingly between the fire and a table loaded with books. Whenever Gordon takes time to stretch out full-length to read, Sheila, a serious writer in her own right, rolls out her typing table and works on her nostalgic project, a narrative, historical poem about Long Island.

His wife's nostalgia for the East Coast, (New England, and Long Island, in particular) is something Gordon likes to kid her about. But after he tires of joking, it's apparent that he's an Easterner, too. Their furnishings reflect this.

The two main rooms, for example, are filled with early American antiques that they've collected during nine years of marriage. Fortunately the new house was large so that they didn't have to part with a single heirloom—not even the paintings of famous American doorways made by Gordon's grandfather, Albert Sonn. In the dining room, for instance, is a cranberry press that ceased to function long ago but is kept in a conspicuous spot because it reminds them of Cape Cod and cranberry bogs. The breakfront, filled with their dishes and linen, once held nuts and bolts in a Pennsylvania hardware store. The lazy-susan table and Windsor chairs are not genuine antiques but good reproductions. George Montgomery, Dinah Shore's versatile husband, made the furniture to the MacRae's specifications and to correspond in style, if not in age, to the rest of the furnishings they own.

Most of the pieces in the living room were also acquired over a period of years. Before he became so busy with pictures, radio, and recordings, Gordon liked to prow around old furniture shops from Boston to Santa Barbara. He can recall where every chair, table and ash tray came from and how well it's stood the test of five MacRaes and their friends.

Until a year ago, it had always been his aim to own an authentic New England farmhouse in keeping with his collection of early American furniture. Somehow, fate interfered. Gordon left New York for a contract at Warner Brothers. The children increased in number and it looked as if the MacRaes were destined for a larger home—willy-nilly. "We discovered that a Connecticut salt box is hard to find in Southern California," Gordy explains. "But when we saw this house, we sort of closed our eyes to its New Orleans exterior. It was perfect for us so we accepted the southern facade. Now I find myself doing as Sheila does. When friends ask, I simply say we own a farmhouse."

The night of the party Sheila got one more nostalgic inspiration. She dove into their collection of unhung pictures and pulled out a Currier & Ives print called American Winter Scene and hung it over the fireplace.

"There," she pointed out to Gordon, "that's to remind us of the kind of winters we're missing." And then she kissed him because Connecticut or California, winter or summer, the MacRaes are a happy two-some, and the house they live in reflects their love.

THE END

(Gordon MacRae's latest film is Warners' About Face.—Ed.)

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Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

what is tony curtis really like?

(Continued from page 49) look like a schmo."

That's Tony. But it isn't all of him. To understand all of Tony you have to go a long way back. Someone once said about him, "All he wants is to see his picture on the cover of MODERN SCREEN." But he wants a lot more than that.

A person's very first memory will tell you much about him. It is not what he has experienced in childhood that counts, but the impression that it has left on him. Tony remembers the time he was three years old and standing on a street corner crying his eyes out because he was lost. A woman saw him and knelt down to ask him his name but he couldn't remember it. He was crying so hard he'd forgotten who he was! Finally, his mother found him and took him home.

Also in his memory is the time he was going to the hospital to have his tonsils removed. He was riding in a car, although his family didn't own one, and with him was a little girl whose tonsils were headed for the same fate. Tony was crying but the little girl just sat there sucking her lollipop. Tony couldn't figure out why he was crying so hard and she wasn't—just sitting there, sucking on that lollipop. Why was he so scared? And why was he the only one? Although Tony is the best natured guy in the world there are fears and lonely places and violence in his nature. He has a high temper but he learned to control it a long while ago.

He was 13 when he got fighting mad at one kid. He doesn't remember the reason, but he can still feel the emotional impact. This other boy had said or done something that sent Tony into a wild fury. He had one big desire—to beat that kid to a pulp—but to his amazement he found that his rage had stripped him of bodily control. "There I was swinging like a mad man," he said, "but I wasn't landing a single punch. I was all out of control. I got beat up by the kid who was in control."

FRIGHT does the same thing to Tony that anger does. He remarks when he was on a submarine in the Navy. "We were in some trouble," he says. "The fear was awful. I could taste it in my mouth." (Tony is prone to understate the circumstance but never the emotion.) There was no one to turn to. In his terror and desperation he doubled up his fist and hit it hard on the bulkhead, so hard that he broke three bones. It was only later that he wondered why he had done it. "We came out of it all right," he recalls.

He got hurt in Guam; his legs were temporarily paralyzed. Tony, being the kind of wildly imaginative person he is, knew he would never walk again. Lying in the hospital he was afraid to touch his legs, he hated them so. "They were like some spider or something," he said. And always he'd dream of running, and playing football—a game he'd never played.

Tony Curtis has a loving heart and the need for love. He is so outgoing that he is hurt and surprised when he experiences a rebuff. This is an interesting sidelight on his character, for his background (his was a poor Jewish family and his playground was the streets of New York) would seem to foster aloofness and suspicion. But he can be thrown into the depths of despair when he comes on the lot and says "Hi" to someone without having the "Hi" returned. The slightest "brush" upsets and depresses him.

One of the most awful rejections of his life occurred shortly after he arrived in Hollywood. A friend he had worked with

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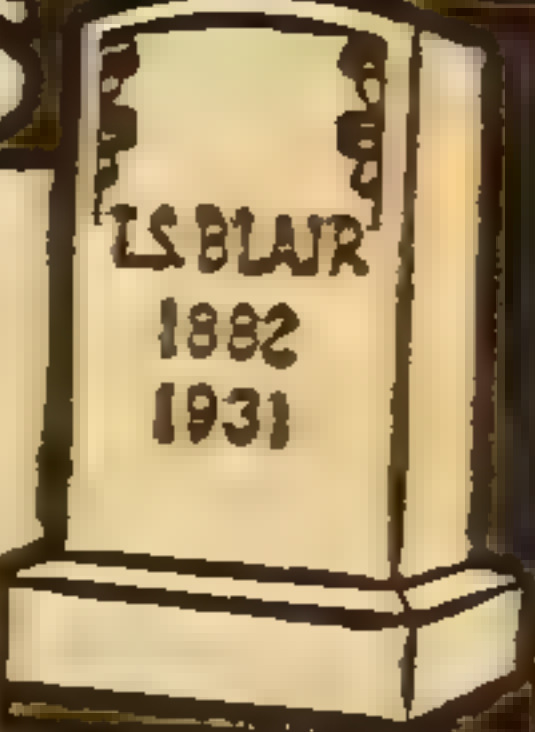
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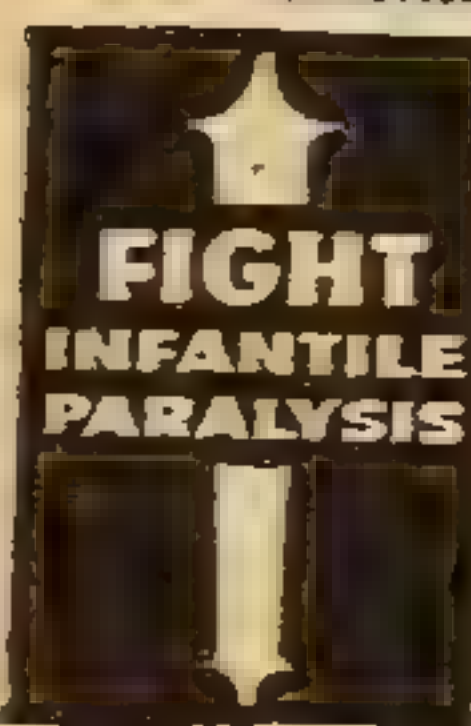
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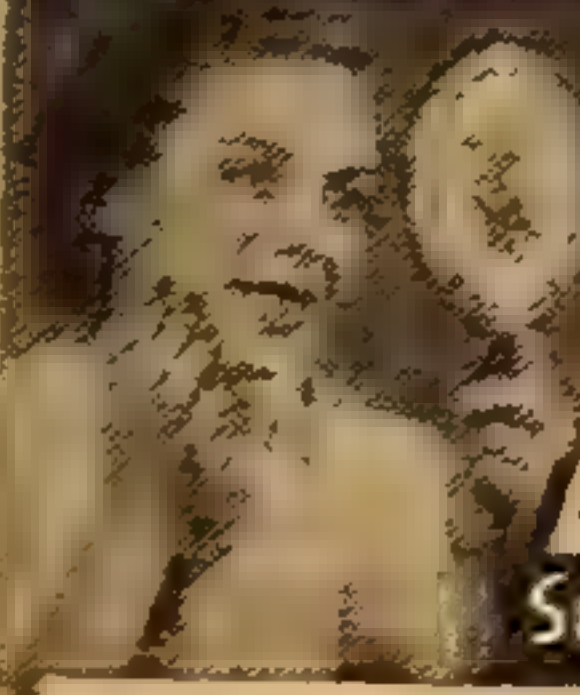
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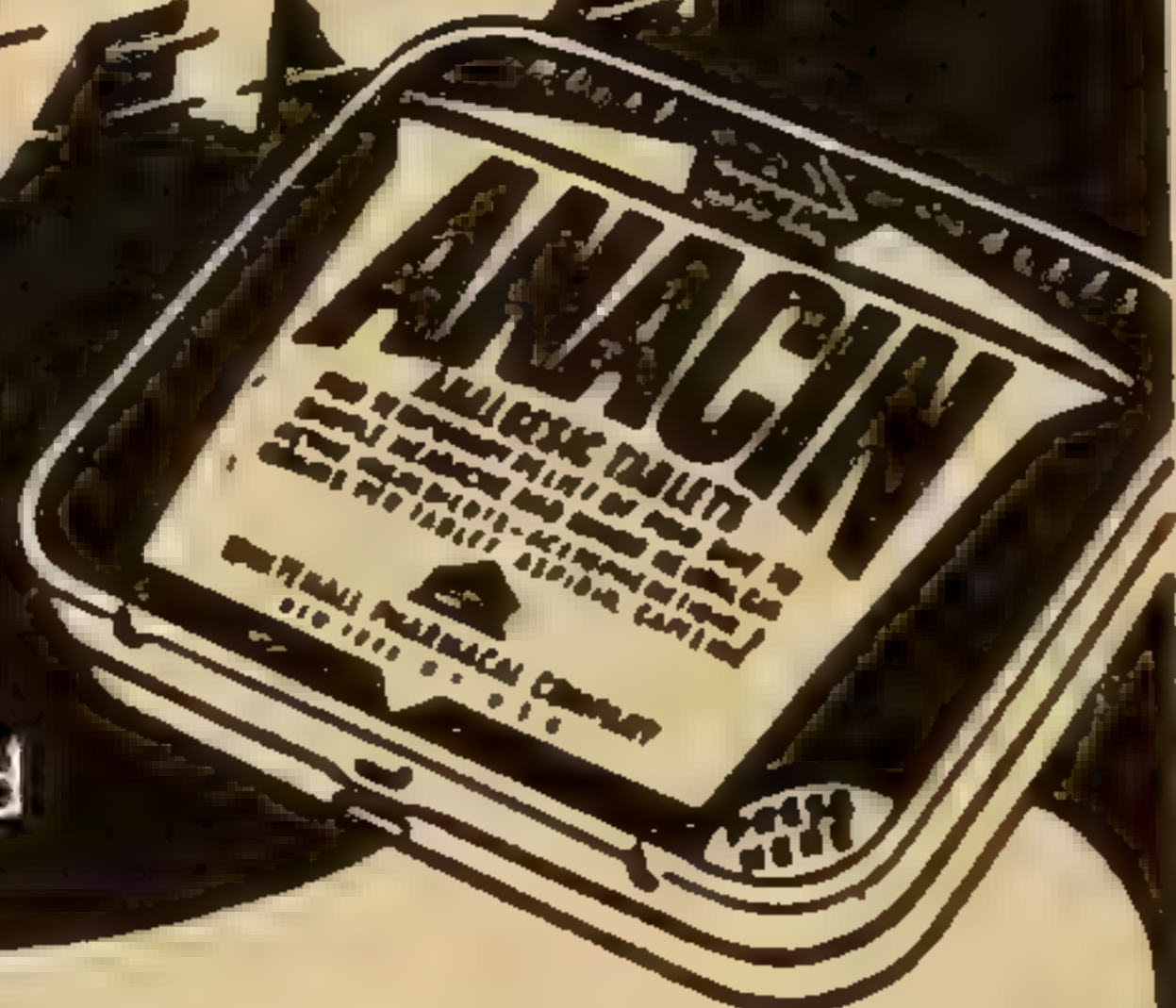
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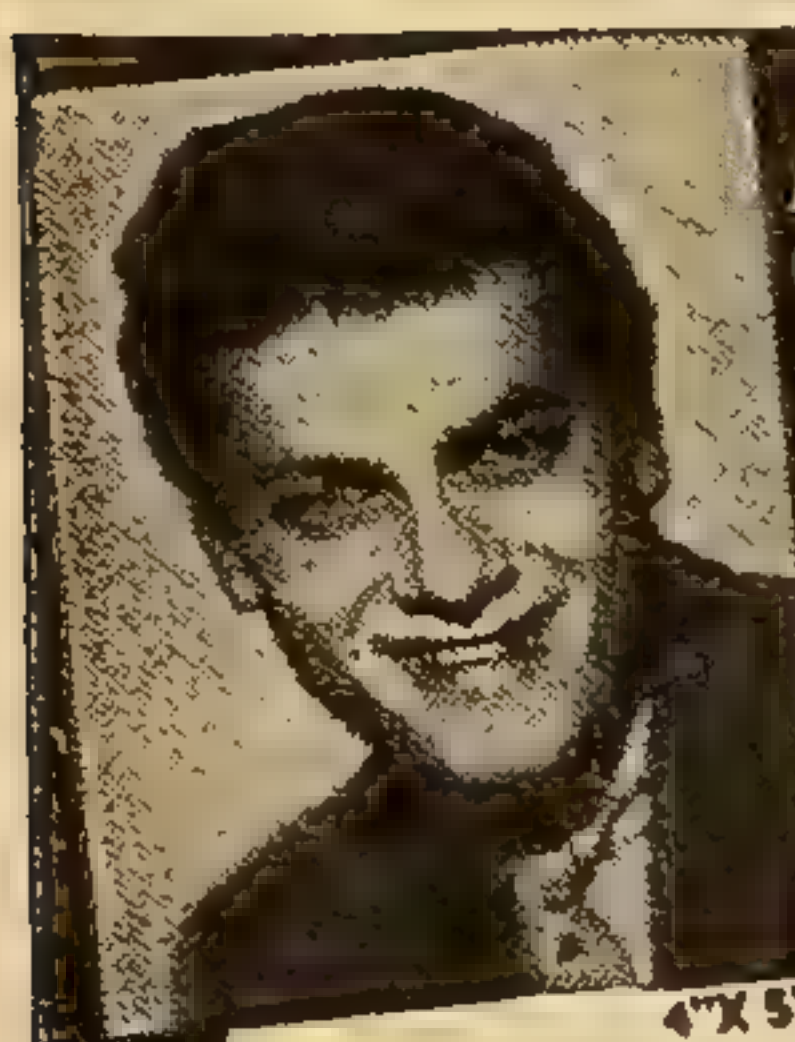


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in New York told him to look up a certain actor and his wife. Tony did and he liked them as he is inclined to like everyone. In fact, this is one of Tony's great vulnerabilities—he lays himself wide open to being hurt. He is so amazed and delighted with his career and his having, as he puts it, "good clothes, a car and someone to recognize me on the street," that he thinks everyone else should be delighted, too.

Well, the actor and his wife took advantage of Tony, although he didn't know it. They welcomed him to their home and wanted to see so much of him that the actor had to drive right out to Tony's lot to see him. Then the actor, having gained admittance to the lot, barged into producers' offices looking for a job. When asked how he happened to be inside the studio he said, "I'm here with a pass from my friend, Tony Curtis—you know, that wacky, brash kid you just signed."

When Tony realized what was happening he didn't say anything. He just kept away. But he had left some records at their place, and he went back to reclaim them. The couple had seemed nice. Perhaps he'd been mistaken. He asked to play his records, and then they let him have it. He was a boor, they told him in effect, he didn't know his way around. Didn't he know everybody in town was laughing at him? There was a fight—verbal, this time—and Tony, shocked at this betrayal, walked home, fighting back the tears.

What is Tony Curtis really like? That's a hard question to answer, because Tony is a complicated human being.

You might say that his love of shoes—he owns 20 pairs of all kinds—is an affectation. But it isn't. This is the actor fetish. Joan Crawford is mad for shoes. My daughter, Joan Evans, has 30 pairs, which is not unusual among actresses. Tony had trouble saying why he likes shoes. "Shoes knock me out. I don't know—they're so nice and crisp and neat." When I pressed him for a reason, he said, "If I said it was because I didn't have so many shoes when I was a kid that would be too easy, wouldn't it?" "Yes," I said, "that would be too easy." So I told him what I thought. Shoes symbolize going somewhere—walking, running, onwardness. And it is the actor's ambition to "go somewhere." An actor can't stand still. Tony loved this breakdown—which may or may not be right. He had never thought about it before, but his eager mind took up the idea delightedly.

The first movie star Tony met when he came to Hollywood was Ann Blyth. He was staggered by her. She talked to him! She was warm and friendly. And when he at last mustered the courage to ask her for a date, she accepted him. What luck for Bernie Schwartz! She was so nice and they talked a lot about acting. When a big role came along (*The Prince Who Was A Thief*), and the studio wanted to know if fairly inexperienced Tony Curtis could handle the title role, Ann made the camera test with him! She played the Piper Laurie part, helped him, encouraged him. He thinks Ann is wonderful.

But it was all quite different when he saw Janet Leigh. Although they met at a publicity party and although he knew she was a big star, Tony felt differently about her. She was, to him, just a lovely girl—a girl he wanted to know better. But she was going with another young man at the time and Tony is no poacher. He has been lost so many times himself that he would not—even if he could—cause loss to another human being. But when Janet and her beau drifted apart Tony was ringing her telephone asking for a date. Tony was in love, and if there was anybody in Hollywood who didn't know it that person was deaf and blind.

TID-BITS ON TONY

Tony Curtis prefers gray and blue suits . . . his dad, now a tailor, was once a well-known actor in Budapest . . . Jerry Lewis is his best pal . . . he's 5' 10½", weighs 158 . . . and resents studio publicity that says he is a six-footer . . . he calls his mother "Josephine" . . . her name is Helen . . . while in the Navy, he was injured loading a torpedo . . . he was paralyzed and hospitalized at Guam for seven weeks . . . they've called him "the baron of beefcake" . . . he thinks his barechested publicity helped him get there . . . he takes fencing, boxing and dancing lessons . . . when he works late, Janet often goes with him and sleeps in his dressing room . . . he was one of the first veterans to study acting on the G.I. Bill . . . he smokes less than a pack of cigarettes a day . . . before he got in the movies, his stage name was James Curtis . . . he's a miserable speller . . . can't tango . . . he owns 43 shirts . . . collects jazz records . . . he suggested his new name to the studio after reading Anthony Adverse . . . now they've cut it down to Tony . . . his great-grandfather was a circus strong man nearly 8 feet tall . . . he drives a second-hand Buick . . . his eyes are very very blue.

It was his marriage to Janet that was the first signpost on the road to finding himself. Their honeymoon was a test. They married, as you know, while Tony and Piper Laurie were making a personal appearance tour in the East. Immediately after the wedding Janet returned to California to start a movie and to find a place for them to live. Tony finished the tour, he thought, and joined Janet on the coast to prepare for *Hear No Evil* in which he plays a deaf and dumb prizefighter. The next day he was sent out on tour again and the day he returned his father had a heart attack.

Tony never left his father's bedside. He was out of his mind with worry. It helped that Janet was with him—but it didn't stop the anxiety. And it was not until his father was out of danger—completely out of danger—that he could step into his new role—Tony Curtis, husband. "But it seems to me," Janet said, "if we could survive those separations and this worry we can survive anything."

Tony is much more responsible now that he has a wife, now that his father will be unable to work for at least a year. When he didn't have money he always spent it. "When I had 20 bucks I'd blow 20 bucks," he said. "What's 20 bucks?" Now it's different. He doesn't throw money away.

But the most important thing that's happened to Tony is the release his acting has brought for his tempers, his enthusiasm, his energy. He doesn't fly off in all directions so much now for he knows that when there's something in him that's about to burst he can let it burst in front of the camera. And that's great for him.

But more than that, Tony has learned a kind of mental control. As he said, "When I first came out here everything was so new to me. There were all new things in resolution. But I have found a workable way to make things go. You get a concept or idea and you think, 'This is wild.' Now I can sit down and work 'em out. I've been able to transfer thought into a workable outlet. It's hard to explain, but I know what I mean and I've got it."

This, as far as I know, is what Tony Curtis is really like. **THE END**

she doesn't like her type!

(Continued from page 34) individual who doesn't make plans. She says, "You plan ahead and you expect too much. Too often the realization is a let down." Take, for example, what happened recently. Marty Melcher, her husband, was ready to go to work. She was bidding him goodbye when he asked, "Can you be packed in an hour?"

"Sure," Doris said. "Why?"

He explained that he thought it would be fun to go to San Francisco to see some dear friends off to Honolulu. The friends were a doctor and his wife whom the Melchers met in Palm Springs. They are from the Middle West and when Doris was plugging her records there she stayed at their home. Like almost all of Doris' friends, they are older people.

Doris packed in an hour. And as she and Marty left the house she called to Alma, "Mother, we're going." They hopped in the car and headed for San Francisco. "They were so surprised to see us," Doris recalls. "It was wonderful. We bought presents for everyone and it turned out so much better than if we'd planned it."

On the way to San Francisco something occurred which is a real tipoff to Doris' nature. Marty was discussing taxes and money. Doris hates to talk about money. "I don't like to know what I have in the bank," she says. "I never worry about money problems—just as long as there's enough for me to buy the few things I want. But I hate to talk about it."

Marty, a capable agent and business manager, just puts the income tax return in front of her and says, "Sign here."

But there was something he had to talk to her about now and, having her cooped up in a swiftly moving car, he figured she couldn't walk away from him as she so often does at home when the subject of money comes up.

So he talked. He talked for miles, and ended the talk with a question mark. Doris heard the rising inflection and knew some comment was expected of her. She, too, asked a question. "Do you think," she asked, "we should have green or yellow draperies in the den?"

She had not heard a word he'd said. For Doris can shut her ears to what she does not want to hear. Tell her she has an annoying business appointment. Tell her she must make a decision about something before she is ready to make it. She will tune you out. She will look at you with those big blue eyes, her head cocked to one side in a listening attitude, and you know you haven't made contact.

What is she thinking about when she has that preoccupied look? Doris knows herself better than she thinks she does. She realizes she is preoccupied. "I'm wondering what we'll have for dinner," she says. "Or, I'm remembering to ask the gardener what kind of flowers would look best growing in the back yard." She knows this is wrong. She often has to apologize, "I'm sorry, I didn't catch the last part of what you said," when she has not caught any of it. But she can't help it because, she says, "My mind is always buzzing."

WHAT else enters into Doris' complicated make up?

Her passion for cleanliness and neatness goes far back into her childhood and is a dominant motivation in her life. It seems connected with the way she displays a fit of temper—like a sudden storm that is gone as quickly as it came, leaving the sun to shine. It also accounts for her way of life.

When she was a little girl if she found one small spot on her dress she would

change it. Sometimes she would wear as many as three cotton dresses in one day. Even now her mother is baffled by this sort of behavior. Alma says, "You take too many showers. You'll wash all the oil out of your skin." Doris showers two or three times a day and shampoos her hair daily.

When she was a little girl in Cincinnati her mother often took her to visit a certain friend. On the dining room table in this woman's house there was a large china swan. But instead of flowers floating in the bowl, as was intended, there were rubber bands and used pencils, paper clips, stubs of theater tickets and bobby pins. Little Doris had to put her hands behind her back to keep her fingers from straightening the catch-all. She has never forgotten the swan.

Now her temper rises when she sees disorder. It bothers her when someone moves an ash tray to a place it doesn't belong. She has to bite her tongue to keep from scolding a guest who absent-mindedly rearranges the objects on a coffee table. "It gives me such satisfaction to see everything in order," she explains.

Marty says, "I'm always being inspected and I love it." Before he goes to his office Doris looks him over to see that his clothes are spotless. "They always are, of course," she declares with pride. "Marty is one of the neatest people I've ever known," and this seems very important to her.

HER cleanliness goes even further. Try to tell her an off-color joke or a piece of malicious gossip and she is really preoccupied. She will not hear, she simply refuses to listen. As a result, people seldom tell her. She neither drinks nor smokes and no hard liquor (only beer), is ever served at their house.

Doris' heart and mind must be in order, too. A uniquely unambitious girl, she wants no more than what she has. According to Doris, she has everything. A husband she loves and who loves her; a loving mother and a devoted aunt who live with them; a darling 10-year-old son, Terry; her beautiful home. And, most important of all to Doris, she has "peace of mind."

Her home is filled with antiques. This is a new passion which she developed after she came to California. Although it is not in her character to think of the past, she contradicts herself by this affinity for the old. "Things that are old just have more charm for me, that's all," she says. "They have more beauty. Old copper, old wood—they're different from new stuff. But I never think about the people who have used the things before I did. No, it isn't that. I can't explain."

But she can explain why she loses things. She loses earrings, for example, "because I hate 'em. I always pull them off my ears." And she loses gloves "because I don't wear 'em. I just carry them."

She can shut her ears to what she doesn't want to hear and she can lose what she hates or doesn't use.

Once, before she was married to Marty, a former Warner Brothers press agent set up an appointment for an interview at her house. Interviewer and publicity man arrived at the appointed hour. Doris wasn't home. No one was. Later, she was full of apologies. Naturally, the press agent was cross. "See here," he said, "I don't know what you earn but it's a good sized sum. Why don't you get a secretary to warn you when you have appointments? That way you won't be confused."

She looked at him wide-eyed. "But I'm not confused," she said. "It's other people who are."

He had to laugh. "Don't you dare get a secretary," he said. "Anybody who figures like that must stay like that."

Only a few times has Doris got off on the

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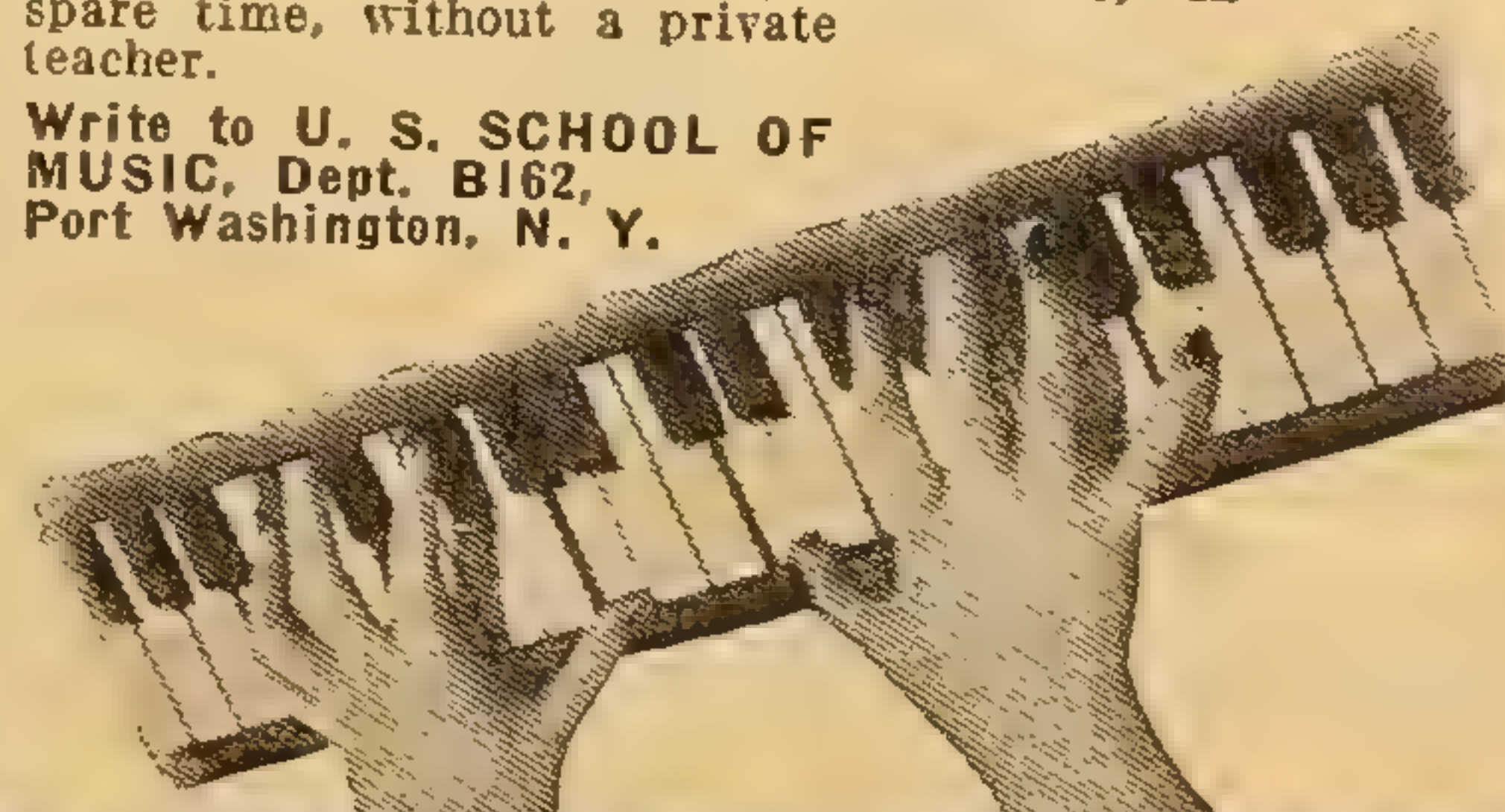
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wrong track in her relationships with people. In Doris' work she must, as can be imagined, meet a lot of strange birds. If you bring somebody to her with an apology—someone who perhaps can help her career but is on the horror side personally—she will say to you later, "Why, I thought he was rather sweet."

Once, however, she was really annoyed by someone who happened to be a fellow actor. He was pompous and pretentious. He tried to steal scenes from her, often didn't bother to learn his lines and definitely let it be known that he considered Doris an untalented little upstart.

It got under Doris' skin. "I don't like him at all," Doris said to a friend. But even as she said it she got the preoccupied look. This time it was her own words she wasn't listening to. But instead of thinking about plants for the back yard or draperies for the den she had something much more important on her mind. What she was thinking was: "There is nothing wrong with that person. It's just my thinking about him that's wrong." So, Doris said later, "I changed my thinking. I saw him as sweet and wonderful and that's the way he was. Now we are friends." For Doris believes that love is reflected in love.

She has never been disillusioned in people. She has never experienced what almost every Hollywood star has known—the so-called friend who loves you not for yourself but because you are a star. She has never, to her knowledge, been played for a sucker. She says, "You get out of life what you expect. If you expect people to do you dirt they will."

She always believes that if you can really communicate with another person you will never have misunderstandings.

Sam Goldwyn was scolding a newspaperman who told Sam that he doubted the veracity of a story his press department just released.

"The story isn't exactly the truth," admitted Goldwyn, "but we have the facts to prove it."

H. W. Kellick

Here is another facet of her personality. She goes to bed around ten-thirty at night so she can get up at eight in the morning. When she was traveling with bands she worked until all hours and had to sleep until one or two o'clock in the afternoon. She hated it. She felt she was wasting her life. Rather, she felt she was wasting her days and she likes days better than nights. She is a very resourceful girl and there is so much she wants to do.

She would like to have a dress shop. She loves clothes and she loves to shop, although she admits she doesn't have the imagination to be a designer. "I have to see the finished product before I know how it will look," she says. But she knows she has good taste and she believes women would be thrilled "to come into my shop and find such nice, pretty things."

Sometimes she toys with the idea of managing a hotel in a town like Carmel. When she was traveling she saw so many mismanaged hotels, and she thinks she could make a hotel comfortable, attractive and homelike for weary travellers.

She also loves houses, but she knows she could not be an interior decorator. Her son Terry knows this, too.

One night Doris came home from an upsetting day at the studio, and was tired. "I think I'll quit the movies," she said.

Terry said, "Oh no! What would you do?"

"Well," Doris said, "I could be an interior decorator."

"No, you couldn't," Terry said. "Your client might want modern and you'd just walk out of his house."

Knowing all this about Doris you might come to the conclusion that she isn't the type to be a movie star. Actually, becoming a star was never a big drive in her life even though she played "movie star" when she was a little girl and, later, sat enthralled when Betty Grable appeared at the Shubert Theater. Doris went trouping as a singer because she thought it would be exciting to travel all over the country, and she thought it would be good experience. Not experience for a career, but for living. "I never wanted to be somebody," she says. "I just wanted to be married and have a family."

She was not the type to come to California and work in a drive-in hoping to be "discovered." It was by accident and not by design that she got in pictures. And if it ever interfered with her happiness she would give it up "like that." When she hears stories about the real glamor stars of Hollywood she asks, "How can it be worth it if you have to live like that?" And she honestly forgets that her name is in lights at Radio City Music Hall and that she is the star of many movies, including her latest, Warner Brothers' *I'll See You In My Dreams*.

She doesn't understand the girls who drive and push for stardom. "It's like this," she says. "When you're looking around to fall in love you never do. Then when you least expect it love falls right into your lap. If you try too hard for anything—love, a husband, a career—you get too tense. You must take everything in its course. What should happen comes naturally."

A SECRETARY at Doris' studio says, "I've never given a present to a star in my life. I couldn't afford anything that the average movie star would ever look at. But I just bought Doris Day a present because I knew she would like it. It cost a dollar. I saw an ad for it in a magazine and thought of her."

The present was a mystery story that could only be solved by working the jigsaw puzzle that went with it. Doris loves mystery stories. She also loves jigsaw puzzles. Doris liked that present from the secretary as much as a diamond bracelet—even more. She has no place to go to wear a diamond bracelet. She read the mystery story and worked the jigsaw puzzle at home.

Doris thinks of herself as just an average, normal person. Relaxed as she is, though, she is impatient. Her penmanship is scribbly because she thinks faster than she can write. Her mother, recounting some daily happening, is prone to relate the story in minute detail. Doris says, "Come on now. Let's get to the point."

Doris has had many experiences which she would like to forget. But she has no regrets about the past since she acquired maturity. That's why she thinks she has friends like Charlotte Greenwood and her husband who are older than she. She gravitates towards mature people because, "I try so hard to be mature in my own thinking."

She is impressed by good people—sound, normal people, and draws away from pompous ones. She is *en rapport* with people of a religious turn of mind. She believes that drinking is a "stupid escape" and she has seen a lot of drinking. She has known people who went without food to buy a bottle of hootch. "For what?" Doris wants to know.

It is because neither she nor Marty drink that they find cocktail parties dull and so have acquired the reputation of being anti-social. Same way with night clubs. They go only if there's an act they want to see. They watch it, and leave.

And they resent the money they might spend in night clubs. For every spare dollar they have goes into the house and the back yard (which Doris calls a "back yard" and not a "patio"). They love their home so much that they always return from a vacation days ahead of schedule and their parties are always given at home. They are daytime parties, by the way, with the crowd gathering at noon to play volley ball and swim. (The pool is not a concession to stardom but because they like to swim.) Terry is in charge of the soft drink and beer bar and when the guests are hungry they toss hamburgers and frankfurters on the barbecue pit. Doris loves to eat.

She is as naive as a child, but, although she doesn't realize it, there is much that is profound in her. For example, she once said, "It's not what you have, it's what you can do with what you have." It was a throwaway line, but when she was taxed with the reason she had come up with this truth she explained about the

trailer. When she came to California she lived in a trailer. There was no hot water except what was heated over a stove that burned Butane. This so blackened the pots and pans that when Doris had finished with the dishes she was covered with grease. This was the girl who loves to be clean. She had to market every day because the trailer was so small there was no place to store supplies. This was the girl with the will for order. Yet she was happy. After she became a star and had a lovely, spacious home Doris, who seldom looks back, looked back to her life in the trailer with no regrets. "When you can be happy living like that," she said, "you can be happy anywhere."

Doris Day, looking at herself in the mirror, had observed that she didn't like her type today. But whether she liked it or not, it was Doris—for better or worse. And the interesting thing is, she has always been like this, and probably always will be. Not so many girls can be that lucky!

THE END

why shelley didn't marry farley

(Continued from page 47) as a fickle girl:

"I don't go out with a different fellow every night the way people would have you think. I went out with Vincent Edwards a couple of times before I left for Europe. But he and I used to go to the same school in Brooklyn—we have a lot of background stuff we share. Then, too, he looks like Burt Lancaster—he's on TV now and we talk about a medium that is new and interesting to me."

"You move fast," I told her. "You get off the plane babbling about Vittorio Gassmann, Vince Edwards meets you at the foot of the ramp. Farley Granger phones you that evening from New York. Gassmann is swinging on the telephone from Rome. And a couple of nights later you're dancing cheek to cheek with Dan Dailey at Ciro's."

"Oh that," Shelley said. "You know I doubt if Dan will ever take me out again. Dan and I were having a jolly time when Vince came up to our table. He was feeling no pain and I felt it might get to be uncomfortable so I asked him to dance. Then Dan asked him if he didn't want to join the party—but he didn't. And that was that."

Remember it was Shelley who once said: "Other girls collect bracelet charms, autographs, records. I collect beaus." Also don't forget it was Shelley who was voted by her class at Thomas Jefferson High in New York as "The girl most likely to get into trouble." Well if they meant man trouble, Shelley dotes on it.

Now, at 28 she has found the continental man. She has learned there is a type of lovemaking more romantic than the good old American give and take. She knows now that a European can hand you a rose and say a poetic something that makes your blood tingle, where an American sends you a box of roses with the card written hastily by the florist's clerk. It's a brand new field in a territory where Shelley was pretty much at home.

"So what's this Italian, Vittorio Gassmann, got that our men haven't? I persisted."

Shelley simply said, "You couldn't print it" and, with her, it was an understatement.

"How did you meet him? After all you were with Farley in Rome and—"

"I wasn't with Farley then. You see I had ordered some beautiful clothes in Rome and after we'd been to Israel I had to go back for the final fittings. So Farley went on to Paris from Israel and I flew

back to Rome to get my dresses. Frank Lattimore was in Rome and he'd been awfully nice to us on our first visit. He took me to the ballet and Vittorio was there. He had seen me in *A Place In The Sun* because he knew someone who was working on the dubbing of the picture and they let him see it. So he knew who I was and he knew my work. When I saw him I wanted to know who he was, because he was one of the handsomest men I've ever seen—it was a very natural thing that I'd ask about him. Lattimore told me, 'he's the Marlon Brando of Italy.' Someone else referred to him as the 'Laurence Olivier of Italy'—so I guess he's the tops. They also told me he had the reputation of being a very remote man—devoted to his art and an attractive and brilliant actor. I was flattered when he paid me such attention right from the start."

I said, "But I hear he is married."

"Oh, no. He has been married but he's been separated from his wife for five years." And when I asked Shelley if he intended to get a divorce she said, "I don't know. After all, we only knew each other for one week. He introduced me to his mother and sister. He comes from a wonderful family. We weren't happy about having to be separated so soon. Vittorio wanted me to go to Paris with him but I explained that I had a picture waiting and had to come back; that my European holiday was over. But since I am home he has asked me to write to his mother."

I was surprised that Shelley tore herself away at that particular moment and I told her so. She topped my frankness with her statement:

"So am I. I ought to have my head examined. I was suspended by the studio—that's something about me that wasn't made public. I probably make less than Francis the mule. I've made six pictures for them this year—including this one I'm starting now—and they've made about \$150,000 on me in loanouts."

"Well," I told her, "you always run the pictures you make and you certainly run your men. I suppose you know that European men run their women?"

"I gathered that," Shelley's voice sounded strangely meek, "and I'm prepared to be run. Vittorio wanted to go to Paris with me so we could talk the situation over with Farley. He thought Farley was my fiance and that I'd have trouble explaining things, and he was very anxious to get everything straightened out. But I



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didn't think it was such a good idea. Now that I'm home he telephones me and I get three or four letters a week."

I remarked they must be pretty hot love letters but Shelley said, "No, we talk about acting and art. We have the big things in our lives in common."

If present plans work out Shelley tells me that Vittorio will come to Hollywood to spend Christmas and New Year's with her. He is working on a picture also and everything depends on its finish date. If he cannot make the trip here, Shelley says she will try to go back to Italy after she has made *Untamed*.

At the time of this discussion Shelley had not yet told Farley all the details of her big romance. "But I think he's got an idea about it," she said. "He asked me what kept me in Rome so long and I explained that the dresses I'd ordered weren't ready."

"You'll have to face this sooner or later," I told her. "Do you think Farley will be angry?"

Shelley reflected a moment and finally said, "No. I feel that he will be happy if he thinks I am. He thinks I ought to take it easy. He thinks I ought to get to know this fellow better."

Then I put it to her straight, "You really feel you'd like to have a foreigner running your life?" I asked. "Yes," she said, "I really think I would and I certainly hope he does."

This is, in a way, the culmination of a six weeks holiday trip which was planned by Shelley and Farley in the days when Farl was head man in her life. Shelley had never been to Europe and Farley had. "He was in love with Paris the way a guy is in love with a girl," Shelley said. But she had a picture to make—*Phone Call From a Stranger*—and she fussed and fumed over it because she was afraid shooting would not be finished in time for her to catch the plane. Shelley is dynamite when an idea hits her, and this was an obsession. Right then her big idea was to get the part finished on the dot. Jean Negulesco, who was directing her, intimated that sometimes haste makes waste and when his warning rolled off Shelley's back like water off a duck, the climate on the set became uncomfortable. Negulesco, a Rumanian, has a touch of temperament to match the Viennese, Polish and Russian blend that boils in the girl who was born Shirley Schrift in St. Louis, Missouri. There were times when the director intimated that if he never saw her again it would be too soon. But people get over their tantrums with Shelley, especially when they want her to play one of those inimitable tramps. Shelley can play a floozy like nobody else. She has a theory about that: "Never forget that a floozy in love isn't just a floozy—she's something else again. It takes more than a cheap showy dress, a feather boa and the wrong kind of shoes to play a tarty part. It has to be in the heart . . . in the mind . . . love and sorrow can hit the roundheel hard, they're the elemental things, the rest is just the shell."

By the time Shelley hit Paris she'd forgotten the rough moments on the sound stage. Paris was a ball. She and Farley went to the night clubs every evening and daytimes she'd see the sights and buy clothes. They had a little Hillman-Minx and they'd drive down the boulevards top speed with much horn tooting. And after the night club sessions Farley would pile all the six-foot tall chorus girls from the Lido into his little car and he and Shelley would take off for *Les Halles* for onion soup and champagne. "I told Farl his idea of the Marshall Plan was feeding chorus 94 beauts at dawn," Shelley said.

"I had a miserable cold most of the time," she added, "but you can't crawl off to bed the first time you hit Paris, so I carried on. They have regular little revues in the night clubs and their approach to entertainment is very fresh and diverting. At St. Germain de Pres they had Tommy Dorsey and his band and we put on a big party one night. First thing I knew I was singing 'A Good Man is Hard to Find'—it was that kind of a time."

Shelley, who got to the top in pictures the hard way and knows the value of a dollar, rebelled at some of the Paris prices:

"When Dior asked me \$1,400 for an evening gown I said it just wasn't worth it and walked out. We work hard for our money over here and you think twice before you spend that much on a single dress. But at Jacques Heim I found some lovely things for a whole lot less."

In London Farley and Shelley were welcomed with open arms. All the young players in the theater and screen world entertained them. Shelley loved the British way—"they go to work at noon, they dine at eight or nine or even later—they love to give parties and there is plenty of time to dress. I've never seen such parties as the English can give. They turn on the lights and make the fountains play for you. We had wonderful times. The night of the Ivor Novello memorial was the top—the most wonderful thing I've ever seen."

"That night I wore my most beautiful dress—green satin veiled in black lace. I spent a lot of time on myself because I knew all the beauties in London would be there so I wanted to look my best. Farley couldn't believe his eyes when he

Elizabeth Taylor was coming out of the studio when she was accosted by a very tiny fan who asked for her autograph and added: "Do you mind printing your name? I can't read writing yet."

*Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter*

saw me. I really looked pretty good—you'd hardly recognize me. I told Farl that I never had time in Hollywood to go into this dressing thing in such a big way. We're always in such a hurry. You work until six and jump into a tub and then into your gown. It takes time for a real production. I wish we could slow our tempo a little . . . leisure is very satisfying."

SHELLEY has something more valuable than mere beauty but her early experiences in Hollywood gave her a fixation on the subject. She couldn't get a job anywhere. Casting directors would say, "But you're not good-looking enough for the part." Or producers would tell her, "You're not pretty enough for leads and you're too good looking for character roles." So she fell between two types. At Metro they made her up to look like Lucille Ball and when she objected they said, "Well, you don't want to look like yourself, do you?" At Columbia they tried to make her look like Rita Hayworth. At 20th, Betty Grable was the model. Then they gave her up and told her she just couldn't make the grade. She went back to New York in disgust and got a job playing the role of Ado Annie in *Oklahoma*, which Celeste Holm had been doing. She stopped trying to look and act like other people and played straight Shelley Winters. Suddenly everyone discovered she had talent. She went after the job of the waitress in the Colman film herself and failed on the first test. George Cukor got to thinking it over and gave her a second test. When they tried to find her she was playing a walk-on at Metro for \$100 to earn enough money to get back to

New York. She knows now that she's got what it takes, but she still worries about not being a conventional beauty.

Then the girl who had her first Hollywood apartment upholstered in a leopard skin pattern, who bought the wrong hats and who ironically described herself as "Shelley Winters of stage, screen, radio and Schwab's Drug Store," landed in Rome, Italy, on a moonlit night.

She'll never be the same again.

"Paris was wonderful and London was out of this world, but Italy was heaven!" she says. "I was a big wheel in Rome. The people in the streets called out 'bella, bella, blonde' when I went by. And how those Italian men treat women! I'll never wonder about Ingrid Bergman any more. American men flatter you and you're pleased. But these men do something for you—they build you up in your own estimation. They called me *feminine*. Imagine, *me*—why in Hollywood everyone thinks I am an able-bodied girl who can shift for herself. They're all that way—the whole Italian nation. Right off Vittorio da Sicca said he had a film for me and we arranged for him to send the script to Greg Bautzer, my attorney, for approval. That's why I may go right back there."

I said, "Of course Vittorio Gassmann would have nothing to do with it."

Shelley has a flood of superlatives when she talks about her latest acquisition whom you may have seen in *Bitter Rice*. She says, "He's the handsomest and the most aristocratic man I've ever known. The most brilliant actor. And he has more charm than anyone else in the world. He has a fine mind and a marvelous sense of humor. We clicked from the very first moment. And the way he puts things! I was really feeling low when we parted at the plane—I didn't want to leave any more than he wanted me to. But I tried to smile bravely as I waved good bye to show that I was a good sport—chin up—and all that sort of thing. So my first cable Vittorio sent me on arrival read, 'I found your last sad smile very encouraging.' Now what American man would word it like that, I ask you."

"When he'd come to take me driving the back of the car would be full of yellow roses. He had this gorgeous brand-new Daimler and one day we drove out into the country. Something went wrong suddenly—the thing simply would not budge. But he didn't show the slightest annoyance or irritability. He fussed with it a little, then lifted his eyebrows, smiled and said, 'You know, Italians aren't a bit mechanically minded, I think we'd better find someone to drive us back to the city.'"

When she talks about her Vittorio, Shelley is a different girl. You'd never think she was the forceful actress who tried to direct *Behave Yourself* and was in the dog-house with everyone concerned because of it. Or the dogged character who crossed a continent to ask for a part she knew she could do superbly. She's not the tom-boy who loves to tell about the seven hours it took her and Farley to drive from Stratford-on-Avon to London because they kept getting lost and when they'd ask directions from the natives couldn't understand a word anyone was saying. Or the back seat driver to whom Farley would turn over the wheel when he couldn't stand her continuous advice.

This is quite another girl—this girl who fell in love in Italy on a moonlit night. She's meek and adoring and if her romance survives the acid test of time and distance, she may suffer a complete transformation in character and temperament. So far, being in love has not cut down the speed of her appetite for life and people. But from where I sit, this looks like love.

THE END

hollywood's most tragic people

(Continued from page 30) question I'd have to be a psychiatrist. But I've known her since she was a plump happy kid starring in the beloved *Wizard Of Oz*. Without being an expert, I would diagnose Judy's trouble as this:

She is an overstimulated girl. Unlike other hard working actresses of Hollywood she could not shake off the excitement of her work and relax when she left the studio. Judy was always "on".

When she was still a little girl she sought and attracted friends who were too sophisticated and worldly for her. They lived on excitement and jazz sessions and late hours.

Even worse for her, she went through a near tragic love affair with a married man at the unbelievably young age of 15. At a time when the average girl is just beginning to date and hold hands and "neck" a little, Judy was carrying a torch a mile high for a man who couldn't marry her.

In both her marriages Judy was wed to men as highly sensitive and emotional as she. Dave Rose, musician and composer of the lovely *Holiday For Strings* among other fine melodies, is a charming man, but when he was married to Judy his career was not as firmly established as it is now. He was as young and ambitious and as self-centered as Judy.

Her second husband, Vincente Minnelli, was more mature and understanding—in fact, he was almost a nurse to her in the last two years of their marriage. No one could have been more patient than Vince.

When their daughter, Liza, was born everyone hoped that Judy's emotional upheavals might be over. And they might have been if she had not started to take on weight as do many women following the birth of a child.

To meet the rigid demands of the camera for streamlined figures, Judy dieted and dieted and became so nervous she could neither sleep nor eat.

The eventual crack-up of her nerves and her marriage were inevitable. And, perhaps, that frightful headline, JUDY GARLAND ATTEMPTS SUICIDE AS MOVIE CONTRACT ENDS was inevitable also.

It looked like the skids. Everybody said it was a tragedy. Judy, at 27, was through. She couldn't get a job in Hollywood or Broadway so she went to Europe where they do not so quickly discard favorites.

INTO her life at this time came Sid Luft, ex-husband of Lynn Bari, handsome, well-groomed, witty and a born playboy. Luft was good for Judy in that he is gusty and masculine and lends a strong masculine shoulder for her to cry on.

But, in many ways he is just as wrong for her as the other men in her life had been. He's too much of a stay-up-late boy, a "Let's go somewhere and do something" lad to be the perfect companion for a girl like Judy even after she hit the comeback trail.

Judy did not finish her performance at the Palace until nearly midnight but it was a nightly event for the cafe set to spot Judy and Luft arriving at El Morocco or the Stork at three or four in the morning as most of the owls were heading home.

"I'm not saying this is all due to Sid's influence. I know Judy well enough to believe that she could well be the one to say, "Let's go, go, go—" because she still can't sleep at night and her nerves are raw.

Yes, in spite of her stage comeback—well-loved little Judy is still a long way

from being out of the woods—a tragic, lonely little figure who apparently cannot yet help herself nor be helped.

Robert Walker never thought that Hollywood was responsible for his unhappiness or for any of the troubles that beset him—even to his collapse and the five months recuperation in Menninger's Clinic which followed.

Bob would insist that he would have been a mixed up and neurotic person no matter what career he had followed or whom he had married. I can't go along with that. To me, the sensitive, repressed, emotionally taut Walker is one of the real heartbreak stories of Hollywood.

He might have weathered everything—perhaps to the point of being a completely happy person—and still have been able to stand up under the gaff, had he been thrown into a less turbulent world; and if the only woman he ever really loved had been a less beautiful, complicated and ambitious person than Jennifer Jones.

Bob used to say to his intimates, "It's wrong to blame Phyllis (he always referred to Jennifer by her real name). I gave her many bad times long before we ever came to Hollywood when we were still struggling on Broadway with two little boys to support."

This tendency to blame himself for everything, to make himself suffer in the eyes of others as he suffered in his own, was the most dangerous neurosis by which young Walker was plagued.

He was constantly belittling his work even to telling director Leo McCarey that he could not do justice to the "big scene" in *My Son John* and that the speech should be given to Helen Hayes, his co-star.

McCarey scoffed at what he believed was Bob's false modesty. Walker was reading the speech, "boning up" on it as he called it, night and day, without sleep, his nerves at the breaking point when the torrent finally burst.

He literally "went crazy" hitting walls with his bare fists, breaking everything he could put his hands on before his doctors administered the sedative which had always calmed him in the past but which this time proved fatal. Poor Bob had demonstrated his last inner revolt against a career he was neither emotionally nor physically geared to handle.

FRANCHOT Tone is a tragedy of Hollywood because he has permitted the worst influences of the shabbiest fringes of this industry to change his personality. He came here a gentleman, a cultured intellectual man, a graduate of Cornell with a fine family background.

For years he stood for all that is circumspect and proper. Even when Franchot and Joan Crawford ended their marriage it was done with as much dignity as is ever achieved in a divorce.

When his marriage to blonde Jean Wallace began to go on the rocks it was Franchot who rated most of the sympathy and who seemed to be the "solid" foundation for their two little boys.

And then Barbara Payton entered the picture—a woman who seemed to exert an almost hypnotic influence over him and with whom he fell madly in love—and madly is the word.

I know that Franchot tried to break with Barbara several times before that unsavory brawl with Tom Neal which landed him in the hospital and all three of them in disgusting headlines. I know he tried to keep away from her because—before he left New York for the Coast two days before that fateful brawl, he called my office asking that we print a story that



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he had no intention of seeing Barbara while he was here fighting for the custody of his boys.

Did he keep that promise? He did not. Barbara called him at his hotel a few hours after he arrived in town and he was completely under her spell again—and on his way to a beating that seems to have permanently changed the refined appearance of the Franchot we used to know.

His merry-go-round marriage to Barbara and his subsequent brawl with a newspaper woman (she claimed he spat in her face) are events at the other end of the rope from the things Franchot Tone has always stood for in this industry.

Florabel Muir, the writer who made the charges that Franchot spit on her and kicked her, claimed that his speech was rambling and incoherent and there was a dazed look in his eyes. He was given a narcotics test, and after a medical examination it was proved that Franchot was not under the influence of drugs as had been claimed. But, years and years ago, back in the early days of the films there was no doubt that dope had ended the career of one of the greatest stars the screen has ever known—the handsome and irrepresible Wallace Reid.

Even though Wally has been dead for nearly 30 years, the memory of him has not died. If ever there was a young Greek god in modern clothes it was this wonderful-looking man who was the idol of a nation in his clean sports-inspired films.

Yet at 32, Wally Reid was dead, victim of a habit he fell prey to because of overwork. Stars today feel they are imposed on if they make three films a year.

Wally made eight movies a year—that is how great his popularity was. But it took an enormous toll on his strength and nervous energy. He started taking drugs at first to "pep him up" so he could fulfill the demands his popularity made on him. As always happens—he became the slave, not the master, of the narcotics that he felt were so necessary.

Because he was known and loved as an athlete, Wally took dope through the soles of his feet and through his gums so as not to mar his muscular arms. Toward the last years of his life when he was hopelessly addicted, his teeth fell out from too many thrusts of the narcotics needle, and this young man had a face as sunken as an old man of 80 unless he was wearing his false teeth.

Dorothy Reid, his gallant wife who stood by him through thick and thin, did everything in her power to combat the drug evil which had claimed him and put some of Wally's insurance money in an anti-dope film. But to this day, Wally Reid remains in memory as one of the most tragic figures ever to fall from the heights in Hollywood.

Four beautiful women—"too beautiful" women, have been great tragedies in Hollywood. I mean, Carole Landis, Jean Harlow, Barbara Lamarr and Lupe Velez.

I believe that all of them sought more from fame than fame was ever to give them. Strangely enough, all these great beauties sought security and foundations in their careers—the two things which were to be denied all of them. Nor were they ever to know the comfort of sincere love.

Jean Harlow, the glorious platinum blonde, has never been equalled for the sexy brand of glamor she had on the screen.

Yet her personal life was a series of tragedies and frustrations including a teenage divorce, the suicide of her second husband, Paul Bern, a short-lived marriage to cameraman Hal Rosson, and then a love affair which nearly broke her heart.

Jean was loved by many men but she loved only William Powell. She died suddenly of a kidney infection at the young

age of 26 soon after she and Bill had broken up following a quarrel. I do not believe Bill has ever gotten over the heartache of the beautiful girl who loved him too deeply. Bill didn't want to marry anyone and Jean wanted to marry him more than anything in the world.

Lupe Velez, the fiery, laughing little Mexican girl, is another who never found happiness in Hollywood in spite of the great happiness fans found in Lupe. Lupe was constantly in love, her greatest love being Gary Cooper.

But the most tragic of all was her last love, the man she killed herself over when she found she was going to bear his child and he would not marry her. Under an empty bottle of sleeping pills which she had taken to end her life, Lupe left the pitiful note:

"May God forgive you and forgive me, too. But I prefer to take my life away and our baby's, too, before I bring him shame or kill him. How could you fake such great love for me and our baby when all the time you didn't want us? I see no other way out. Lupe."

BARBARA Lamarr was a victim of her own beauty. Alone in the world and thrust out into the world far too young in life, Barbara was only 17 when she was brought up before a Los Angeles Judge because of the company and the late hours she, a minor, was keeping. The lovely young face in front of him touched the magistrate. He spoke kindly, but prophetically, when he said:

"My dear, you are too beautiful for your own good!"

A group of Hollywood people were discussing the problem of reviews, and of what to tell the producer of the movie when it obviously isn't a hit. An eye-witness then reported how Greta Garbo had avoided expressing like or dislike for a Goldwyn picture she'd seen at a preview attended also by the producer. When the lights went up, she approached Goldwyn who was eager to hear her words of approval, while she was determined to be non committal. "Sam," were her words, which satisfied them both, "there is only one Goldwyn."

*Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post*

Barbara, with her hair as black as a raven's-wing, her jewel-like green eyes and satin white skin, went on to be the glamor girl of her day in Ramon Novarro pictures and under the directorial guidance of Rex Ingram. But, as the Judge had predicted, her beauty was too much for her. There were too many men in her life, too much excitement and too little reality.

The gorgeous Lamarr was her own worst enemy and like these other great beauties I have mentioned, she died young. She made the fatal mistake of settling for the tinsel of fame and fortune and of burning the candle at both ends. But so great was Barbara's loveliness that I can only quote Edna St. Vincent Millay's lines about the lady who burned a candle at both ends, "It gave a lovely light"—while it lasted for this really beautiful woman.

Carole Landis, the beautiful blonde with the magnificent figure who took her life a bare five years ago, is another tragic figure of a wrecked career.

Hers is a "different" story from most of the beauties. Carole sought Hollywood not for its glitter and excitement. She sought stability and an anchor in Hollywood.

Early in life she was out on her own. She traveled around taking jobs here and

there that would pay her a bare living and for the trimmings, well, there was always money—spending escorts for beautiful girls and the world she lived in was giddy and careless.

But Carole was different from other butterflies. She was intelligent and she wanted more from life than a good time and nonsense. While she was still living in San Francisco she was an avid reader of fan magazines and the stories that attracted her most were those about the home life of movie stars and their "normal" life.

So Carole came to Hollywood—and she was among the few in the thousands of girls who wanted to achieve stardom. She became a star, and Hollywood gave her everything but what she sought, security. Sometimes she thought she had found it, particularly after she married wealthy Horace Schmidlapp and had her own beautiful home in Bel Air.

But it wasn't to work out that way. Fate willed it that her career, which had been so bright for a few years, began to hit the skids just about the time her marriage went on the rocks.

Her money was going fast, few jobs were in sight and an unhappy romantic interlude with Rex Harrison proved to hold too much bitterness for the girl who had expected so much—too much—of fame. On July 4th, 1946, Carole Landis was found dead in the bathroom of her home, a pitiful martyr to the happiness she had sought in vain in "home loving" movie-land.

The stories of the other three stars who round out my greatest tragedies of Hollywood are too well known (except to the youngest of fans, perhaps) to need much detailing. I refer to gamin, lovable little Mable Normand, to Rudy Valentino and to John Gilbert.

Mabel and Rudy are now fables of our town and are part of screen history. Recently you fans discovered a new young idol when Tony Dexter brought the *Valentino Story* to the screen. Through Tony's portrayal you learned much, not all (they changed many events in the script) of Valentino's flaming short career. This flashing young Italian with the smouldering eyes was loved and adored by women except, as he once told me, "the women I love, don't love me."

SOON Paramount is bringing the story of Mabel Normand to the screen and we will relive again the sunny first part of Mabel's story when she was a madcap star of Mack Sennett comedies. And if the scriptwriters are honest, they will bring us through the black, black days of the end of her career following the time she figured in the sensational William Desmond Taylor murder investigation and on to her death, a drug addict.

As for John Gilbert—I believe his story, too, will some day be put on the screen. He was never surpassed as a star of violently passionate and romantic stories, and his ill-fated love affair with Greta Garbo has gone down in the books as one of the most glowing of Hollywood history.

It was not a woman, however, that really broke Jack's heart. It was a mechanical contrivance called a microphone, "the talking screen" that broke the spirit of this dashing actor. He never recovered from cruelly frank reviews that the great lover of the silent screen had a "thin, high pitched, effeminate speaking voice" over the new sound tracts.

Well, there they are—my most tragic figures of Hollywood. Let us think of them kindly—those that have gone on. Let us think of those who still have a chance to come out of it, hopefully. For, one and all, they have given us wonderful moments of glamor and excitement in their screen portrayals.

THE END

the startling loves of liz taylor

(Continued from page 29) on her carelessness in declaring such a huge sum when it wasn't necessary.

"That was silly, wasn't it?" Liz agreed. "Would it have cost much?"

It would have cost a small fortune, but the man didn't tell her. He just muttered quietly to himself about women who had no regard for money. It was a far cry from the little girl of two years ago who had been thrifty with her small allowance.

The point of all this is that Elizabeth Taylor has probably made the most astonishing progress in growing up in the history of Hollywood. She is, at 19, a complete sophisticate, a divorcee, and well on her way to becoming the femme fatale people expected she would be by the time she reached 30.

When Elizabeth Taylor arrived in New York City and decided to stay awhile before heading for Hollywood, a romantic charade that would have done credit to Lola Montez began. And the little girl who thought she was getting too involved with men because she had been engaged twice was the center of it all.

At first there was Nicky Hilton. Liz took a flying trip to Texas to see Nicky. According to published statements, she went to talk over property settlements—something that any good lawyer will tell you was settled finally before she went into court. Then Nick came to New York. Nothing romantic, the newspapers said, just a visit to talk over a few details in the property settlement. Then, together, Liz and Nicky drove up to Richfield, Connecticut and spent the week-end with relatives—again to talk over property settlement. People who saw them on that latter trip say it was the cosiest legal huddle ever beheld.

When Nicky left for Texas again, Liz was terribly lonely—for about five minutes. Then the phone rang and it was Montgomery Clift. He came right over and was her constant companion until she checked out of the Savoy Plaza to fly to Hollywood. But Liz didn't go to Hollywood. She just went down the street and checked into the St. Regis Hotel. Michael Wilding checked into the same hotel from London the same day. Intersperse in this set-up the person of a handsome young band singer named Merv Griffin and you have quite a passel of romance.

This writer happened to be in New York at the time and was fascinated with the newspaper accounts of the affair. He called Liz and recorded certain statements and observations which he sets down here.

The first observation is that Elizabeth Taylor is entirely finished with being a child. There is nothing in her voice or manner that remotely suggests adolescence. Her high-pitched tremor that was something of a trademark is gone. Her voice is low and her speech precise. There is no uncertainty in her opinions, as there was two years ago. Despite the fact that she is quite a lady with the lads, there is no cockiness in her conversation about men—and there would be if she were still a kid.

"I would like," I said, "to talk to you about romance."

"Oh, please no," said Liz.

"But it's what everyone wants to read about," I said.

"I don't believe it," said Liz. "Most of the things that are printed about me and men are untrue and so unreal. And besides, people are getting tired of hearing about it."

"They're not," I told her. "You're a beautiful woman and you have so many

men crazy about you that the public wants to know every move you make romantically."

"But why?" asked Elizabeth. "I'm only 19. I've been engaged once (Liz doesn't consider her time with Glenn Davis an engagement) and I've been married and divorced—something I'm not at all proud of—WHY are they so particularly interested in me?"

"Maybe it's because of the kind of men," I said. "Take Montgomery Clift for instance."

"Monty and I are just dear friends," Liz said. "We're crazy about each other—but it's just a friendly crazy."

There wasn't enough conviction in her voice to sell me.

"How about Michael Wilding?" I asked.

"Michael and I are just good friends, too," Liz said. "We've known each other for years."

"And some people tell me," I said, "that you might remarry Nicky."

"That you can be sure won't happen," Liz said determinedly. "That is all in the past. We will never marry again."

One, two, three. Down went the men in Liz's life at the moment. All just good friends—and one, an ex-husband, who was not going to get back into her heart.

I couldn't help but think back to that interview two years before.

"What I want more than anything in the world," Liz had said that day, "is to meet some nice man when I grow up and marry him and raise a family."

"I'm afraid," I had answered, "your life is not destined to be that simple. You are going to have many great and important men in love with you—and your only problem will be whether or not you will be able to handle them and yourself."

It was pretty paternal, and she took it that way.

"I hope you're not right," she had said. "And I don't think you are. Why right now I don't know a single boy I like well enough to date regularly."

The very next day she met Nicky Hilton—and married him three months later.

I observed during my talk with Elizabeth Taylor in New York that she had progressed career-wise, too. We spoke of the fact that her contract with MGM would be up in a year and she could be a free agent if she chose.

"Of course," Elizabeth said, "the decision as to whether I sign or not is not entirely up to me. But I want to do a lot of things that a contract actress is not able to do. I want to appear in a play on Broadway. I want to make pictures in Hollywood, but I also want to make them in Europe. I want to advance as an actress and do everything an actress can do."

"You're already handling your own affairs, aren't you?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "Almost all of them."

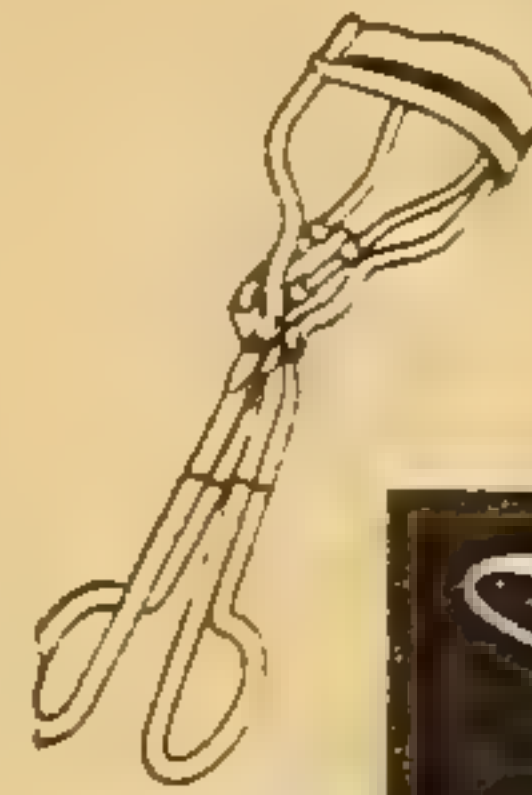
"And I heard you were going to buy a home of your own on the coast," I said.

"I might sometime," Liz said. "But for the present I'll keep my apartment. I have a lease," she said as an afterthought.

ALL in all, Elizabeth Taylor's life and outlook have changed. She is still earnest in her ideals and anxious to improve herself continually. It seemed to me that she still has no desire to be a modern day vamp, but she is, without question, involved in a romantic triangle that might enmesh her and spoil everything.

If an outsider were to select a mate for her from among the three major men in her life, he would, if he chose wisely, pick Montgomery Clift. To see them

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together is to see a beautiful couple.

The romance between Monty and Liz began during the making of *A Place In The Sun*. Although Liz was being courted by Nicky Hilton at the time, those close to her knew that she was quite taken with the quiet, scholarly Monty. And the workers on the set thought, although they didn't voice their opinions, that the love scenes between Liz and Monty were torrid mainly because they both enjoyed them so much. This is not intended to imply that Liz was fickle when she was going with Nick. Kissing on the screen is kissing, after all, and if it can be enjoyed by the screen lovers involved it lends reality to the picture.

Monty liked Liz, but he was too busy working to pay any real attention to her while the movie was being made. When the cast was waiting around to learn what added scenes would be needed, though, he spent a good deal of loafing time in her company. Maybe then he would have liked dating her with romantic intentions, but by that time Liz's wedding to Nicky was almost at hand.

There is something more than just casual dating between them now, because they make concessions to one another that they will not make for anyone else. Monty prefers to spend quiet evenings in the company of old cronies and if a cafe is visited, it is certain to be one of the small, out-of-the-way spots that stud New York's East Side. Monty hates the pretentious places. Liz hates the "dives" but when she dates Monty she goes to these places with him and becomes a regular member of his gang.

On the other hand, in the period of a month, Monty took Liz to such chi-chi spots as The Maisonnnette Room of the St. Regis Hotel and to other fashionable night spots where a beauty belongs. On these occasions he conducted himself like a real man of the world and mixed with Liz's friends grandly.

If they were not very fond of one another, neither would step out of his niche for the other. Add that to the fact that there is a good deal of affection

showing when they are together in public—and Monty is a retiring man—and you have a fair case of young love.

Michael Wilding has been called "old enough to be Liz's father," but Cupid doesn't seem to care about that. No matter how much it is denied by either one of them, it is true that a love-type association exists between Michael and Liz. How deep the affection is, no one but Michael knows. As for Liz, she is fascinated by the elegant Englishman. His influence over her is almost along the Svengali order. When he snaps his fingers, Liz, they say, answers and runs to his side.

When Michael Wilding came to New York, Liz dropped Monty like a hot potato for the moment and, using the excuse that she was going back to the Coast, moved to the St. Regis. Although she denies that the interest involves romance, it is all too obvious when she is with him in public that this is not so. She glows. And they, too, make a handsome couple. They have in common, too, the fact that they both like the same things—and ignore the cost. They like to dress for dinner and they enjoy the subtle small talk of the English club set. They like swank. They like to travel. The only bug in the affair is that Michael won't be free to marry for a time.

Just how that romance will come out is a matter for sound thought because it is also a point of a triangle. It is hard to believe, but the other person involved is Marlene Deitrich. Not that Marlene is difficult to visualize as competition—it simply appears incongruous to think of both Marlene and Liz vying for the same man.

Just how Nicky Hilton figures in Liz Taylor's life is also difficult to figure. Liz is no doubt sincere in her statement—and belief—that she will not go back to Nick, but it can not be denied that she finds more than casual enjoyment in his company. Generally, when a man and woman separate in Hollywood they are not too friendly, despite the tales you have heard otherwise. Liz is fond of Nick and

makes no bones about it. When she dated him in New York she was very affectionate and people who saw them in Connecticut say they were like a couple of happy kids on a holiday. And at about the same time, the Gotham papers carried a picture of Liz dancing with Connie Hilton, Nick's dad, at a gay party. There is no animosity between Liz and Nick, to say the least. Although Nicky announced his engagement to Betsy Von Furstenburg shortly before he rendezvoused with Liz in New York, it was stated in the inner circles of cafe society that he still carried a torch for his wife—and would go to some lengths to straighten things out. If he doesn't, it will not be because he didn't try. He is solid in the trio of favorite men and logical contenders for Liz' heart.

It's unfortunate that Liz can't have her wish about the magazines and papers forgetting her romantic life, but that would be impossible. Maybe the probing into her private life is necessary because, like most people in the public eye, Liz Taylor will not tell all the facts. Like her sisters in the films she may feel that it is all her business, and that evasion will serve her best. But in every interview, no matter how careful the star is, there comes a moment when something is said that may be a slip—and that may give the whole thing away.

When we had finished talking, and were about to say goodbye, I dropped the impersonal manner of the reporter.

"All right, Liz," I said. "You say they are only friends. Now don't cross me up and marry one of them before this story appears on the newsstands, will you?"

"When will it appear?" she asked.

"In the February issue," I said.

"Oh," Liz said—and there was a silence, a long silence. "My divorce," she said, "is final in January."

Three men are Liz's very own, they say, if she wants them. She could marry one of them in January. Will she? And which one?

THE END

(Elizabeth Taylor will soon be seen in MGM's *Ivanhoe*.—Ed.)

"nice girls don't wear lipstick"

(Continued from page 58) that she was bringing up her daughter not only intelligently but considerately. And she could prove it . . . or seemed to. Yet, as I analyze it now, she was wrong, and whatever her reasoning, I suffered socially.

She held that I had been born with a good complexion and nothing that came in a tube, bottle or box was going to improve it. Again and again she would swing me around to face her big mirror and there would be the following speech:

"Look! Look at that light, creamy skin and the blush on the cheeks. That blush is what women are trying for with their rouge, but they only get an imitation of what you have. Your eyes are a nice blue, you have never had a pimple or a rash so many youngsters suffer from. And do you mean to say that you want to smear a whole drugstore across that nice face and spoil it?"

She would never admit that she had made me wear my hair in curls past the proper age for it. She defended this policy by pointing out that I was small for a girl of 13 and why dress older than I looked? And as for my wardrobe, it didn't hurt me a bit not to go in for the prevailing fads. It merely gave me an air of individuality which was certainly a nice thing for a young girl, wasn't it?

98 I suppose that a million youngsters have

miserably tried to cope with this sort of logic, logic which I now know to be both true and false at the same time. The fact remained that for all of mother's arguments I was feeling inferior at school. Whether I needed makeup or not, using it was part of the business of growing up at that time. The girls didn't talk history or geography when we got together. They talked makeup and parties and boys. Good skin or not, my face felt bare and over me hung a sort of stigma. When it came to my curls, being small was all the more reason for trying to look older, the way I felt about it. And as for being a girl with individuality, I don't have to explain how thin is the line that kids draw about this. You can be distinctive in some ways but you've got to go along with the crowd in a general way. Mother wasn't making me an individual, and I was just mother's girl—and not only looked it, but felt it. When, a year after I left high school, Mother died suddenly, I was still her girl. It was hard then to face the world as I would have to—an incomplete self. From that day, to the day I overcame this handicap in New York, my main job, you might say, was to regenerate what was missing.

Yes, when I was in school, it was wonderful to have a mother who could go down to the Dayton Company store or Harold's or Bjorkman's, take one look at the latest Paris imports, and copy them at home for her daughter. But this didn't help me when all the other kids were wearing sloppy joe sweaters and dirty

saddle shoes or squeaky huaraches. They got something out of this that I didn't get out of my starched collars and neat pleats. I had outfits enough so I could wear something new every day for three weeks while the other girls had only twice-a-week changes, but there was something more important . . . I couldn't sport the something extra that might happen to be the current rage, so despite all my clothes I felt "out of things."

With their makeup talk and their boy talk and their party talk, the other girls got so much out of their school years that school itself was almost incidental. I just got school. If these happen to be the kind of things that count with youngsters, then I think they were important, and any youngster who acts as if they aren't is only pretending. I know . . . because I pretended. I pretended I didn't care whether I was liked or not. I pretended that I didn't care about boys. I pretended I was happy living my way. If I could have explained all this to Mother I think she would have understood, but the trouble was that I didn't understand myself what was wrong with me half the time.

There were other girls whose mothers were strict with them, even stricter than mine, and some of these undertook to lighten their situation in a much different way. They were the kids who would head for the washrooms the moment they hit school where they would really slap on the makeup. The results weren't always good because in their defiance they over-

did it. But somewhere in between no makeup and over makeup was the proper handling of this problem if they and their mothers could have gotten together.

I wasn't altogether spineless in the makeup question. I remember, when I was 15, standing at the cosmetic counter in a Minneapolis department store and dubiously studying a mild colored lipstick which I held in my hand. She leaned over the counter. "That one," she said, with a significant edge to her voice, "doesn't look like much in the stick but it changes to bright rose when it goes on."

My mouth dropped open and I stared at her. "No kidding," she went on, nodding her head. "It becomes real snappy on your lips." That was enough. I looked around, spied my mother at another counter not far away, and ran to her swiftly.

In my mind was a wild plan (wild for me). When Mother saw this pale stuff I held, which hardly looked darker than a lip pomade, she might consider indulgently that it was harmless enough to let me get it. Afterwards, of course, she would be bound to notice it and see that it was more vivid than she had supposed. But by then a precedent would have been set. Okay, so I would compromise and agree to wear a more subdued shade . . . but I would be wearing lipstick!

I got away with this, and it was only the third victory in my fight against Mother's edicts about my girlhood. That I was already dusting my nose faintly with powder was only because on my 14th birthday an aunt had given me a compact and Mother couldn't bring herself to nullify the present by not letting me use it. And just six months before that, yes, not until I was midway through my thirteenth year, had I been able, finally, to put an end to wearing my hair in long curls—with bows in them, naturally. If you don't think that hadn't been a trial!

Even my father sensed how I felt about it. Some time after my thirteenth birthday, I was invited to a party and I threw a tantrum about going in my curls. "It's too silly!" I wept. "There'll be younger girls than me there with their hair combed out. How do you suppose that will make me look?"

Mother wouldn't budge, and I was announcing broken-heartedly for the tenth time that I wasn't going when Dad shot me a certain "look." I knew it to be the kind that meant something interesting might happen if I would shut up. I did, with an inner security that my problem was solved. Dad was to drive me to the party. After he had gone some way from the house, he took a comb from his pocket and handed it to me. I pulled the ribbons from my hair, combed it out, and he put the ribbons in his pocket.

ON the day I graduated from Washburn High School in Minneapolis I received a lot of congratulations because I was salutatorian of my class with a record of A-minus for the term. But my biggest kick came not from being salutatorian, but from the knowledge that for the first time in my life I was wearing mascara on my eyelashes. Just a touch. Mother had supervised, had practically applied it herself, to tell the truth. But it was there.

Despite the fact that I practically had

the rating of teacher's pet in school, and had never been one of the gang (the closest I came was when I was caught chewing gum in class and had to wear a wad of it on the end of my nose till the period was over), the kids voted me two awards in the yearbook: the girl with the most beautiful skin and the girl most likely to succeed. Mother saw it, naturally, and waved it at me as documentary proof, so to speak, that she had been right all along.

"They passed up the complexions of the girls you told me about, I notice," she said. "The ones who wore dark lipstick and rouge and bright nail polish. And as for the ones who were always talking to boys and going to house parties—you're the one they think will succeed, not them."

I was happy for Mother's sake. It hadn't been easy for her to stick to her guns through tears and tantrums and rebellions. I shall always admire her for this. But in my heart I couldn't agree with her. Maybe success was ahead of me. I don't think I was too concerned right then. All I felt was that up to that moment, in youth's business of trying its wings until there's the glow and confidence of coming strength, all those laughing, gay kids about me had already succeeded!

I felt this even more keenly when I left Minneapolis for radio work in Chicago. It is revealing, I think, that I began to pay a great deal of attention to makeup; I depended on it as a distinct personality aid. I might not feel I was the woman I should be, but I was determined to look like her. You see, for me, perhaps because I had been deprived of it for so long, makeup had taken on an unusual significance. And it was then that I practically set my "style" which I still follow today.

Yet, though all this helped, I was far from being a self-possessed young lady at all times. That sort of ease was still mine to attain. I was not silly, or giddy, but I was also without the ability to be just casually myself. A big six-foot-four hunk of football player from Northwestern proved it to me when he turned out to be my blind date one night. I felt woefully nothing beside him, even if I had grown up to be a tall girl by that time. But as it turned out, this same good-looking giant was to do wonders for my self-esteem.

We began to see a lot of each other and finally got so that neither was going out with anyone else. One evening we started out for what he had said would be a formal affair at the Medinah Temple. When we got there, I learned that his own parents, who were present, were giving the party, and before I could find out why, his father strode to the center of the room and announced our engagement!

Inasmuch as my blond-haired fullback had neglected to mention that he had selected me for his wife, I resented this in what I think was a normal feminine reaction. Not then, of course. He ran over to get me, we received congratulations, and it was only afterwards, when we were alone, that I told him "this can never be."

But at the same time, it was a compliment I fully appreciated. I felt like half a somebody anyway, and this good feeling went with me when I decided to move on to New York. Maybe it helped me to walk to the piano and sing that song at the cocktail party. I know my confidence in my appearance, the effectiveness of my makeup, was a source of great strength. And in that moment, and with that song, I became a whole somebody . . . at last!

THE END

(You can see Arlene Dahl in Paramount's Caribbean Gold.—Ed.)

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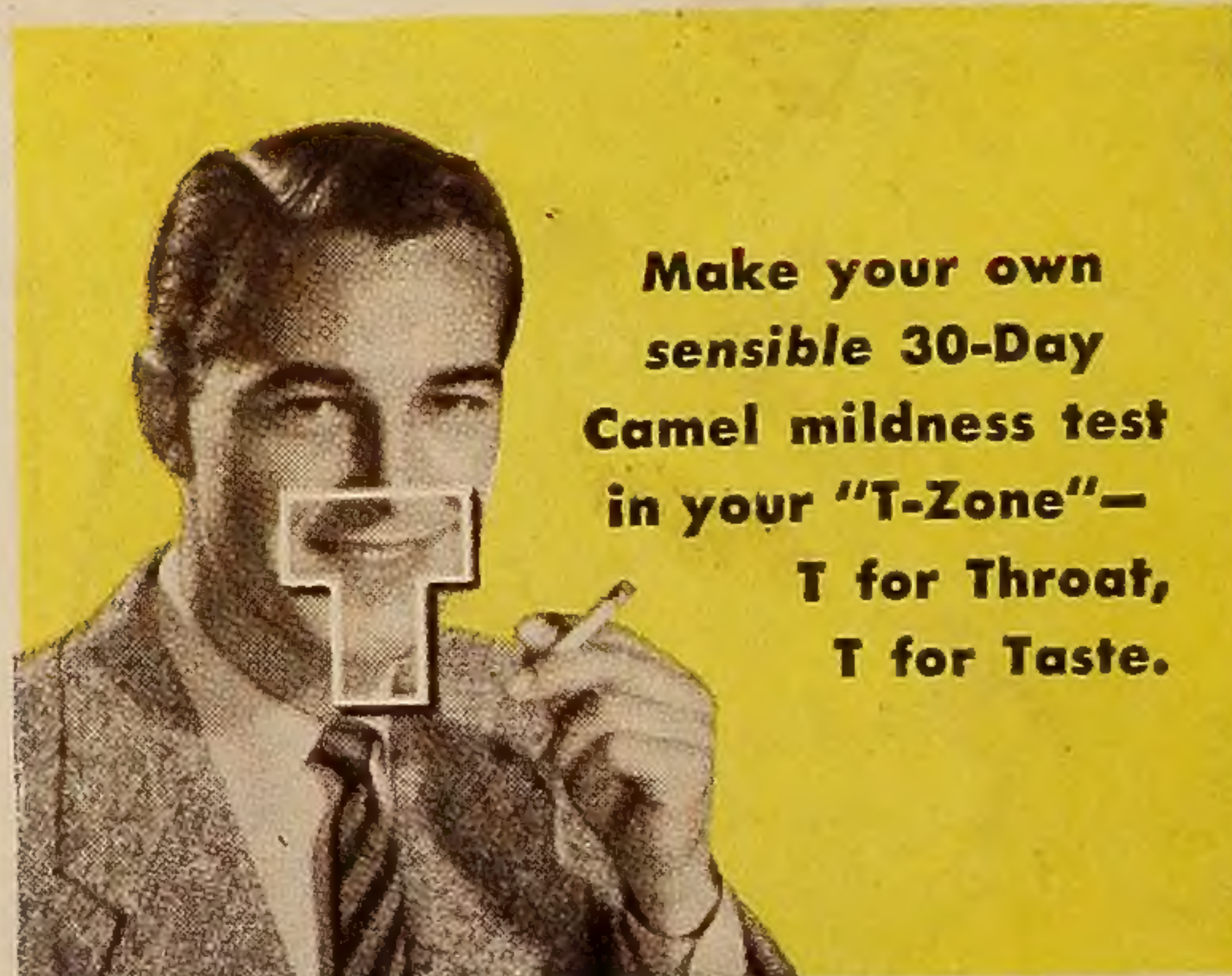
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